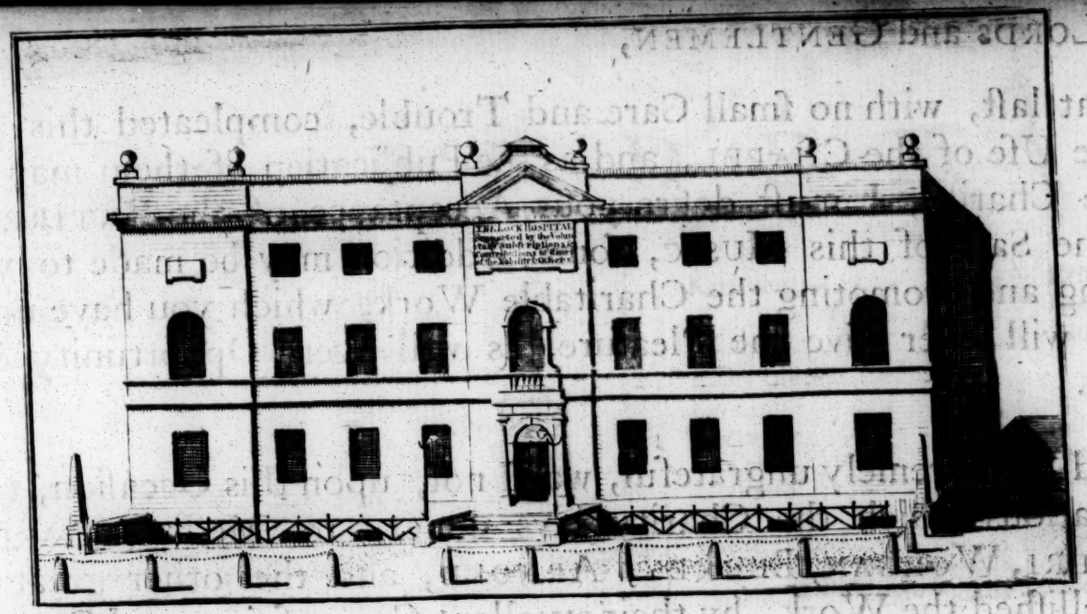


TO THE MOST NOBLE

PEREGRINE, DUKE OF ANCASTER,

PERPETUAL PRESIDENT.

GEORGE, Duke of Manchester,
JOHN, Marquis of Granby,
ANTHONY, Earl of Shaftesbury,
WILLIAM, Earl of Dartmouth,

JOHN, Lord Monson,
Lord BROWNLOW BERTIE,
Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON,
Knight of the Bath.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

AND TO THE REST OF THE

GOVERNORS of the LOCK-HOSPITAL, near HYDE-PARK-CORNER,

To whom the Entire Copy of this Collection of Hymn and Pſalm Tunes is preſented, as a Benefaction to the Hoſpital, that the Profits ariſing from the Sale of it, may be applied for the Benefit of the Charity.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

I Have at laſt, with no ſmall Care and Trouble, compleated this Book of TUNES for the Uſe of the CHAPEL, and as the Publication of them may be of Service to the Charity, I muſt deſire your Acceptance of the ENTIRE COPY, hoping that by the Sale of this MUSIC, ſome Addition may be made to your Fund, for maintaining and promoting the Charitable Work, which you have undertaken. It's Proſperity will ever give me Pleaſure, as will every Opportunity of contributing towards it.

I ſhould be extremely ungrateful, was I not, upon this Occaſion, to acknowledge the Obligations which the Charity lays under, to Meſſrs. GIARDINI, VENTO, ALESSANDRI, WORGAN, BURNEY, ARNOLD, and the other great Maſters, who have embelliſhed the Work, by their excellent Compoſitions and Corrections.

I ſhould hope that all Muſic-Sellers and Printers will obſerve, that the Property of this MUSIC is now veſted in You for the Benefit of the CHARITY, and that the *Poor Objects* who are ſharing your Bounty, will have no Reaſon to complain of their being injured by Surreptitious, and Piratical Impreſſions.

I am,

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
Auguſt 18, 1769.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Your humble Servant,

M. MADAN.

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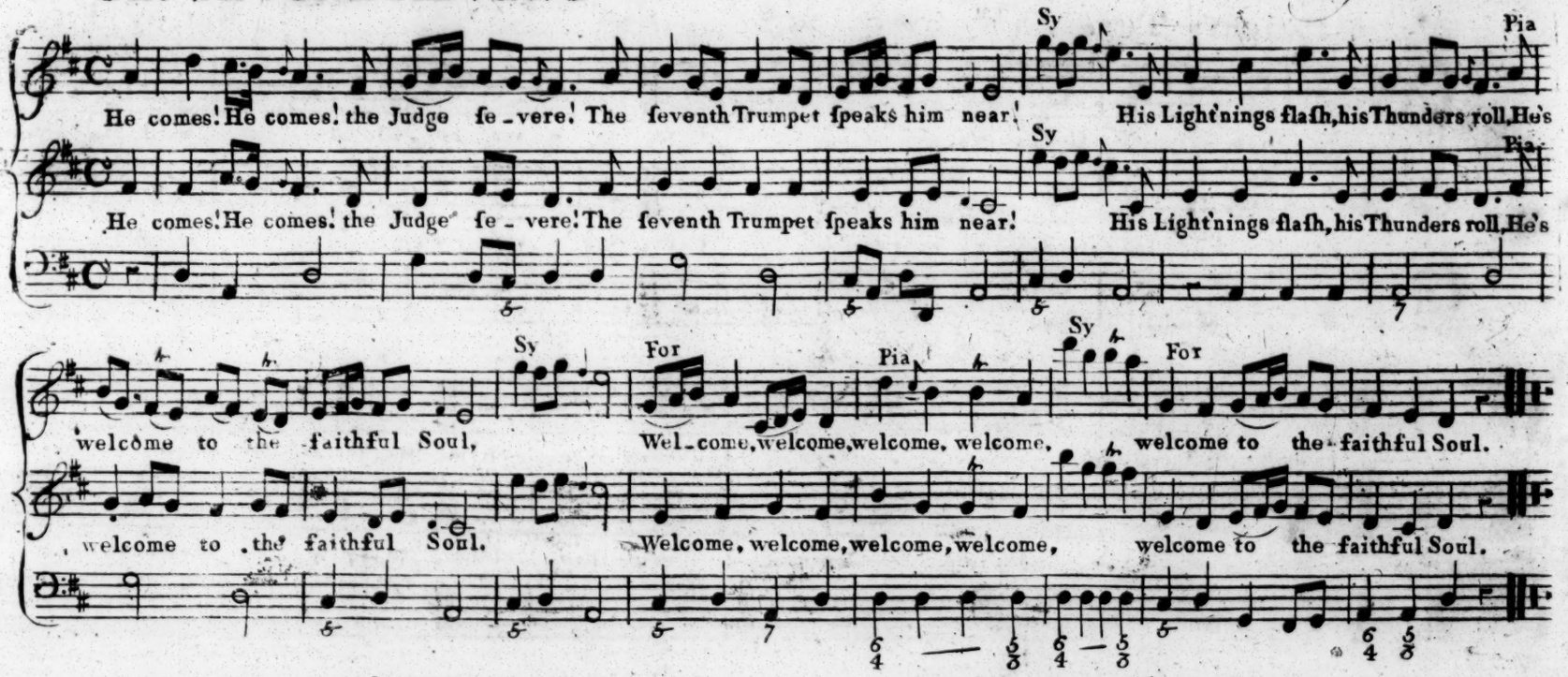
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Printed by Watts and Bridgewaters, Queen-ſt. Groſv. ſq.

The SECOND ADVENT

Set by M: M:



2

From Heav'n angelic Voices ſound,
See the Almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the Saviour's Face

3

Deſcending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their
triumphant Lord.

4

Shout all the People of the Sky.
And all the Saints of the Moſt High;
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever Reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever Reigns.
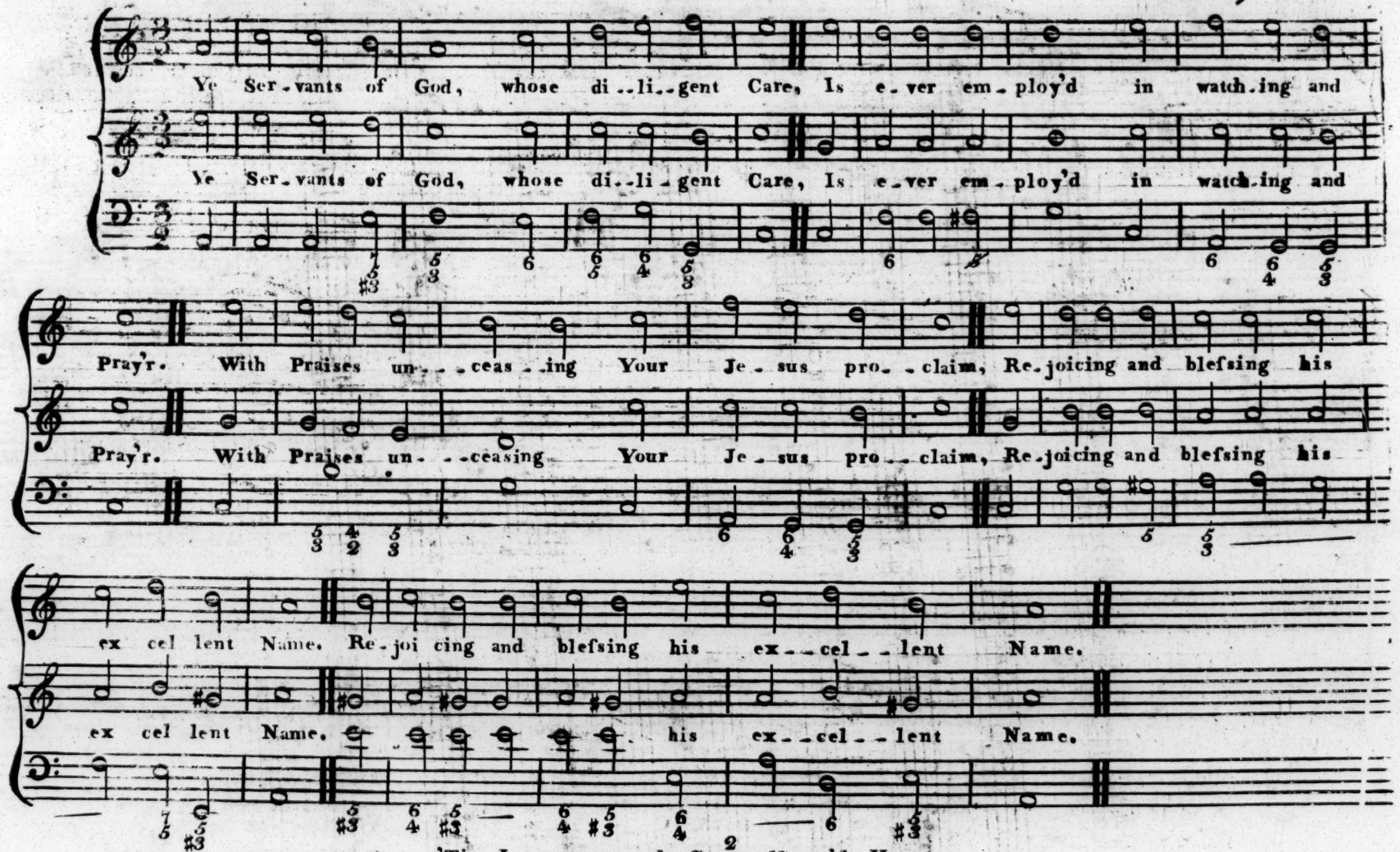
5

The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
The Spirit bleſs for evermore;
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome Thee Great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Thee
Great Three in One!

Engrav'd by J. Caulfield

Patient's Tune.
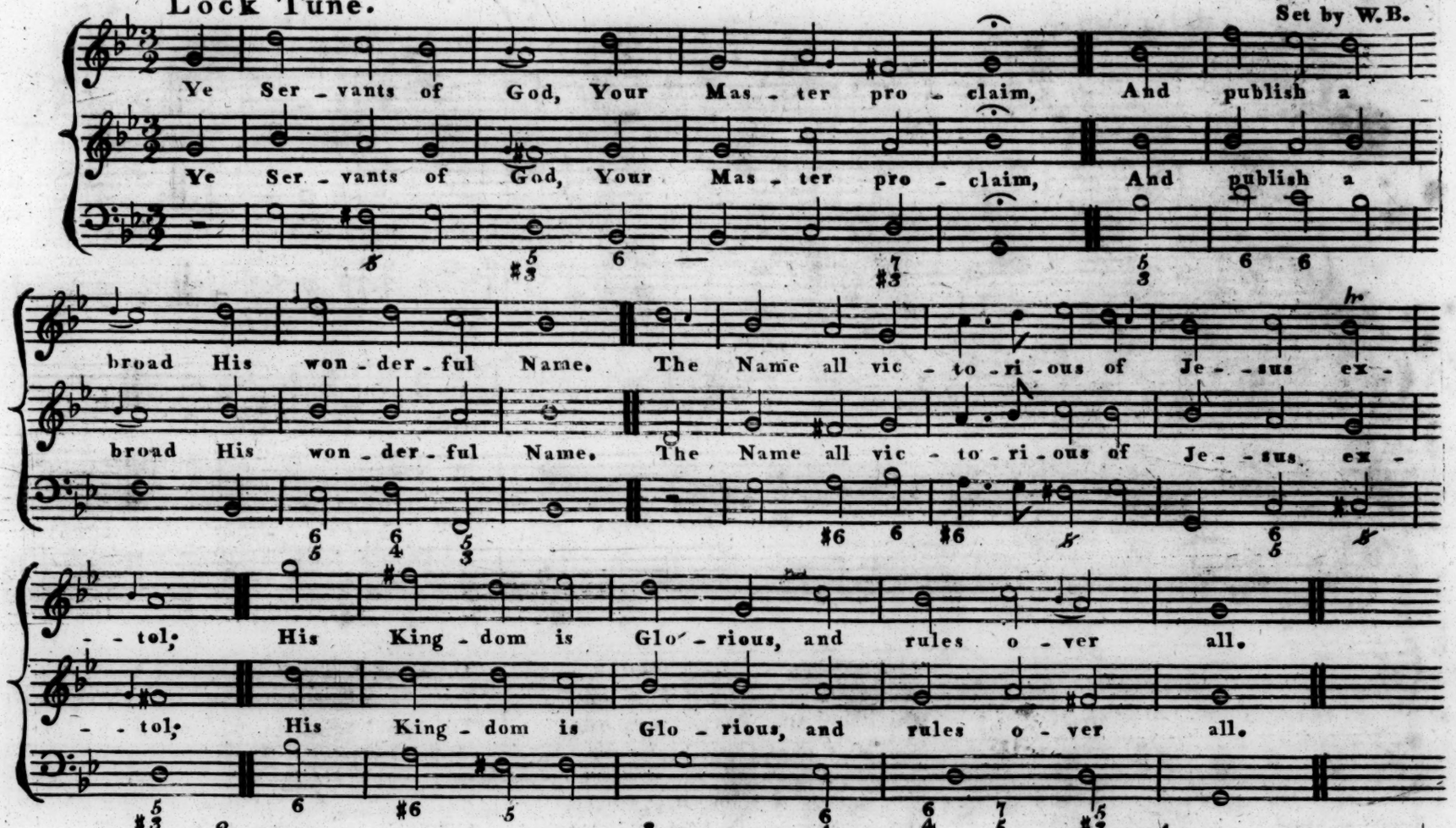
Set by F.G.



'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to his House,
And lift up your Hands, And pay him your vows;
And whilst ye are giving your Jesus his Due,
The Lord out of Heaven shall sanctify you.

Lock Tune.

Set by W.B.



2

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His Preſence we have,
The great Congregation
His Triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing Salvation
To Jesus our King.
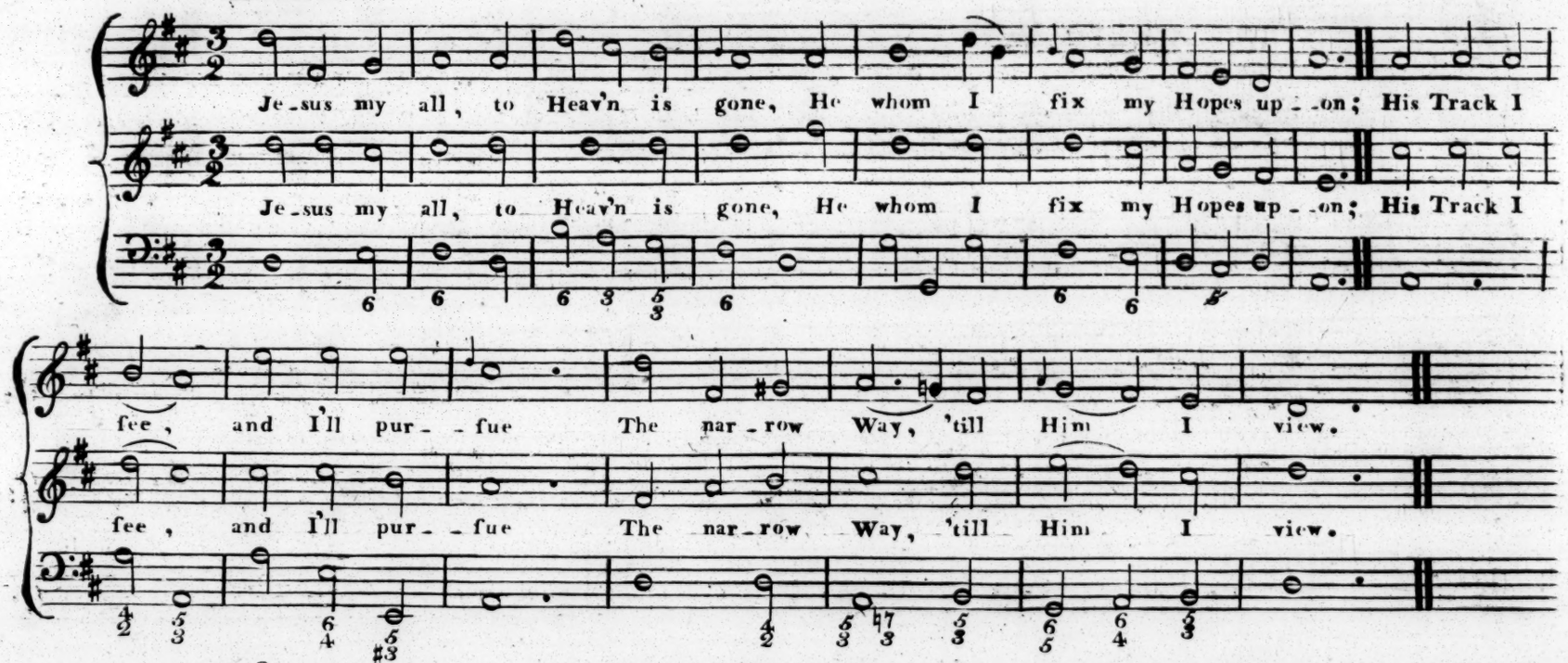
3

Salvation to God,
Who ſits on his Throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's Praiſes
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4

Then let us adore
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Powr,
And Wisdom and Might:
All Honour and Bleſsing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.

Blendon.



2
The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's Highway of Holineſs
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

3
No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin,
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow ſhall be there.

4
No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls, and I am one,
Way faring Men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be fonnd.

5
This is the Way I long have fought,
And mourn'd because I found it not,
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not ceaſe from Sin.
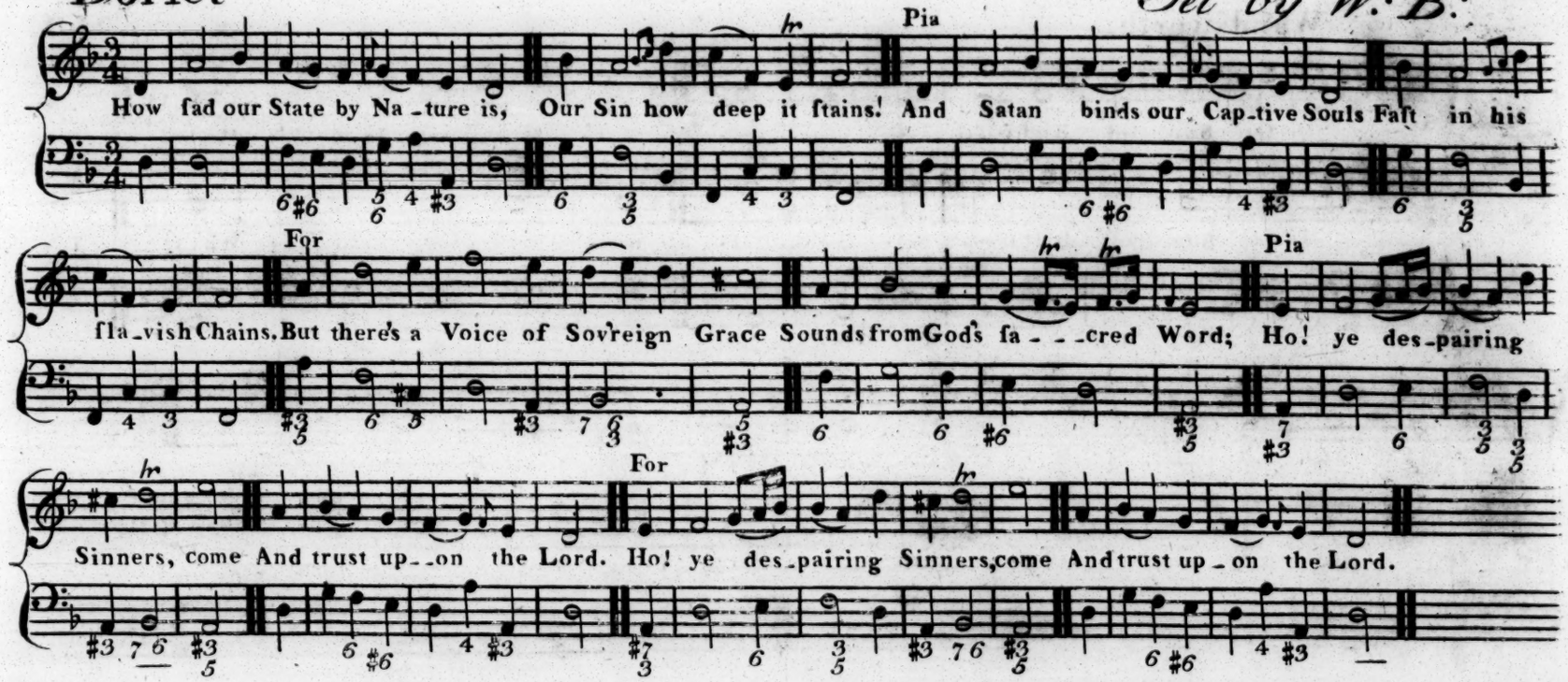
6
The more I ſtrove againſt it's Pow'r,
I finn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither Soul I am the Way."

7
Lo, glad I come, and thou bleſs'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Nothing but Love ſhall I receive.

8
Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And ſay, "Behold the Way to God."

Dorfet

Set by W. B.



2
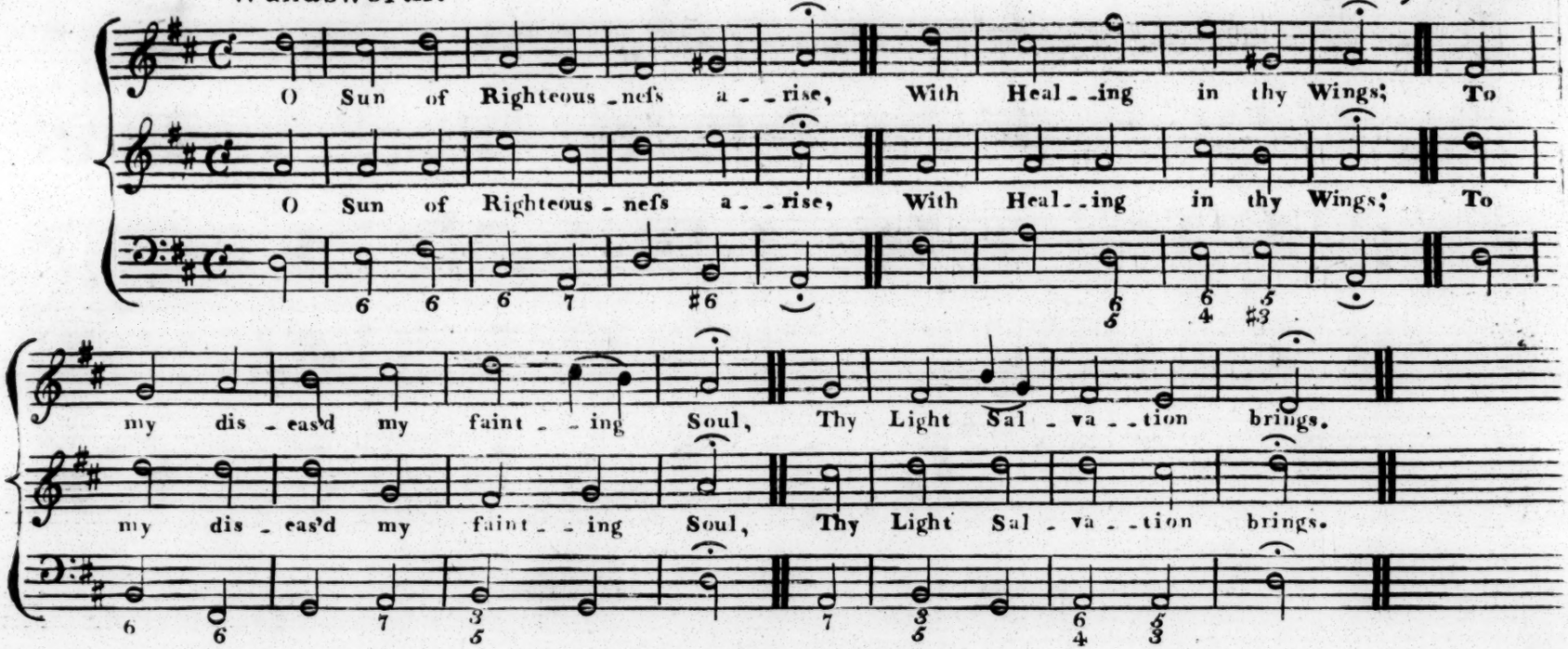
O may we hear th'Almighty Call,
And run to this relief.
We would believe thy Promice, Lord,
O help our Unbelief!
To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly:
There may we wash our ſpotted Souls
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye.

3

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins ſubdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.
Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall;
Be thou our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus and our all!

Wandsworth.

Set by M.M.



2

These Clouds of Pride and Sin dispel
By thine all piercing Beam,
Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
With holy Hope inflame.

3
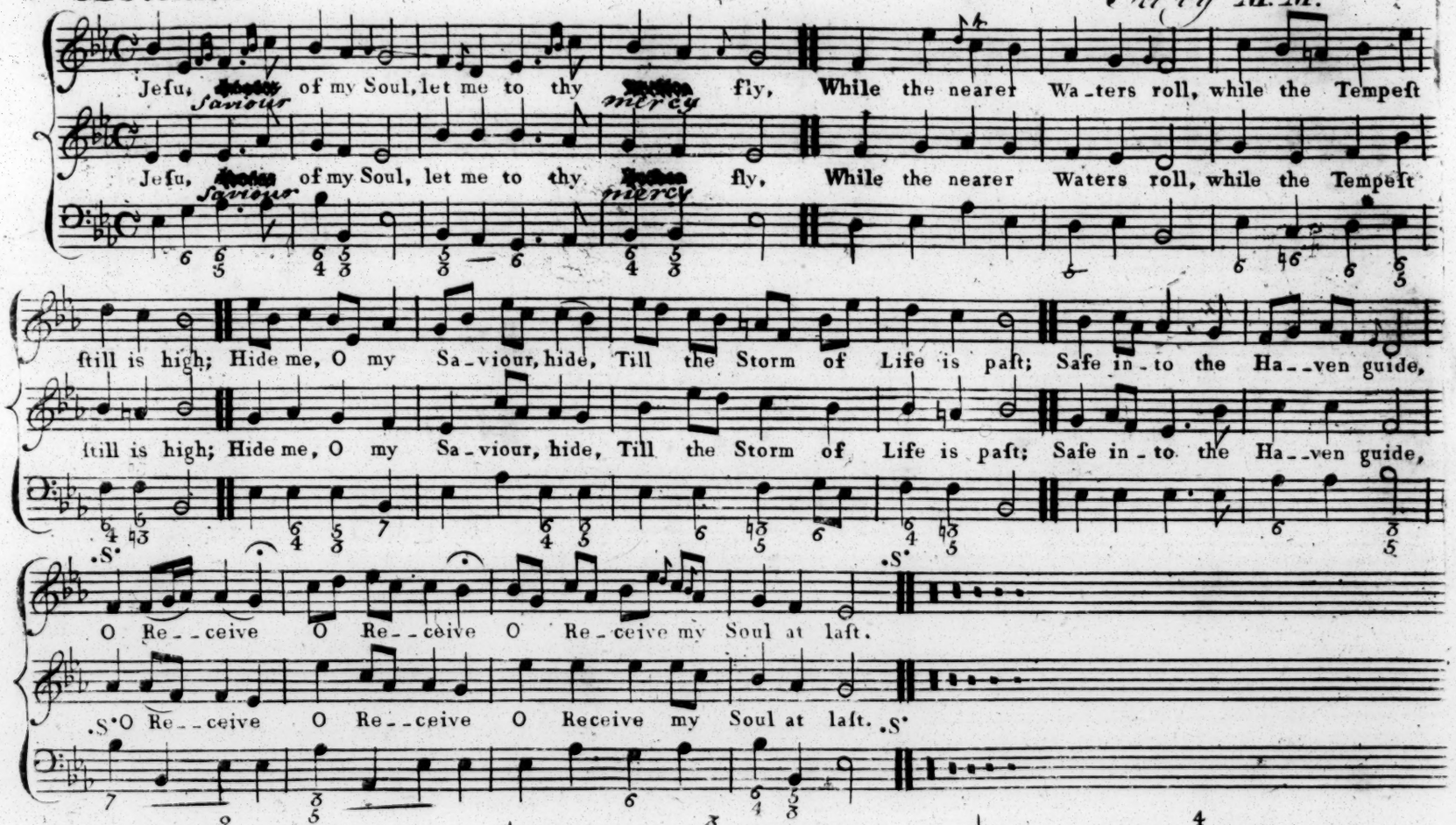
My Mind by thy all quick'ning Pow'r
From low Desires fet free,
Unite my fcatterd Thoughts, and fix
My Love entire on thee.

4

Father, thy long lost Son receive;
Saviour, thy Purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with Peace and Joy
Thy new made Creature own

Hotham

• Set by M:M:



Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs Soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my Truſt on Thee is ſtay'd,
All mine Help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3

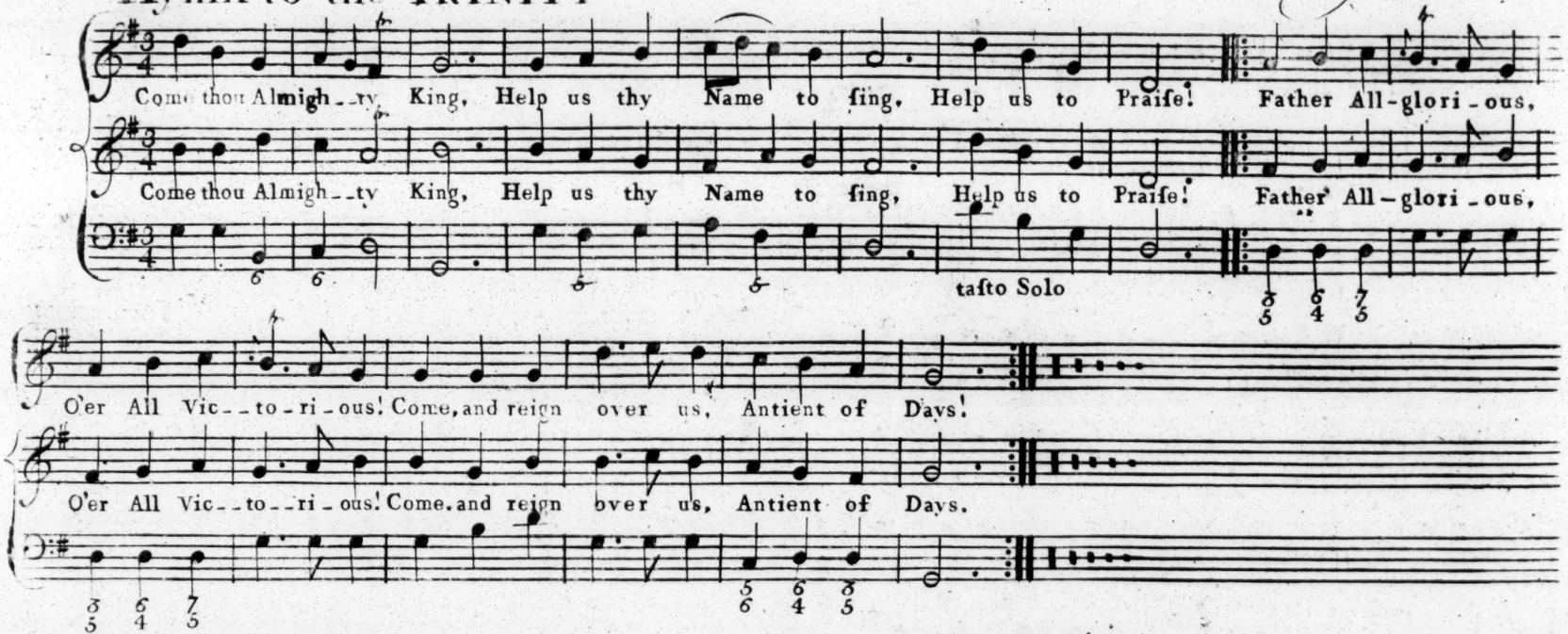
Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
More than All in Thee I find:
Raiſe the Fallen, chear the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Juſt and Holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteouſneſs!
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Riſe to all Eternity!

Hymn to the TRINITY

Set by F. G.



2

Jeſus our Lord ariſe,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty Aid
Our ſure defence be made—
Our Souls on Thee be ſtay'd—
Lord hear our Call!

3

Come Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy Mighty Sword—
Our Pray'r attend!
Come! and thy People bleſs,
And give thy Word ſucceſs,
Spirit of Holineſs
On us deſcend!

4

Come Holy Comforter,
Thy Sacred Witneſs bear,
In this glad Hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Pow'r!

5

To the Great One in Three
Eternal Praiſes be
Hence—Evermore!
His Sov'reign Majeſty
May we in Glory ſee,
And to Eternity
Love and Adore!

Knightſbridge

Set by M: M:

Al-mighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Pow'r ex---ert, The Mountain from my Soul re--

Al-mighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Pow'r ex---ert, The Mountain from my Soul re--

-move, The Hard-neſs of mine Heart: My moſt ob--du--rate Heart ſubdue, In Honour of thy Son, And

-move, The Hard-neſs of mine Heart: My moſt ob--du--rate Heart ſubdue, In Honour of thy Son, And

now the gracious Won--der ſhew, And take a--way the Stone. And take a--way the Stone.

now the gracious Won--der ſhew, And take a--way the Stone. And take a--way the Stone.
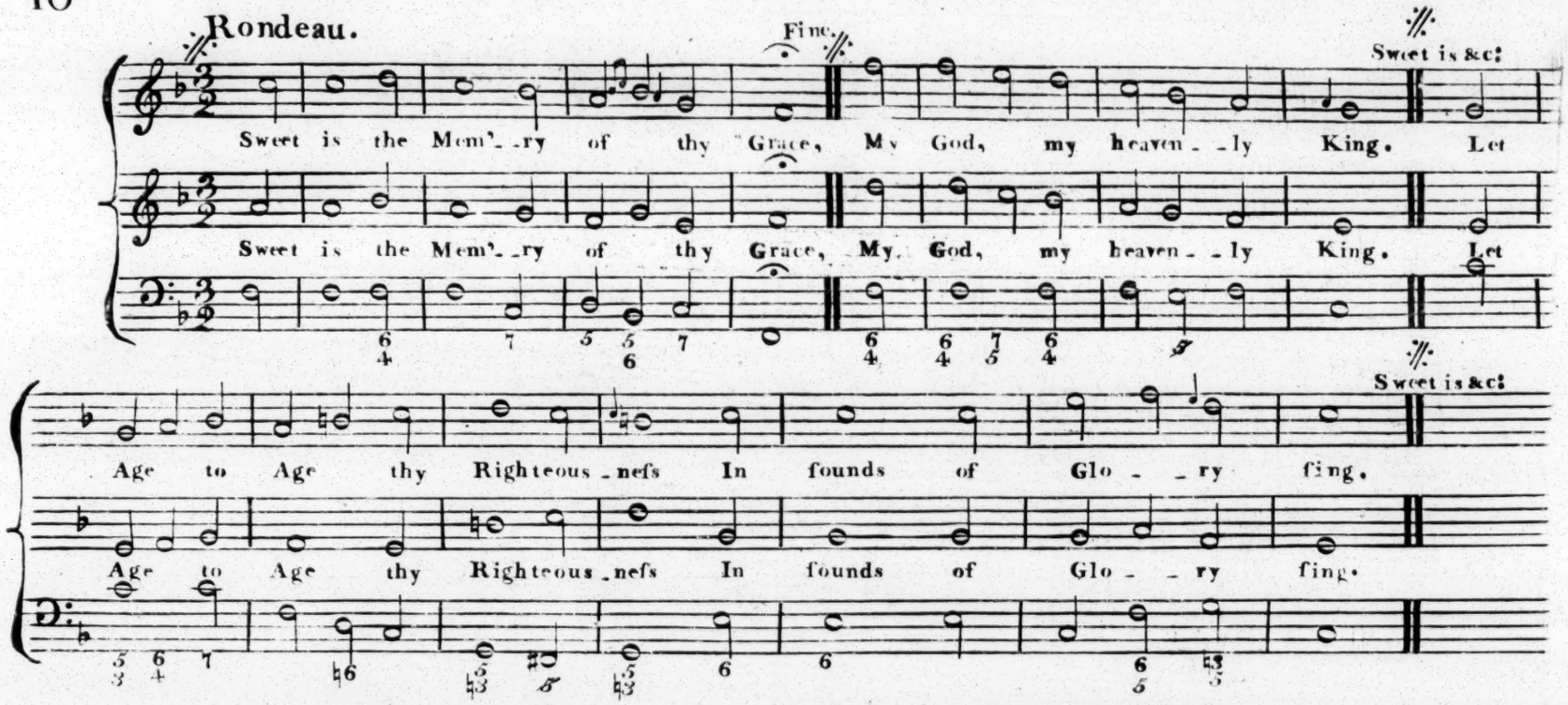
(2)

I want a Principle within
Of jealous, Godly Fear;
A Senſibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near:
I want the firſt Approach to feel
Of Pride or vain Deſire,
To catch the Wand'rings of my Will,
And quench the kindling Fire.

(3)

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy Goodneſs grieve;
The filial Awe, the fleſhly Heart,
The tender Conſcience give:
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
O God, my Conſcience make,
Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake!

Rondeau.



2

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodnefs to the Skies:
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodnefs fhines,
And ev'ry Want fupplies.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.

3

With longing Eye thy Creatures wait
On thee, for daily Food;
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.
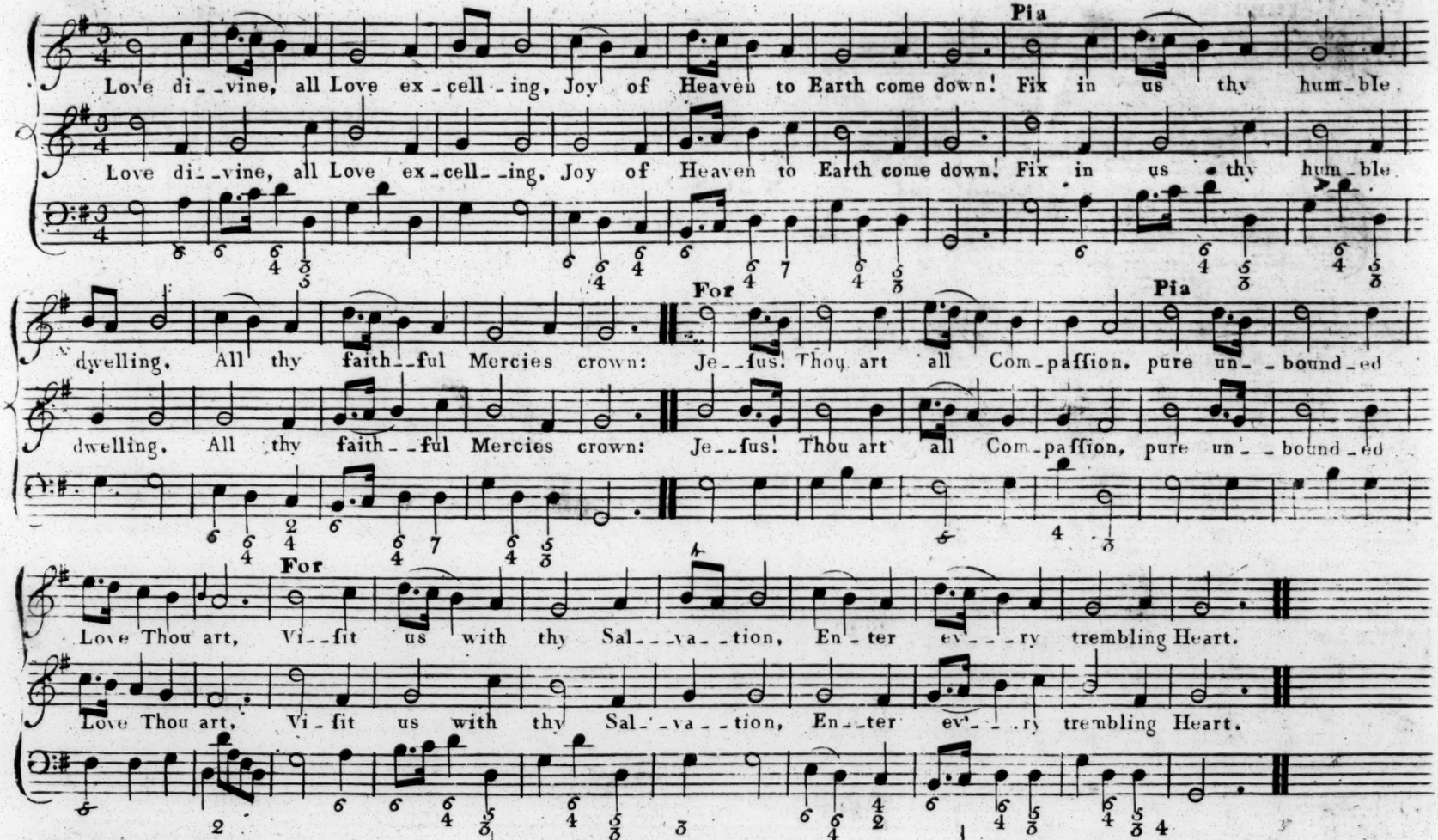
4

How kind, are thy Compafsions, Lord.
How flow thine Anger moves.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
But foon he fends his pard'ning Word,
To cheer the Soul he loves.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.

5

Creatures, with all their endlefs Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim;
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
May we, who taste thy richer Grace,
Delight to blefs thy Name.
Sweet is the Memry of thy Grace.

Love divine
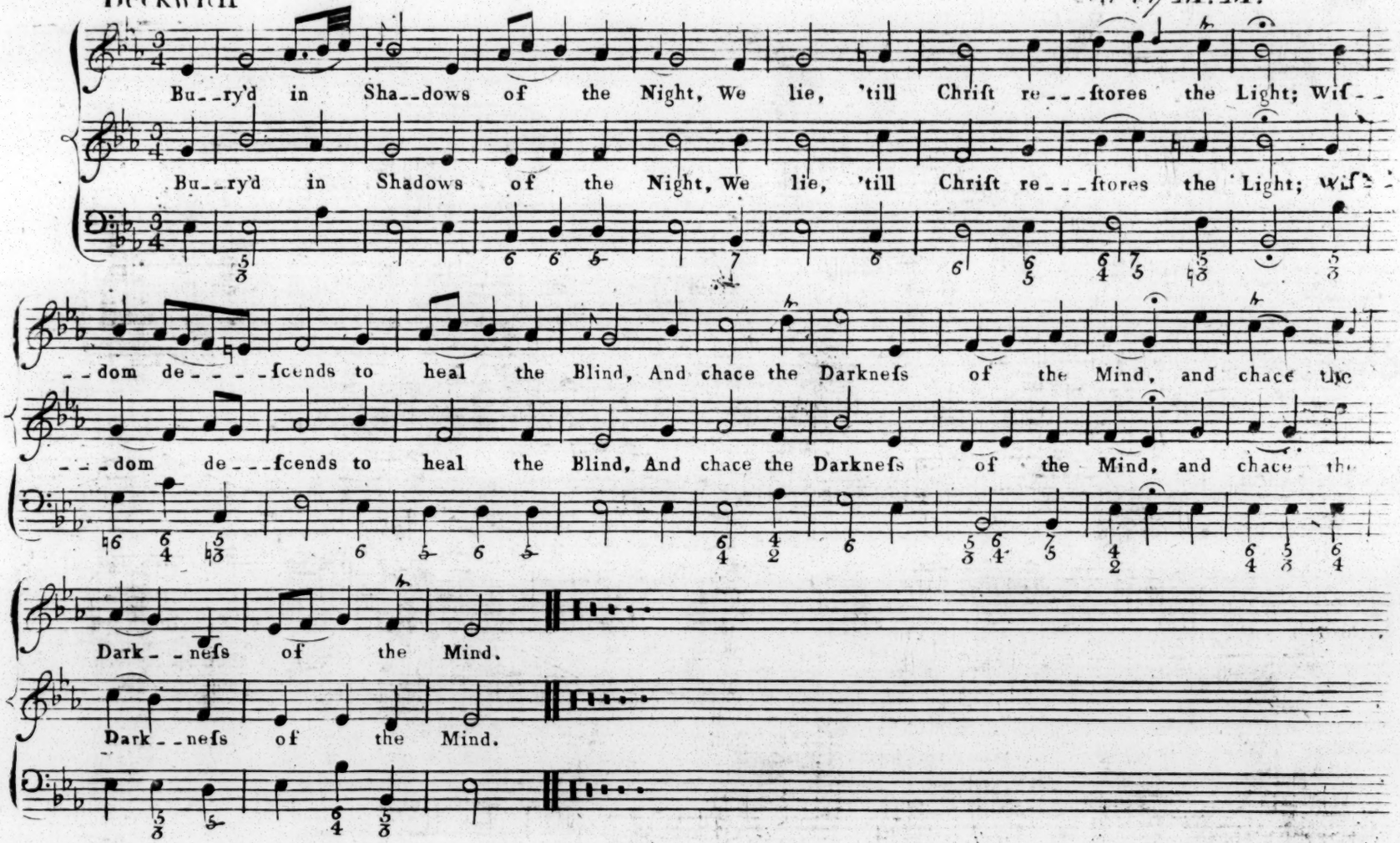


Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breaſt!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Reſt;
Take away the Pow'r of ſinning
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave!
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine Hoſts above,
Pray, and praiſe Thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finiſh then thy new Creation,
Pure, unſpotted may we be,
Let us ſee thy great Salvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by Thee!
Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heaven we take our Place,
'Till we caſt our Crowns before Thee,
Loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

Beckwith

Set by M: M:



2

Loſt guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Diſtreſs,
And ſing the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

3

Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He ſets the Priſ'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.
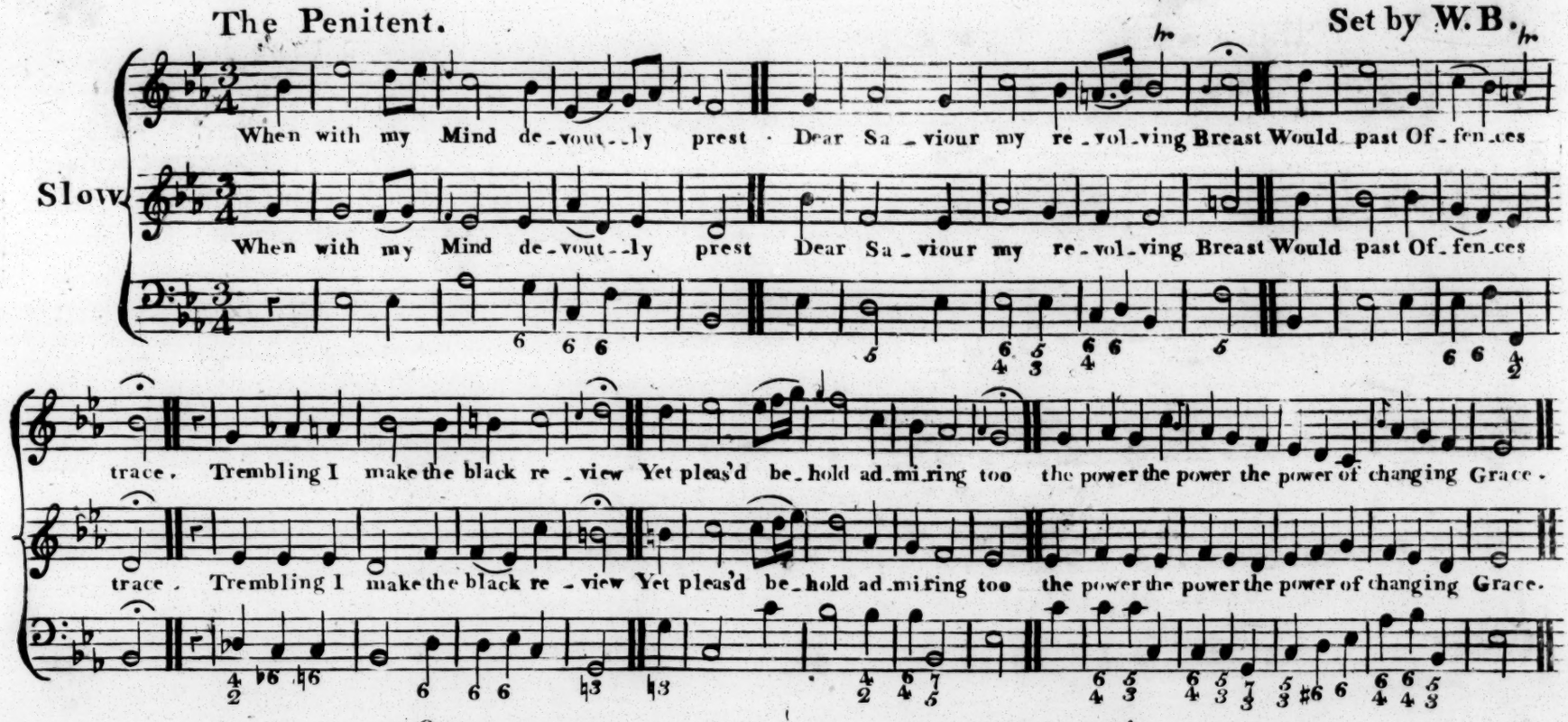
4

Poor helpleſs Worms in Thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Righteouſneſs
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to Thee.

The Penitent.

Set by W. B.

Slow.



2

This Tongue with Blasphemies defil'd,
These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
In Heav'nly League agree,
Who could believe fuch Lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways,
Should ever lead to thee.

3

These Eyes that once abus'd their Sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry Light,
And weep a filent Flood,
These Hands ascend in ceaselefs Pray'r,
O wash away the Stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood.

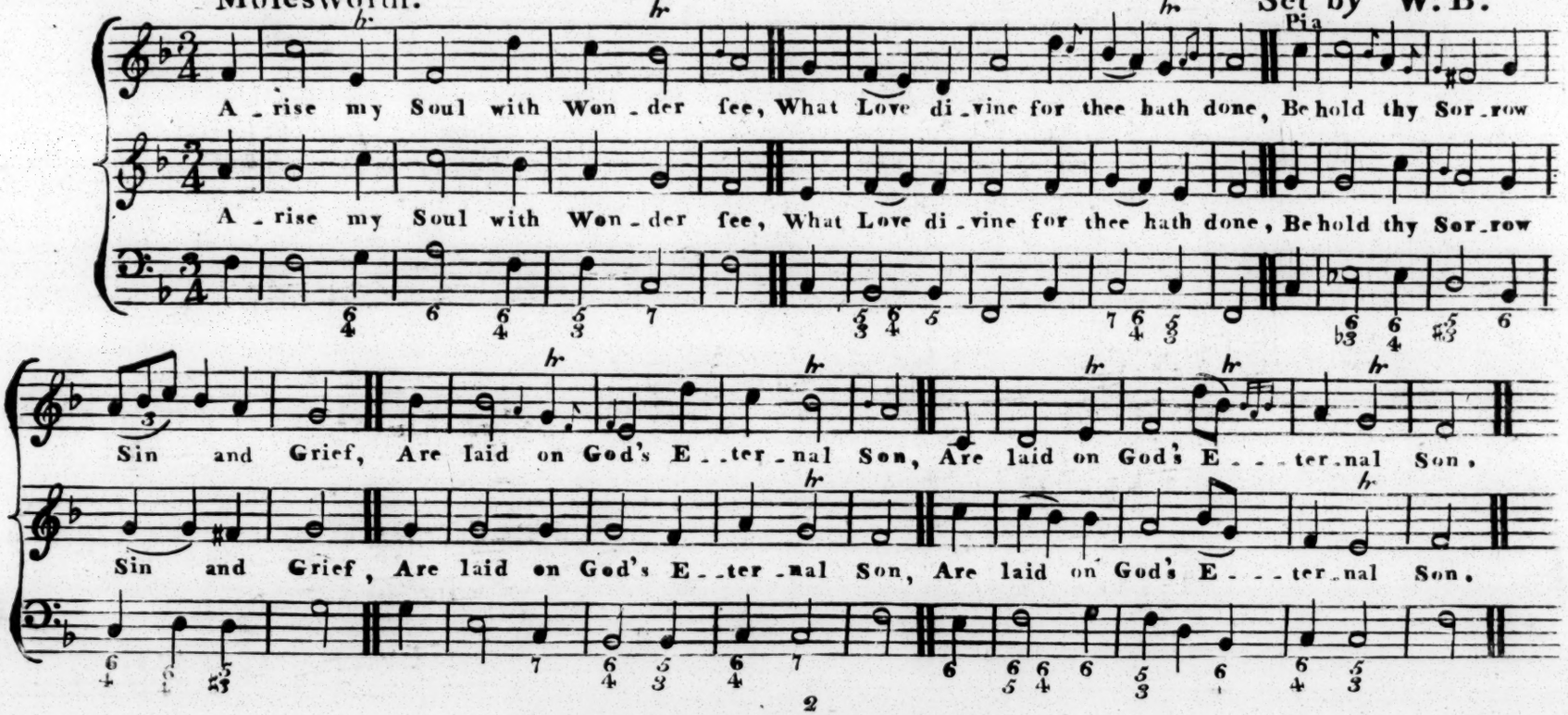
4

These Ears that pleas'd could entertain,
The midnight Oath, the lustful Strain,
When round the festal Board,
Now deaf to all th'enchanting noise,
Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,
And prefs to hear thy Word.

5

Thus art Thou ferv'd in ev ry Part,
And now thou dost transform my Heart,
That drofsy Thing refine,
Now Grace doth Nature's Strength controul,
And now a new Creature Body, Soul,
Are, LORD for ever thine.

Molesworth. Set by W. B.



2
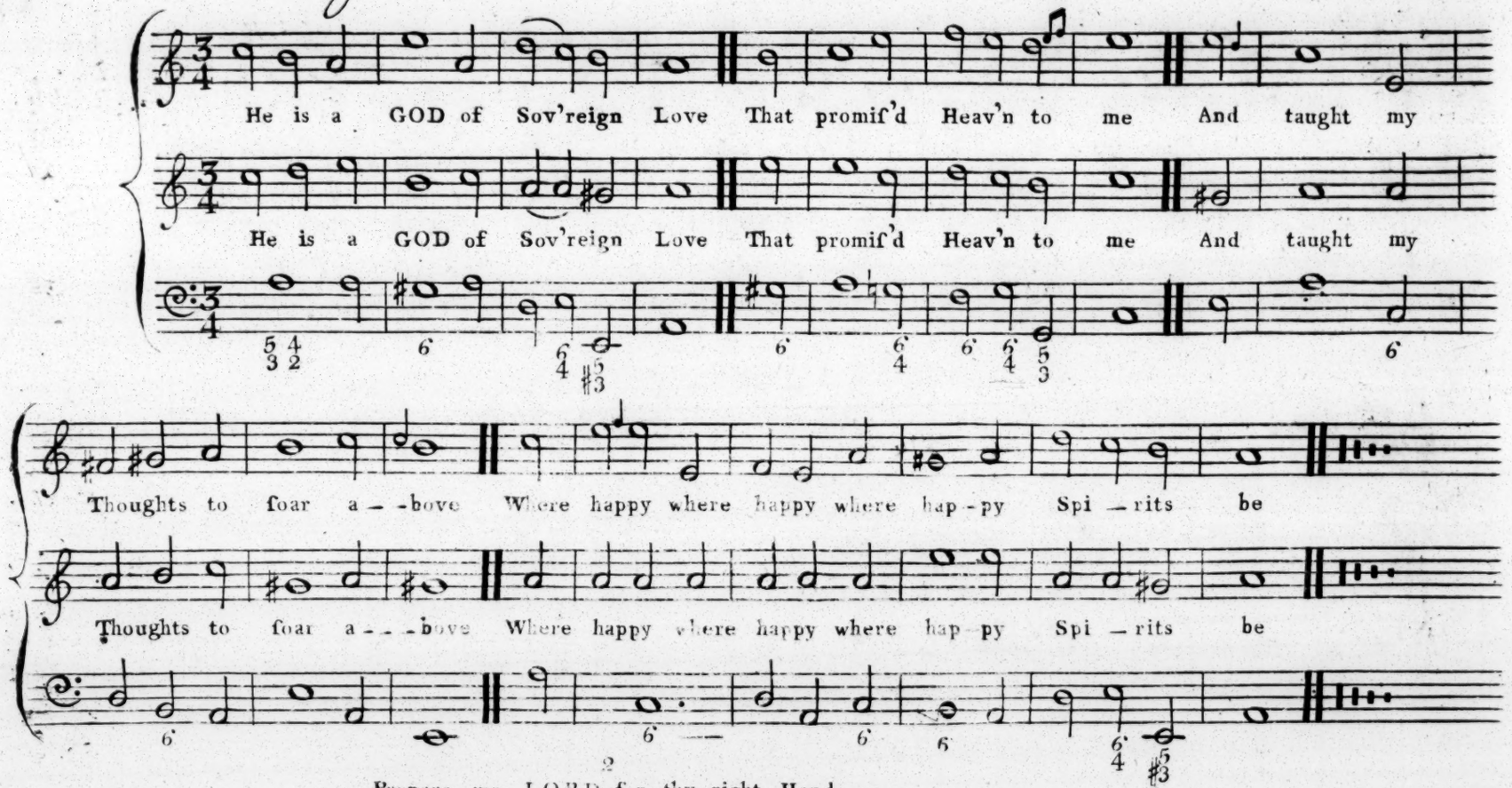
See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingling down,
Did e'er fuch Love, fuch Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose fo bright a Crown.

3

Were the whole Realms of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too fmall,
Love fo amazing fo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, and all.

Rockingham

Set by W.B
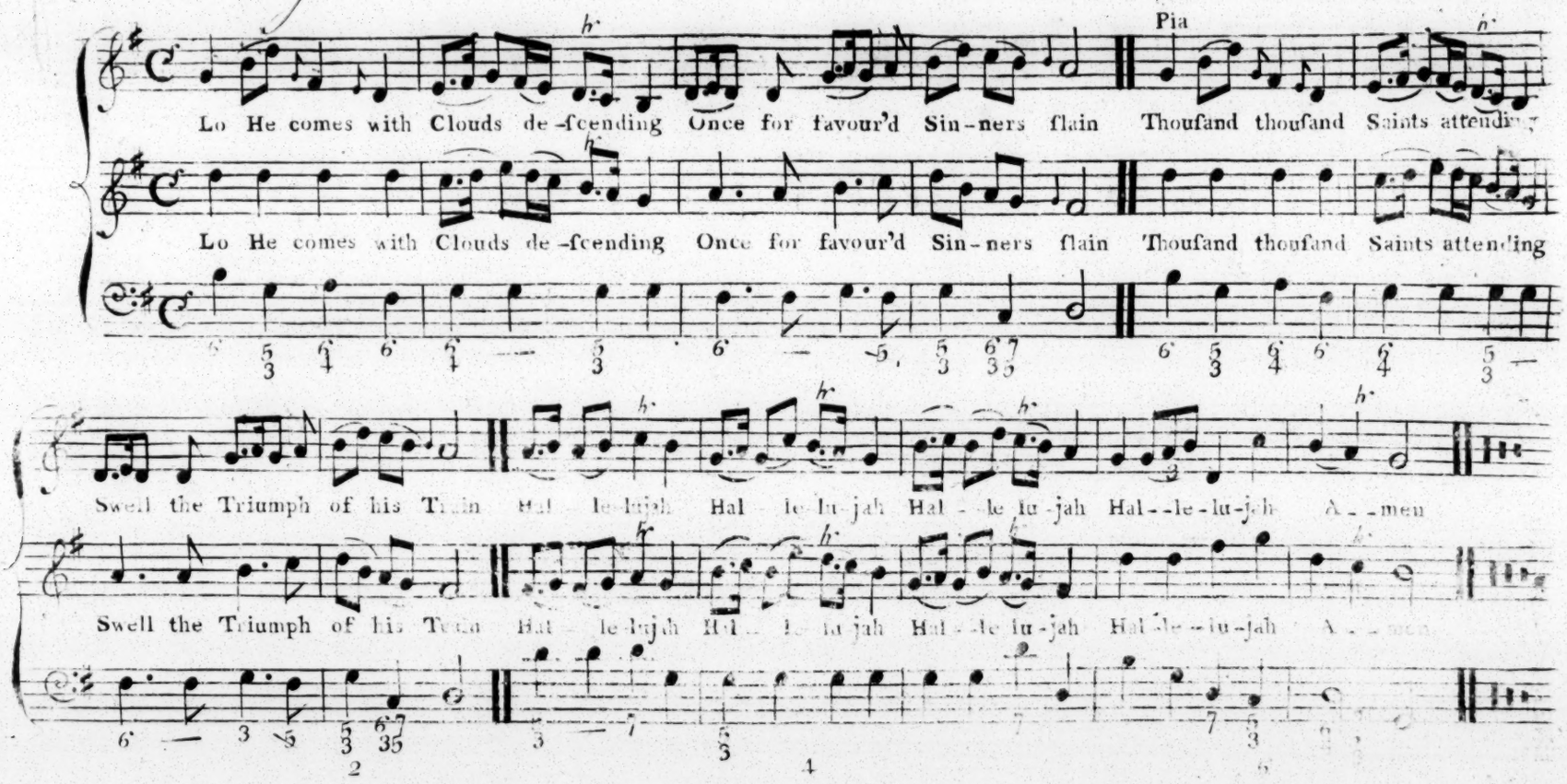


2

Prepare me LORD for thy right Hand
Then come the joyfull Day
Come Death and fome celeftial Band
To bear my Soul away

3

Then my Beloved take my Soul
Up to thy bleft Abode
That Face to Face I may behold
My SAVIOUR and my GOD

Helmsley



2

Ev'ry Eye ſhall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty,
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the True MESSIAH ſee

3

Ev'ry Iſland Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth ſhall flee away,
All who hate Him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day,
Come to Judgment
Come to Judgment come away

4

Now Redemption long expected,
See in ſolemn Pomp appear
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet Him in the Air
Hallelujah
See the Day of GOD appear
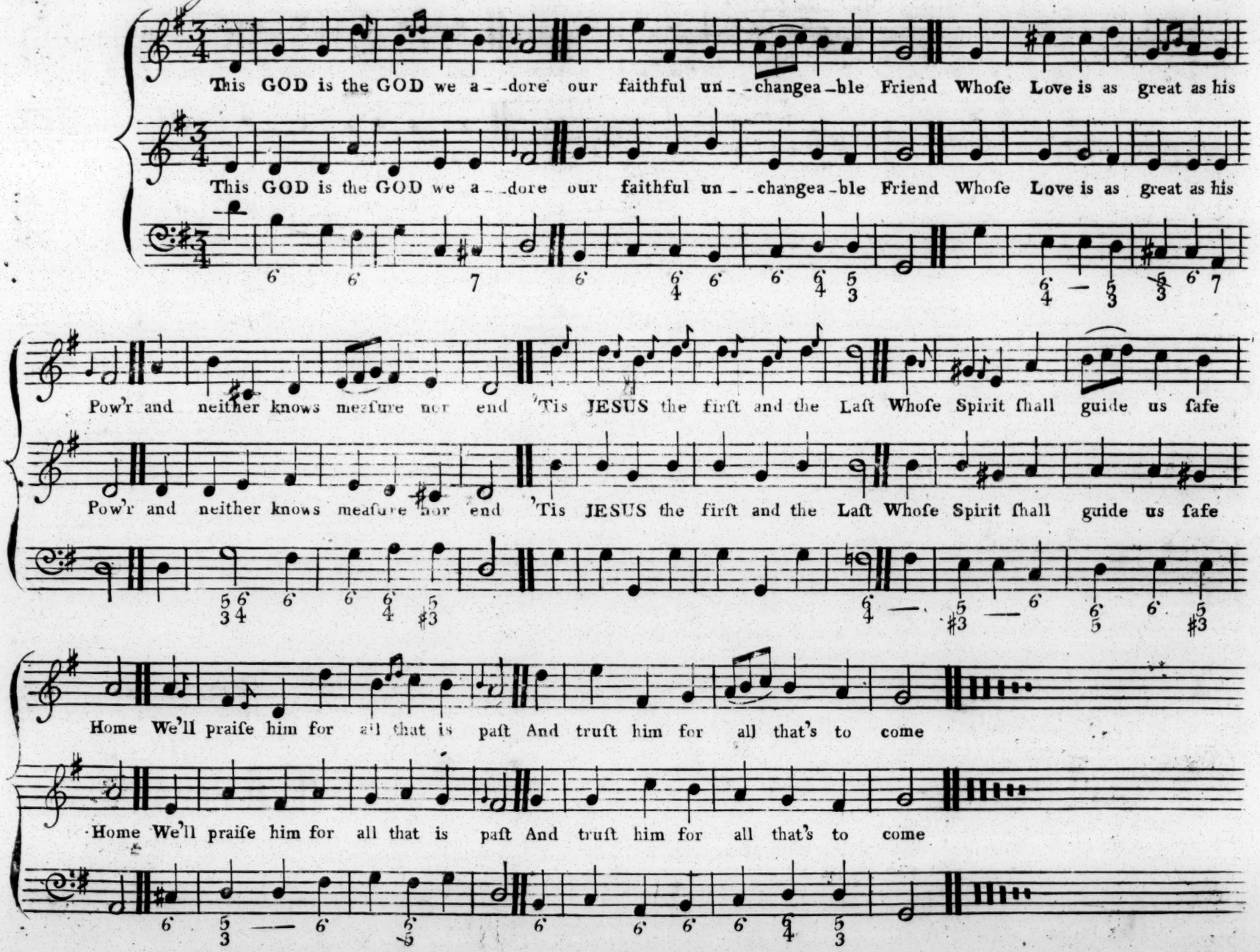
5

Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, LORD, the general Doom
The new Heav'n and Earth inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles Home
All Creation
Travails groans and bids Thee come

6

Yea Amen Let all thy Saints
High on thine eternal Throne
SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory
Claim the Kingdom for thine own
O come quickly
Hallelujah Come, LORD come

Diſmiſſion


This GOD is the GOD we a--dore our faithful un--changea-ble Friend Whoſe Love is as great as his
This GOD is the GOD we a--dore our faithful un--changea-ble Friend Whoſe Love is as great as his
Pow'r and neither knows meaſure nor end 'Tis JESUS the firſt and the Laſt Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe
Pow'r and neither knows meaſure nor end 'Tis JESUS the firſt and the Laſt Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe
Home We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt And truſt him for all that's to come
Home We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt And truſt him for all that's to come

Paſtoral Hymn

Set by J.B.

Non

The LORD my Paſture ſhall pre--pare And feed me with a Shepherd's Care

The LORD my Paſture ſhall pre--pare And feed me with a Shepherd's Care

His preſence ſhall my wants ſup---ply And guard me with a watchful Eye My Noon-

His preſence ſhall my wants ſup---ply And guard me with a watchful Eye My Noon-

-day Walks he ſhall at---tend And all my Mid-night Hours de--fend
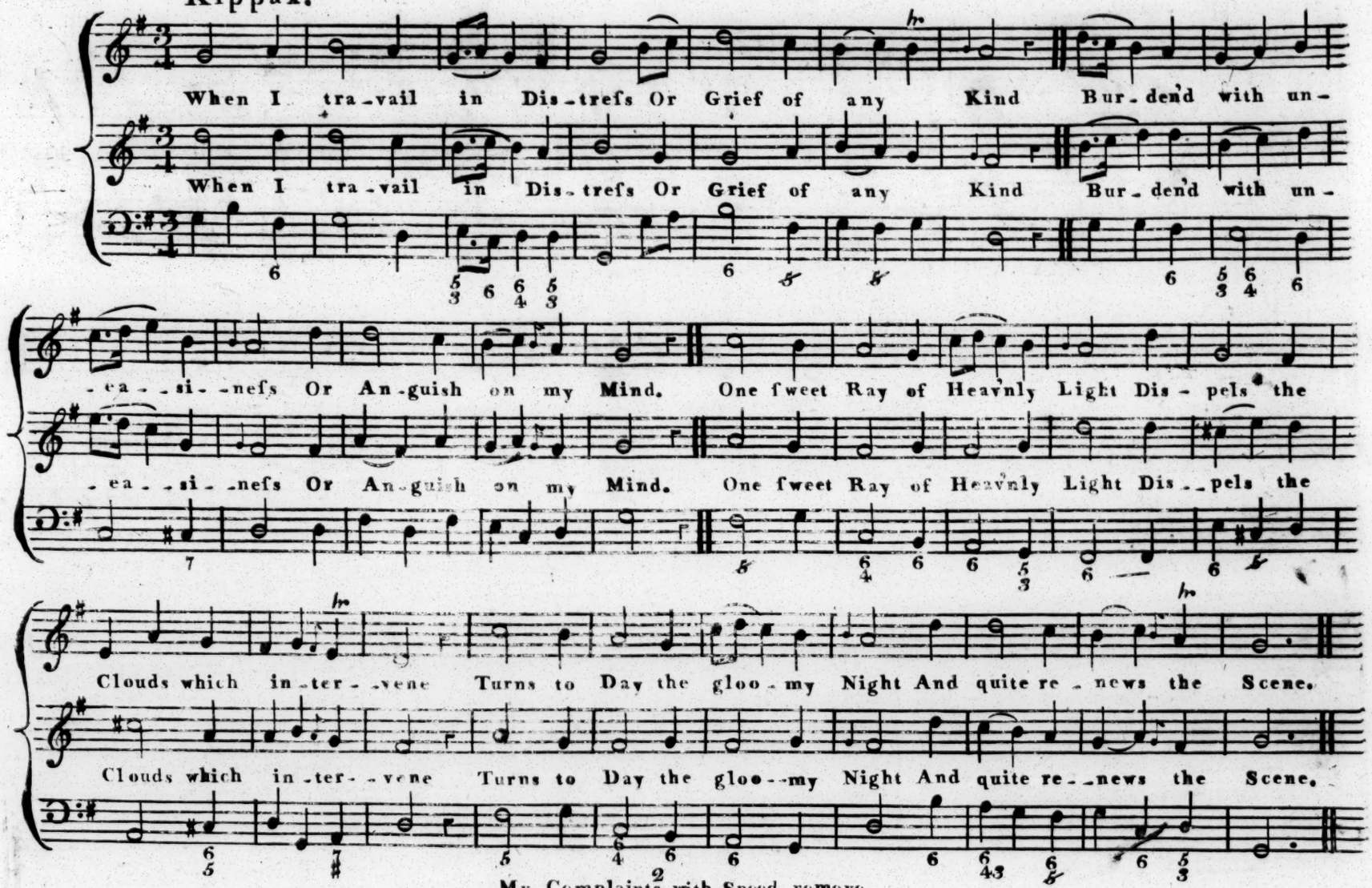
-day Walks he ſhall at---tend And all my Mid-night Hours de--fend

When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landſkip flow.

Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou O LORD art with me ſtill,
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.
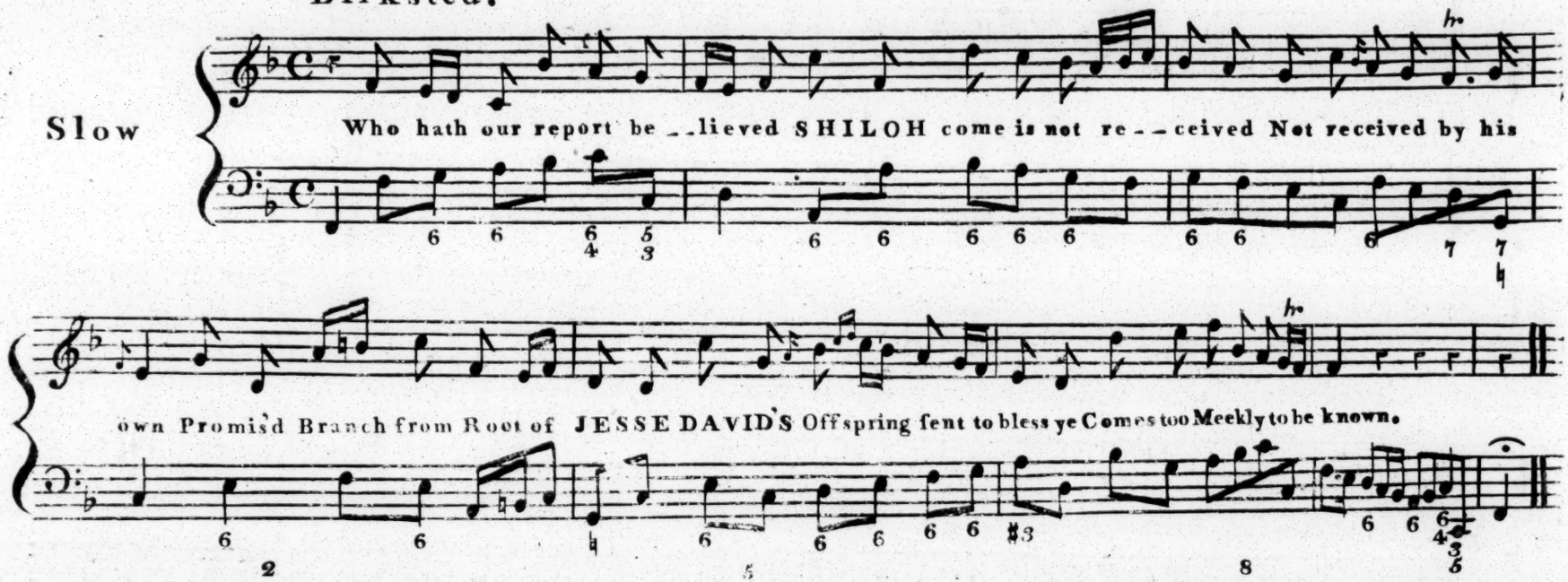
Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens & Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

Kippax.



My Complaints with Speed remove,
My Sorrows turn to Joy,
Songs of Melody and Love,
Again my Tongue employ,
Then I find the resting Place,
To all the carnal World unknown,
There I taste the glorious Peace,
Felt by the Saints alone

Birksted.



2

Tell me O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation,
Some fair spreading lofty Tree
Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Lowest that is He.

3

Like a tender Plant that's growing,
Where no Waters friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refresh the Ground,
Drooping dying we shall view Him,
See no Charms to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

4

Lo MESIAH unrespected,
MAN of Griefs Despis'd Rejected,
Wounds his Form disfiguring,
Marrd His Visage more than any,
For He bears the Sins of Many,
All our Sorrows carrying.

5

No deceit His Mouth had spoken,
Blameless He no Law had broken,
Yet was numbered with the Worst,
For because the LORD would grieve him,
We who saw it did believe Him,
For his own Offences curst.

6

But while Him our Thoughts accused,
He for Us alone was bruised,
Striken smitten for Our Guilt,
With His Stripes Our Wounds are cured,
By His Pains Our Peace assured,
Purchas'd with the Blood He spilt.

7

Love amazing so to mind us,
Shepherd come from Heav'n to find us,
Silly Sheep all gone astray,
Lost Undone by our Transgressions,
Worse than stript of all Possessions,
Debtors without Hope to pay.

8
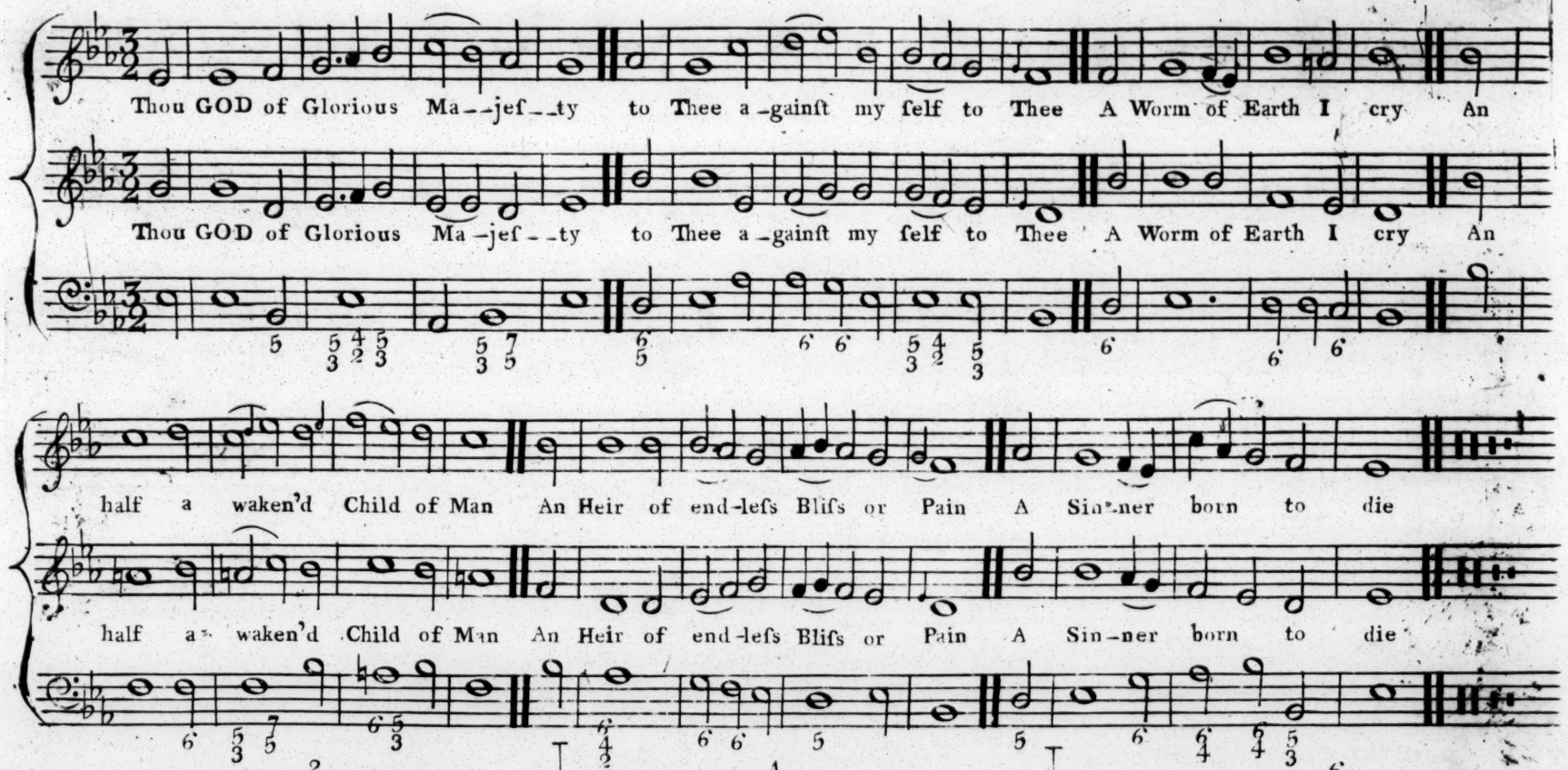
Fear our Portion Slaves in Spirit,
He redeem'd Us by His Merit,
To a glorious Liberty,
Dearly first His Goodness bought us,
Truth and Love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and Love have made us free.

9

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave His SON to save us,
Bless'd the SON who freely came,
Honour Blessing Adoration,
Ever from the whole Creation,
Be to GOD and to the Lamb.

Chilton

Set by J. B



2

Lo on a narrow Neck of Land,
'Twixt two unbounded Seas I ſtand,
Secure inſenſible,
A Point of Time a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
Or ſhuts me up in Hell.

3

O GOD mine inmoſt Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart,
Eternal Things impreſs,
Give me to feel their ſolemn Weight,
And tremble on the Brink of Fate,
And wake to Righteouſneſs.

4

Before me place in dread array,
The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
When Thou with Clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the Nations at thy Bar,
And tell me LORD ſhall I be there,
To meet a joyful Doom.

5

Be this my one great Buſ'neſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and Fear,
My future Bliſs t'inſure,
Thine utmoſt Counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure.
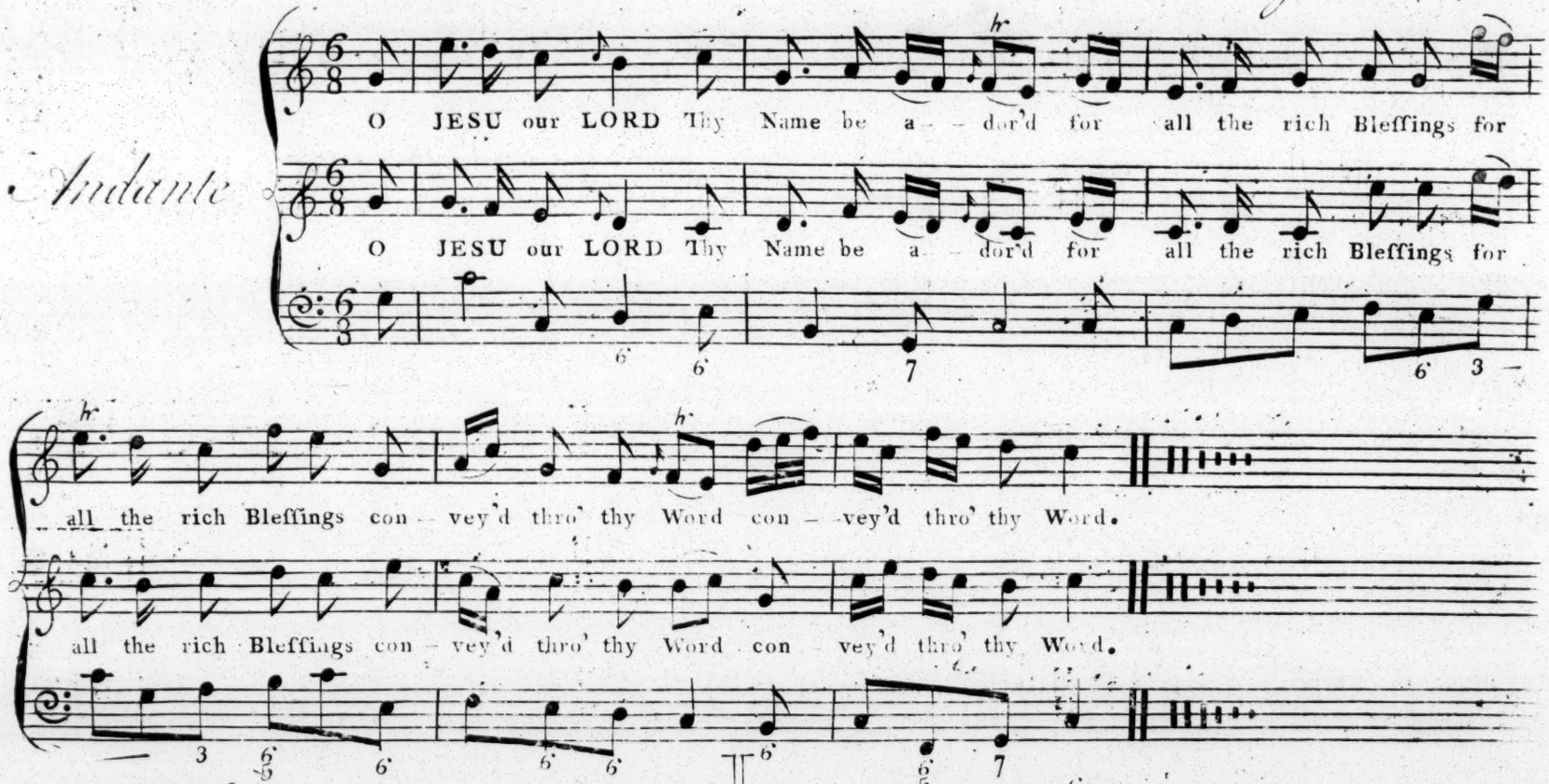
6

Then SAVIOUR then my Soul receive,
Tranſported from the Vale to live,
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is ſweetly loſt in Sight,
And Hope in full ſupreme Delight,
And everlaſting Love.

Winnick

Set by M.M.

Andante



2
In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Confort of Praife.

3
The ANTIENT OF DAYS,
His Glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his Choſen with cheriſhing Rays.

4
The Trumpet of GOD,
Is ſounding abroad,
The Language of Mercy Salvation thro' Blood.

5
Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the Bleſſings of the Goſpel Day.

6
The People who know,
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning Affection to worſhip him Glow.

7
Their Anguiſh and Smart,
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inſcrib'd on their Heart.

8
This Bleſſing is mine,
Thro' Favour divine,
But O my REDEEMER the glory be thine.

9
The Work is of Grace,
Thine thine be the Praiſe
And mine to adore Thee [illegible]

Buxton.

Set by M.M:

Andante

A - - wake and Sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb Wake ev - - ry Heart and ev - - ry

A - - wake and Sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb Wake ev - - ry Heart and ev - - ry

Tongue to praise the Savi - our's Name wake ev - ry Heart and ev - - ry Tongue to praise the Saviour's Name.

Tongue to praise the Savi - our's Name wake ev - ry Heart and ev - - ry Tongue to praise the Saviour's Name.

2

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose Sins he bore.

3

Sing till we feel our Hearts,
Afcending with our Tongues,
Sing till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Song.

4

Sing on your Heav'nly Way,
Ye ransom'd Sinners fing,
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
In CHRIST th'eternal King.

5

Soon fhall ye hear,
Ye blefsed Children come,
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'rers home.

Huddersfield.

Set by M.M.

Andante

My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r And Shield art thou O LORD I firm-ly Anchor

My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r And Shield art thou O LORD I. firm-ly Anchor

all my Hopes On thy un-err-ing Word On thy un--err--ing Word.

all my Hopes On thy un-err-ing Word On thy un--err--ing Word.

2

Engrav'd as in eternal Brafs,
The mighty Promise fhines,
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darknefs raze,
Those Everlasting Lines.

3

The Sacred Word of Grace is ftrong,
As that which built the Skies.
The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promises.
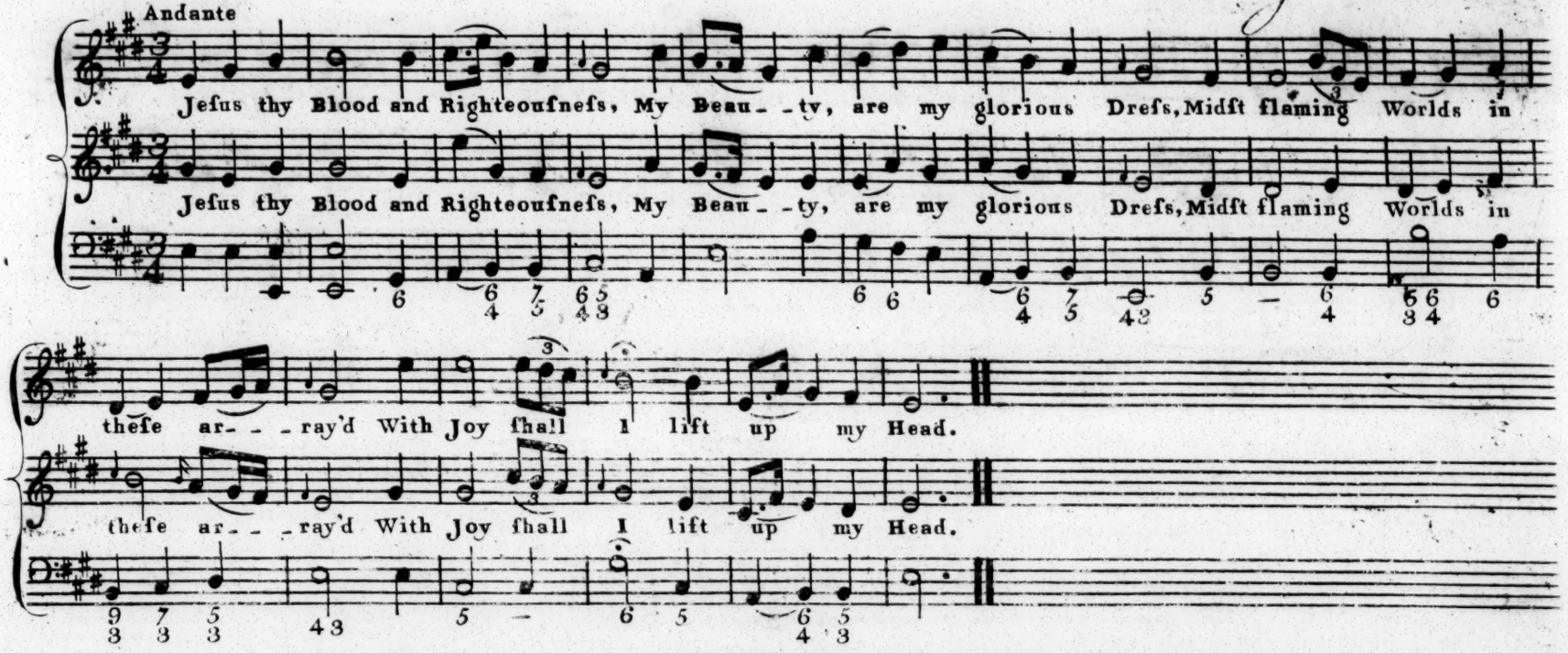
4

My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r,
And Shield art Thou O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
On thy unerring Word.

Leeds

Set by M. M

Andante



2

When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my Mansion in the Skies,
Ev'n then, shall this be all my Plea:
"Jesus hath liv'd hath dy'd for me."

3

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay.
Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

4

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

5

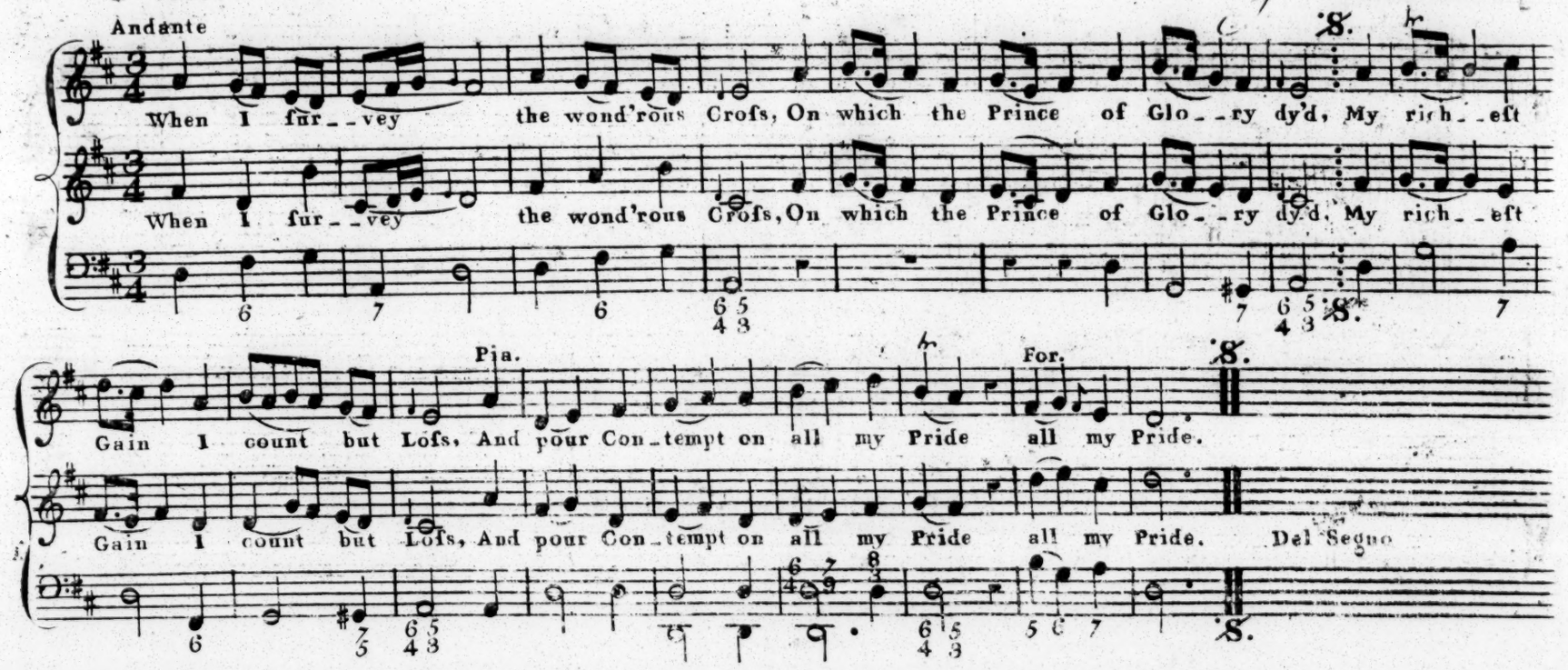
This spotless Robe the same appears
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Christ is ever new.

6

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

Richmond

Set by M. M.
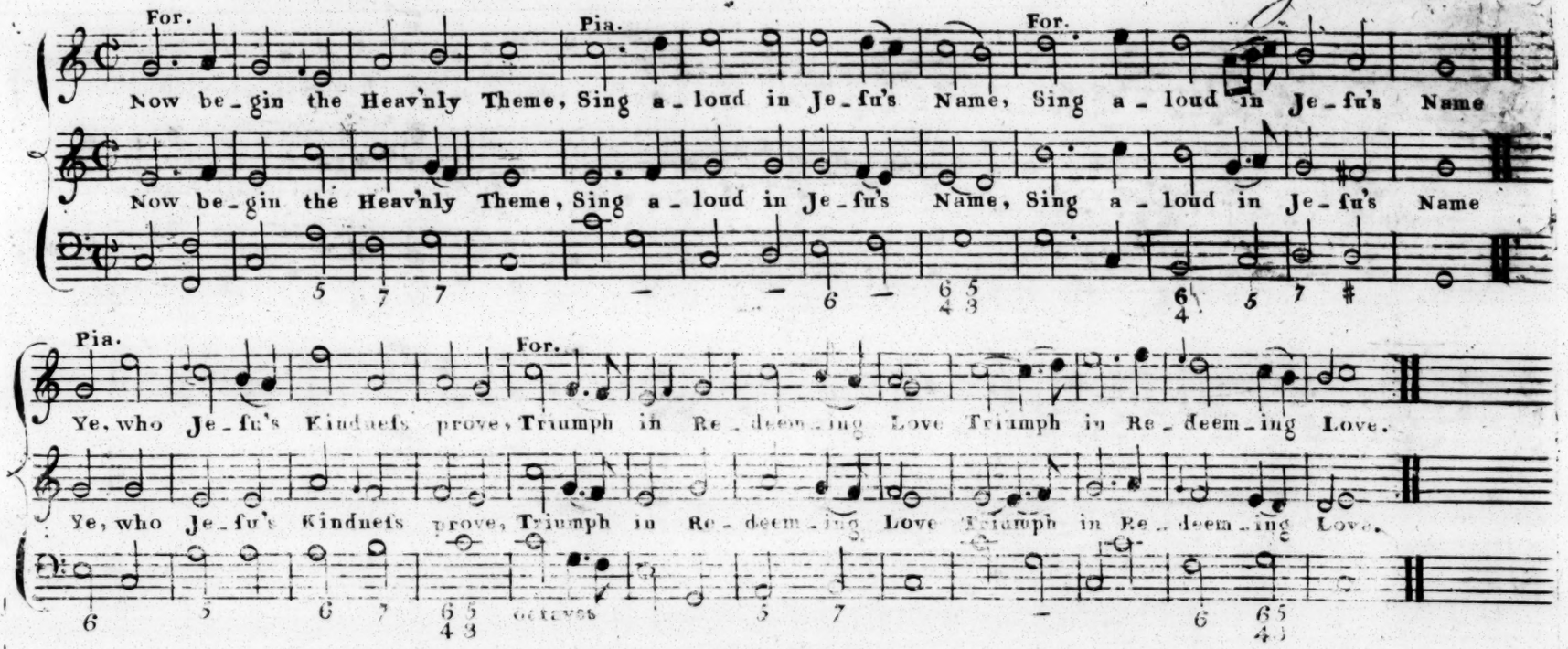


2

Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the Croſs of Chriſt, my God:
All the vain Things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them for thy Blood.

REDEEMING LOVE

Set by I. W.



2

Ye who ſee the Father's Grace
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Praiſe and bleſs Redeeming Love.

3

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curſe remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

4

Ye alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliſs no longer rove,
Stop— and taſte Redeeming Love.

5

Welcome all by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome, to his ſacred Reſt,
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.
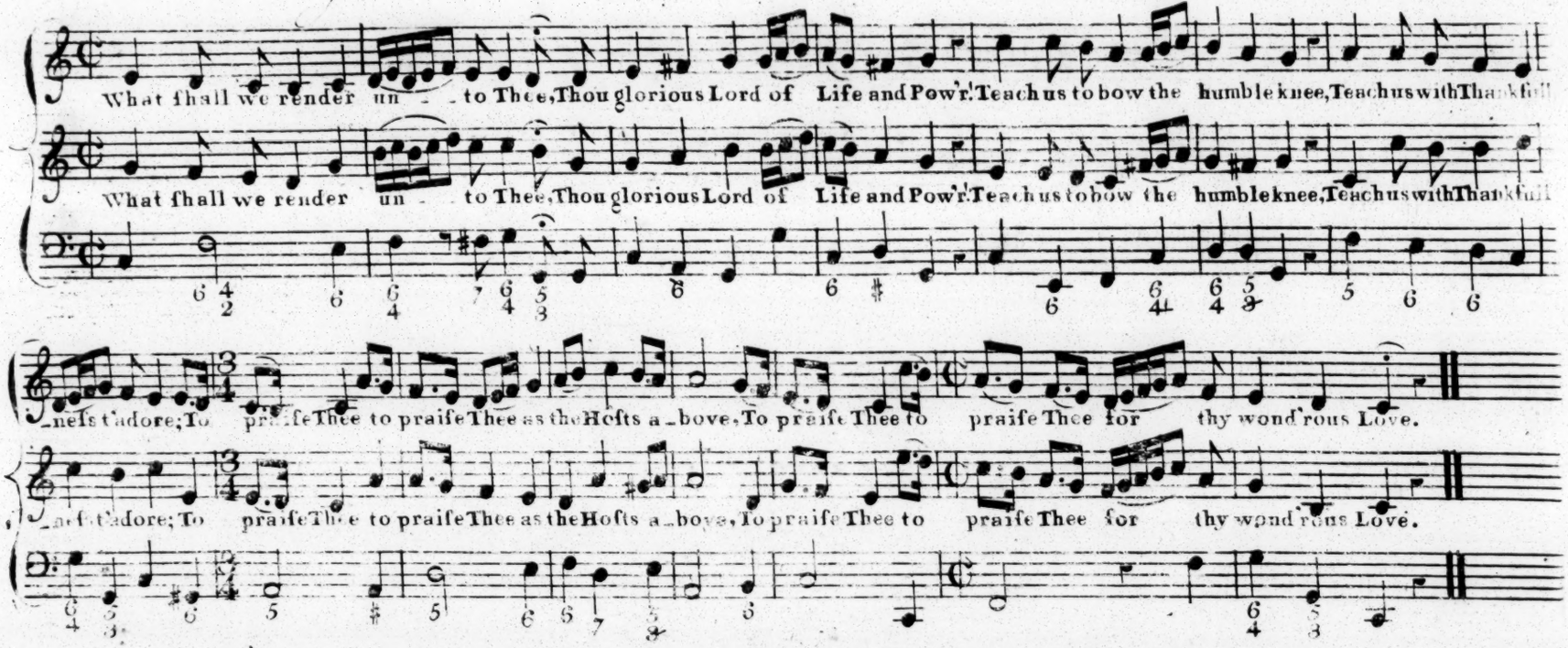
6

He ſubdu'd th'Infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

7

Hither then your Muſick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String,
Mortals join the Hoſts above,
Join to praiſe Redeeming Love.

Scarborough



2

When like loſt Sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th'impetuous Tide,
Of this World's Sin and Vanity;
Our Jeſus from the Heavens came down,
To ſave us by his Grace alone.

3

He bore our Sins upon the Tree
To ſeek and ſave the loſt He came
There was He bound to ſet us free
From Death and everlaſting Shame;
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

4

Before the Father's awfull Throne;
Our merciſull High-Prieſt, He ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchaſ'd Remnant now Demands.
His People's everlaſting Friend,
Who loving—loves them to the End.

5

May we his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him in Love, alone;
Be growing up in Holineſs,
Then meet him in the Realms of Peace.

6

Then ſhall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, No Sorrow ſhall be found.
No Night o'er-cloud the endleſs Day.
O Praiſe Him! all beneath, above,
[illegible] the God of Love!

Brighthelmstone.

Andante

Pia.

O Lord, how great's the Favour! That we, ſuch Sinners poor, Can thro' thy Blood's ſweet favour Ap- -

O Lord, how great's the Favour! That we, ſuch Sinners poor, Can thro' thy Blood's ſweet favour Ap- -

For. Pia.

-proach thy Mercy's Door, To find an open Paſſage Un-to the Throne of Grace, There wait the Wel-come

-proach thy Mercy's Door, To find an open Paſſage Un-to the Throne of Grace. There wait the Wel-come

For.

Meſ-ſage That bids us go in Peace. There wait the Welcome Meſſage That bids us go in Peace.

Meſ-ſage That bids us go in Peace. There wait the Welcome Meſſage That bids us go in Peace.

(2)

Lord we are helpleſs Creatures,
Full of the deepeſt Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid, and inly Dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weakneſs,
And all we have is Sin,
Our Hearts are all Uncleaneſs,
A Den of Thieves within.

(3)

In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford us Aid!
Where ſhall we find Compaſſion;
But in the Church's Head.
Jeſus, thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms,
And exerciſe thy Mercy,
To ſave us from all Harms.

(4)
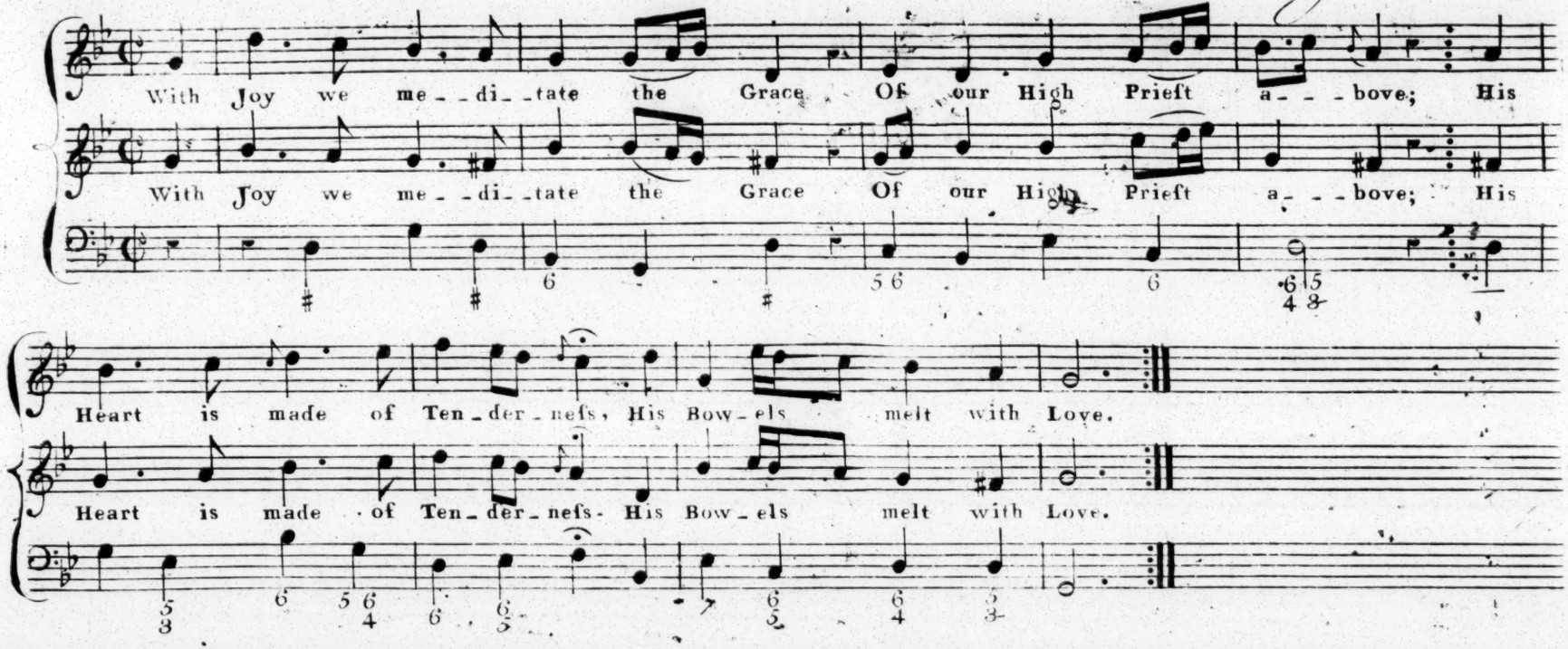
We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs Complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of Saints;
Till we attain the Image
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

(5)

Then we, with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th'amazing, pleaſing Story,
Of Jeſu's Love ſo great.
In this bleſt Contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch Conſolation
As none below can tell.

Chelsea

Set by W. B.



2

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame:
He knows what fore Temptations mean,
For He hath felt the fame.

3

He, in the Days of feeble Fleth,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meafure feels afreth
What every Member bears.

4
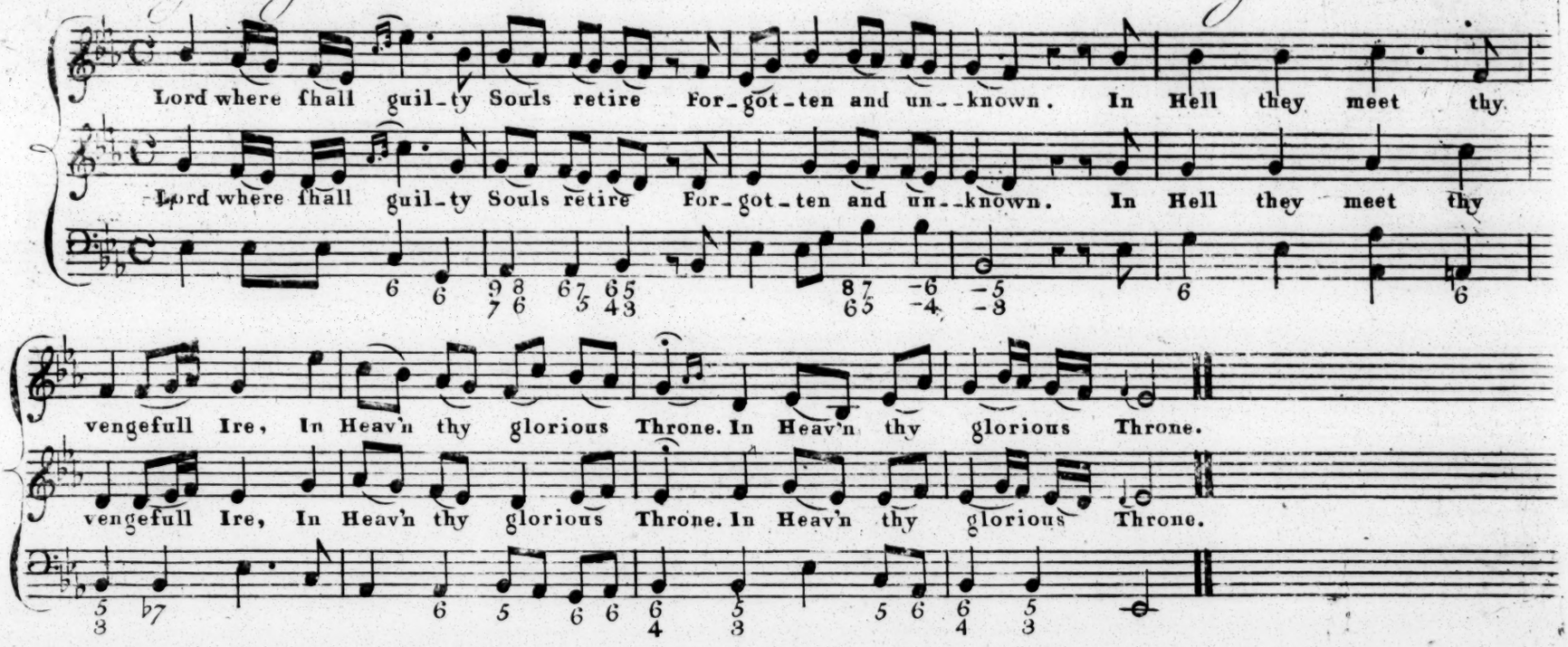
He'll never quench the fmoaking Flax,
But raife it to a Flame,
The bruifed Reed He never breaks,
Nor fcorns the meaneft Name.

5

Then let our humble Faith addrefs,
His Mercy and his Pow'r:
We fhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the diftreffing Hour.

Waylbridge

Set by M.M.



2

Should they ſuppreſs their vital Breath,
T'eſcape the Wrath Divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

3

If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light
They fly beyond the Weſt,
Thine Hand, which muſt ſupport their Flight,
Would ſoon betray their Reſt.

4

If o'er their Sins they ſeek to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.

5

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
Are both alike to Thee;
O may we ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which we cannot flee.

Hymn of Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm

STADE

Set by I. B.

Our little Bark on boiſt'rous Seas By cruel Tempeſt toſt Without one chearfull Beam of Hope Ex - - pect-ing

Our little Bark on boiſt'rous Seas By cruel Tempeſt toſt Without one chearfull Beam of Hope Ex - - pect-ing

N B: The Hallelujah to be Sung only at the End of the fifth and ſixth Verſes.

to be loſt. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah A- - -men.

to be loſt. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah A- - -men.

2

We to the Lord in Humble Pray'r
Breath'd out our ſad Diſtreſs
Tho' feeble, Yet with contrite Hearts
We beg'd return of Peace.

3

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love)!
"He came to our Relief."

4

The Stormy Winds did ceaſe to blow
The Waves no more did roll
And ſoon again a placid Sea
Spoke Comfort to each Soul.
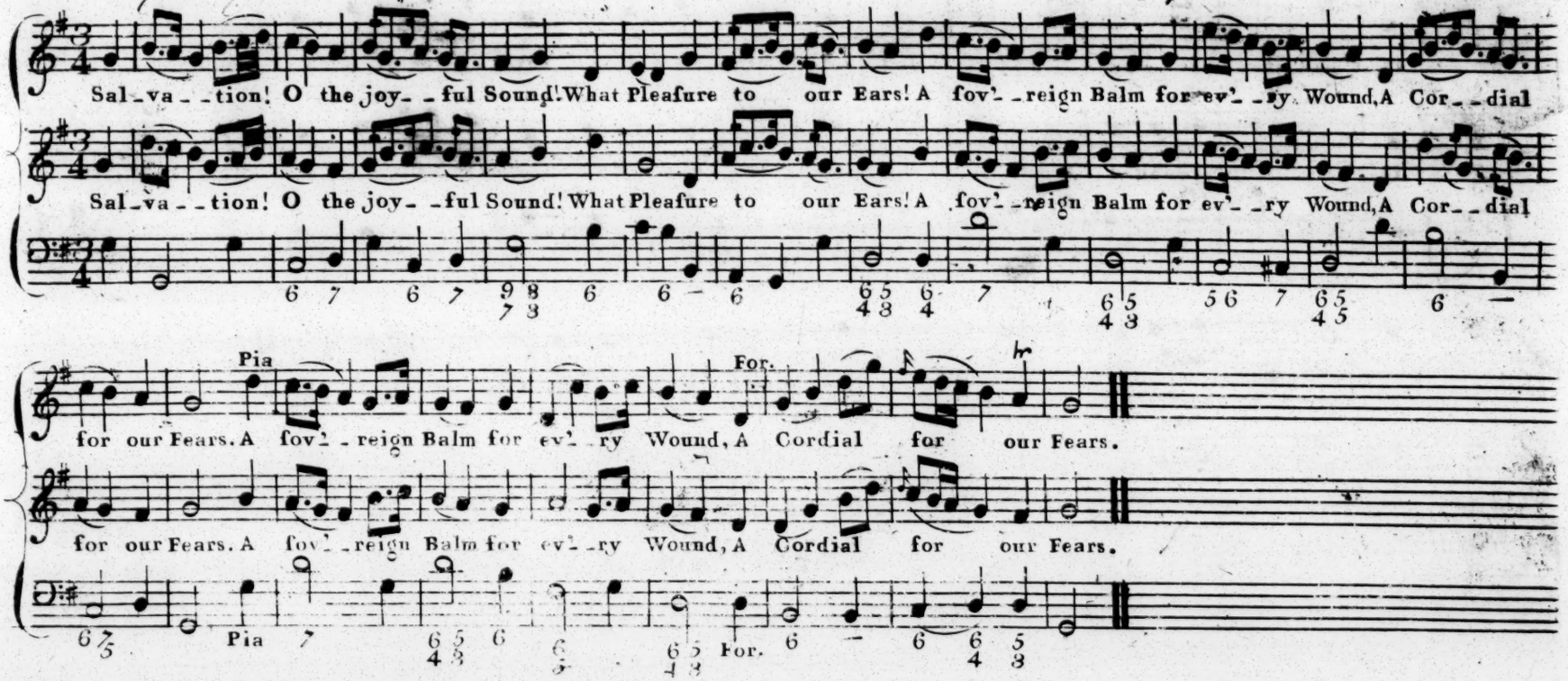
5

Oh! may our gratefull, trembling Hearts
Sweet Hallelujahs ſing
To Him, who hath our lives preſerv'd
Our Saviour and our King.

6

Let us proclaim to all the World
With Heart and Voice again
And tell the Wonders he hath done
For us the Sons of Men.
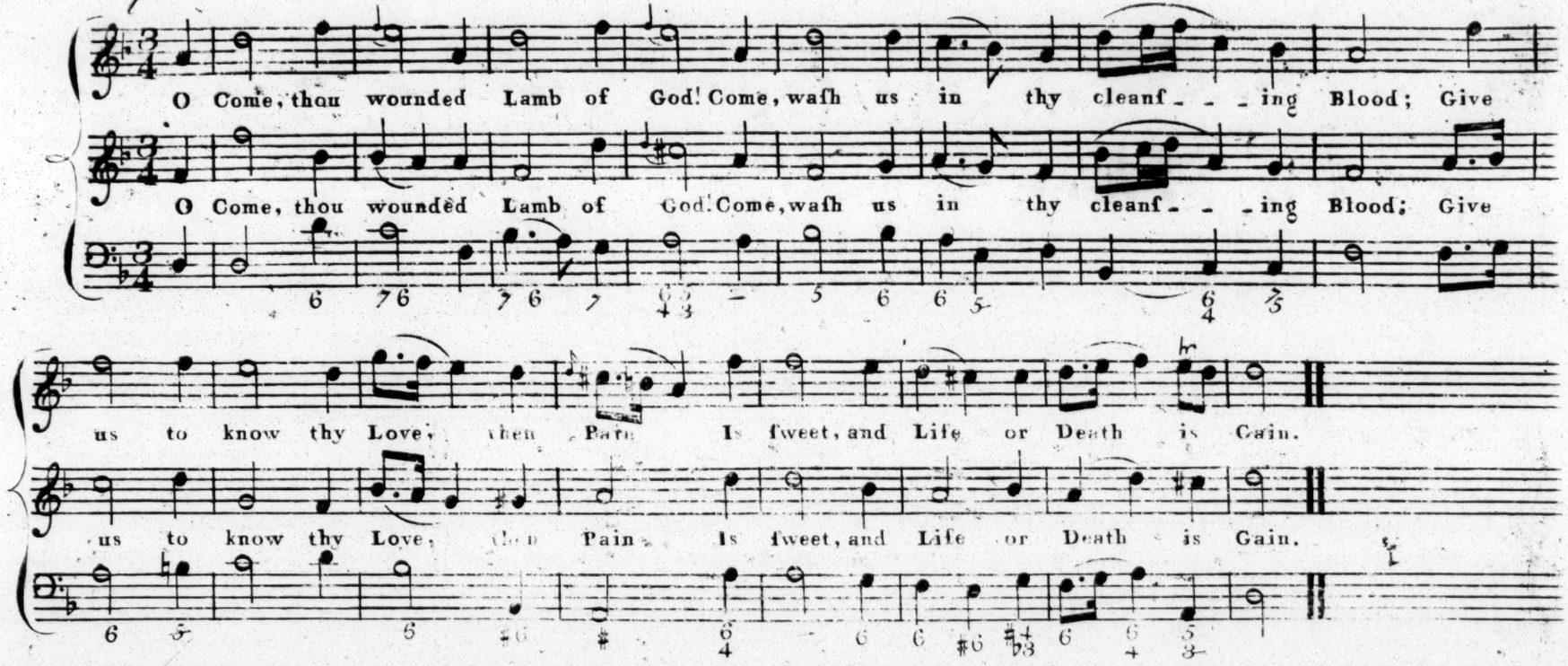
Weighington *Altered from D.r H.*



2

Salvation! let the Eccho fly
The fpacious Earth around
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound!

German



2

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee;
Seal Thou our Breasts, and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

3

How can it be, thou heav'nly King
That thou shouldst Man to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!

4
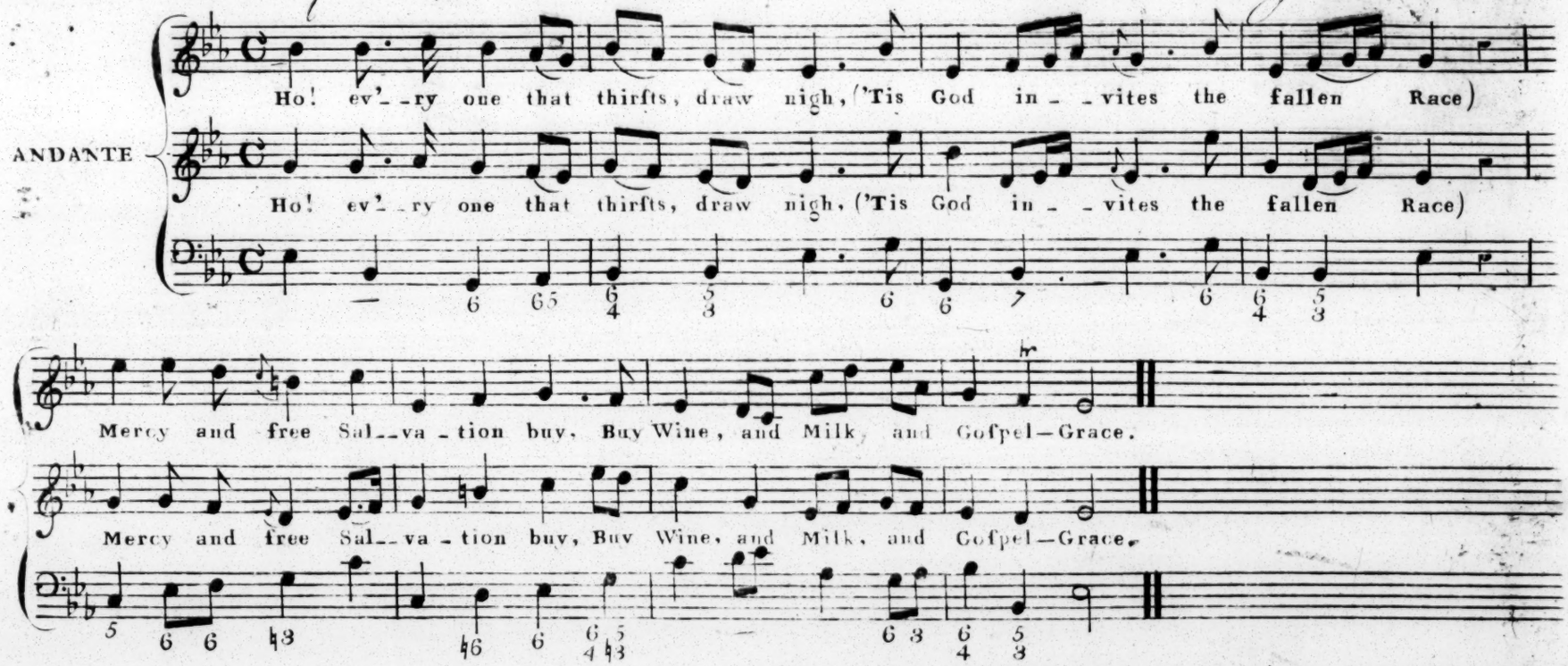
Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty Thoughts
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

5

First-born of many Brethren Thou,
To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;
Help us to Thee our All we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

Halifax

Set by M.M.



2

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'rers, home
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

3

See, from the Rock a Fountain rife!
For you in healing Streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, Sin-fick Souls.

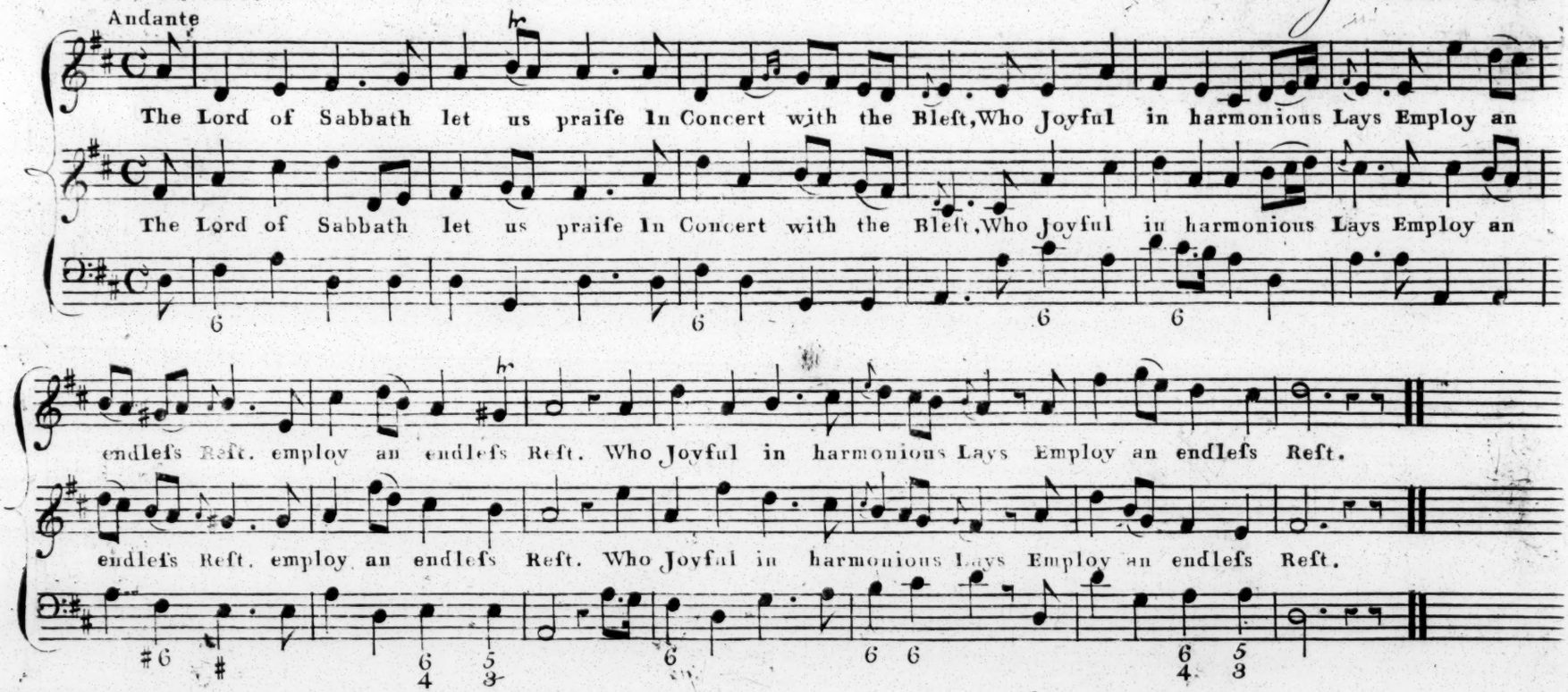
4

Nothing ye in Exchange fhall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the Gift of God recieve,

Windsor

Set by M. M.

Andante



2

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We bleſt and pious grow;
By Hymns of Praiſe we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3
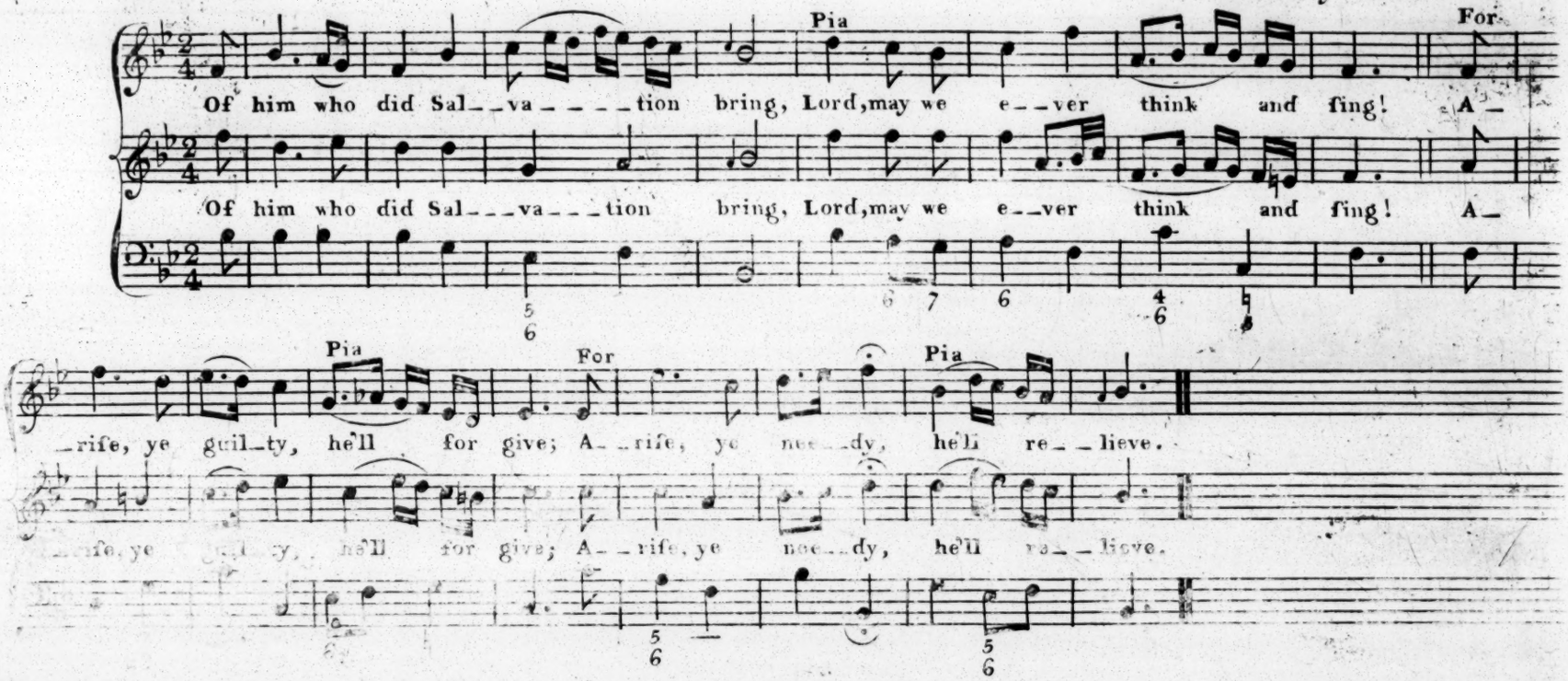
On this glad Day a brighter Scene
Of Glory was diſplay'd
By God, th'eternal Word, than when
This Univerſe was made.

4

He riſes, who Mankind hath bought
With Grief and Pain extreme;
'Twas great to ſpeak the World from Nought—
'Twas greater to redeem!

Milbank

Set by C.B.



2
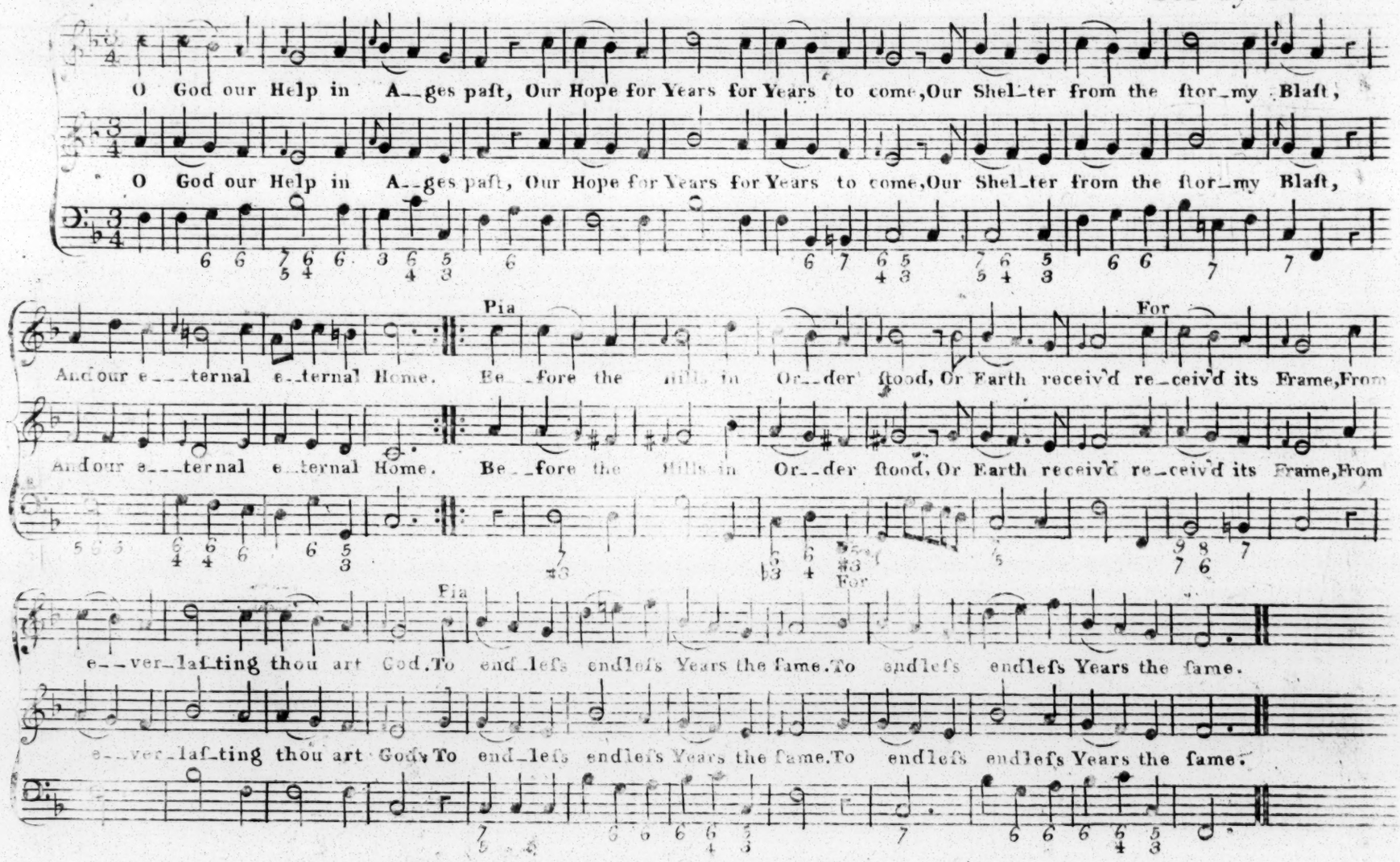
Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'ft all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and Men with Love!

3

To purge our Sins, Chrift fhed his Blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God fuch Love could fhow.

Plimouth

Set by M.V.



2
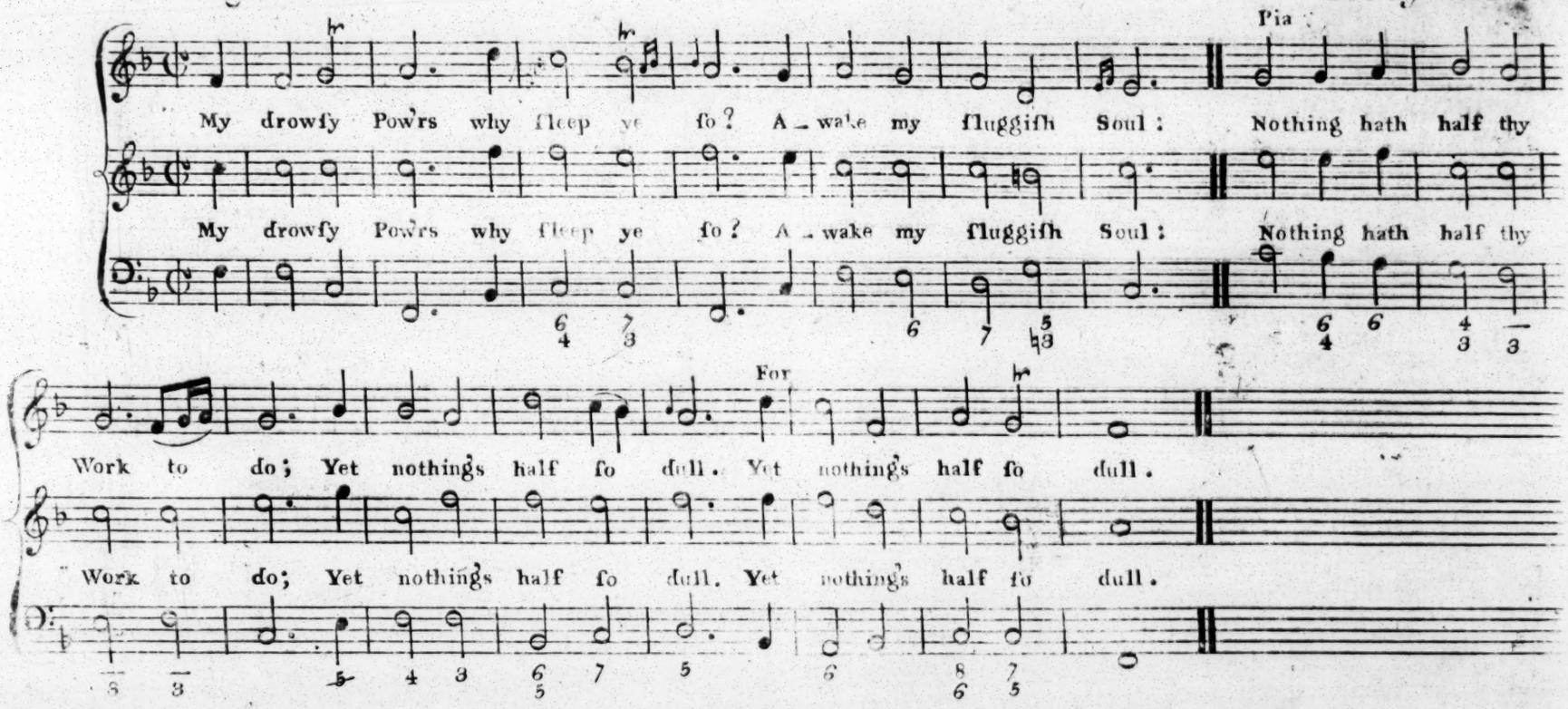
A thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are as an Ev'ning gone
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the riſing Sun.

3

The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood,
With all their Cares and Fears,
Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
And loſt in foll'wing Years.

Edgcumbe.

Set by W. B.



(2)

Go to the Ants—for one poor Grain
See how they toil and ſtrive;
Yet we who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live.

(3)

We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good;
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown,
He purchaſ'd with his Blood

(4)
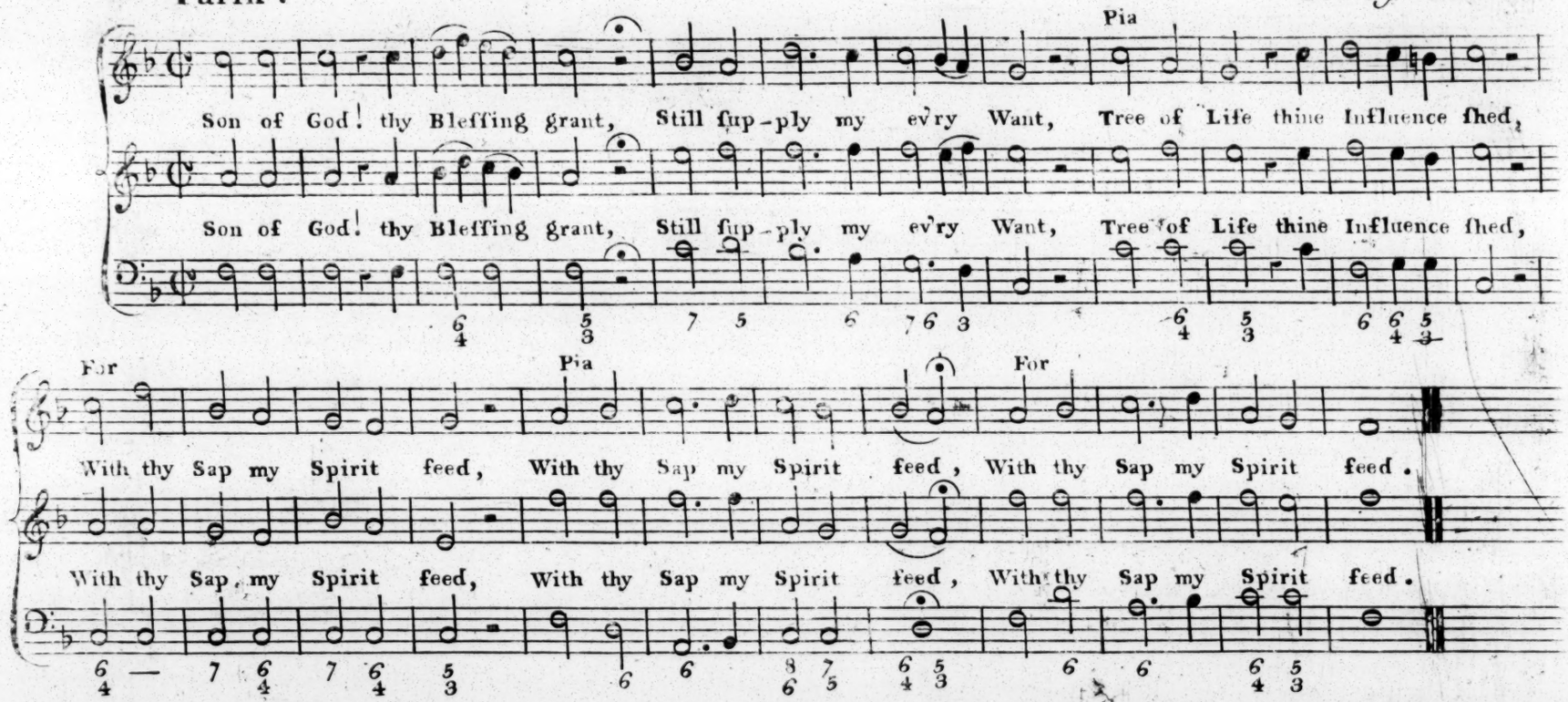
Lord ſhall we live ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our Parts;
Come Lord thy gracious Word fulfil,
And warm our frozen Hearts.

(5)

Give us with active Warmth to move,
With vig'rous Souls to riſe;
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
To fly and take the Prize.

Turin.

Set by F. G.



(2)

Tend'reſt Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die:
Weak as helpleſs Infancy
O confirm my Soul in Thee.

(3)
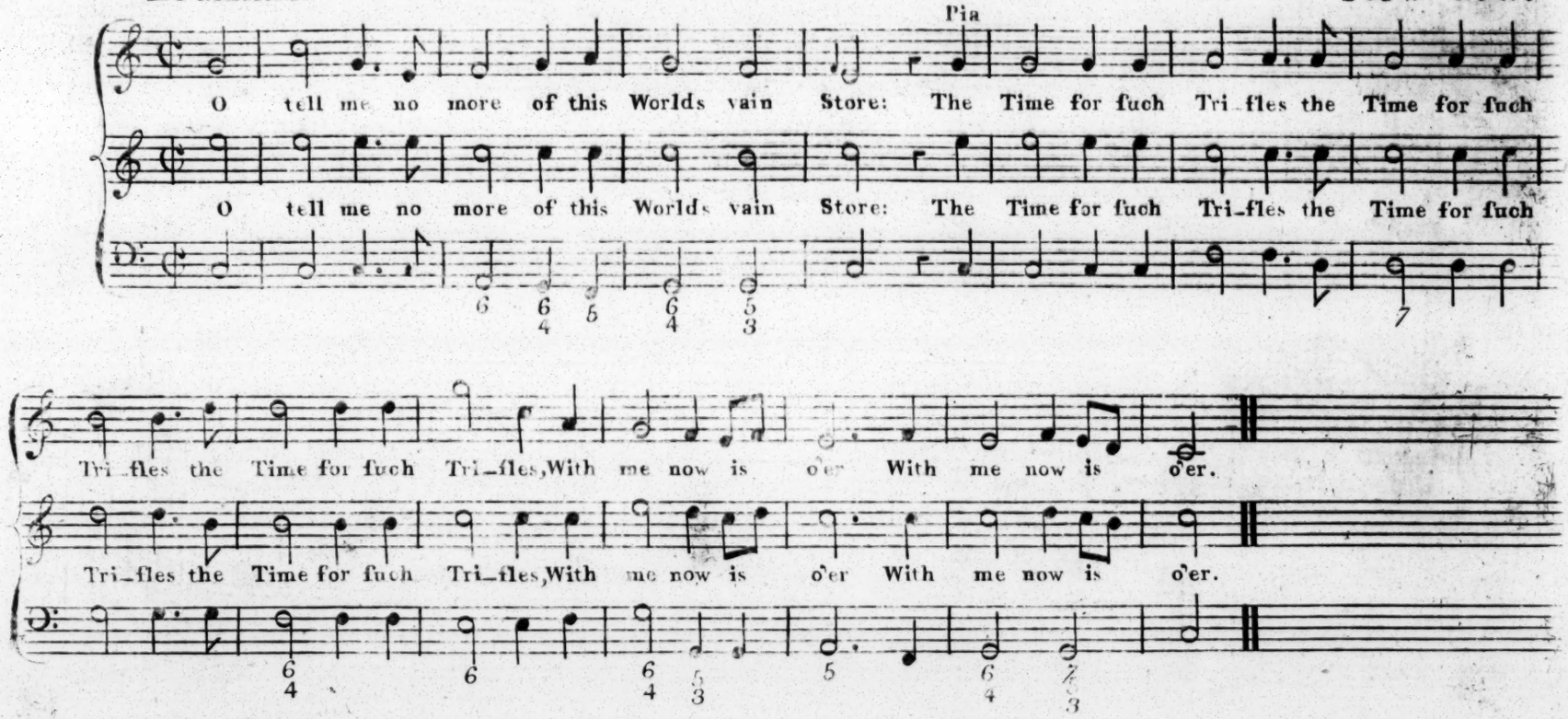
Unſuſtain'd by Thee I fall,
Send the Strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed Reed,
Help I ev'ry Moment need.

(4)

All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me! ſave me to the End!
Give me the continuing Grace
Take the everlaſting Praiſe.

Bramham

Set by F. G.



(2)
A Country I've found,
Where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy Ground.

(3)
The Souls that believe,
In Paradiſe live
And me in that Number
Will Jeſus receive.

(4)
My Soul don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Riſe, follow thy Saviour,
And bleſs the glad Day

(5)
No Mortal doth know
What He can beſtow,
What Light, Strength, & Comfort,
Go after Him, go.

(6)
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me,
I cannot ſay why.

(7)
And now I'm in Care
My Neighbours may ſhare
Theſe Bleſſings: To ſeek them
Will none of you dare.

(8)
In Bondage O why!
And Death will you lie,
When One here aſſures you
Free Grace is ſo nigh.

Canterbury

Set by I.W.

Pia

Hail great Im--ma-nuel! bal--my Name thy Praise the ran--som'd will pro-claim. We

Hail great Im--ma-nuel! bal--my Name thy Praise the ran--som'd will pro--claim.

For

thee Phy--si--cian call We own no o--ther cure but thine; Thou the de--li--verer di--

Pia
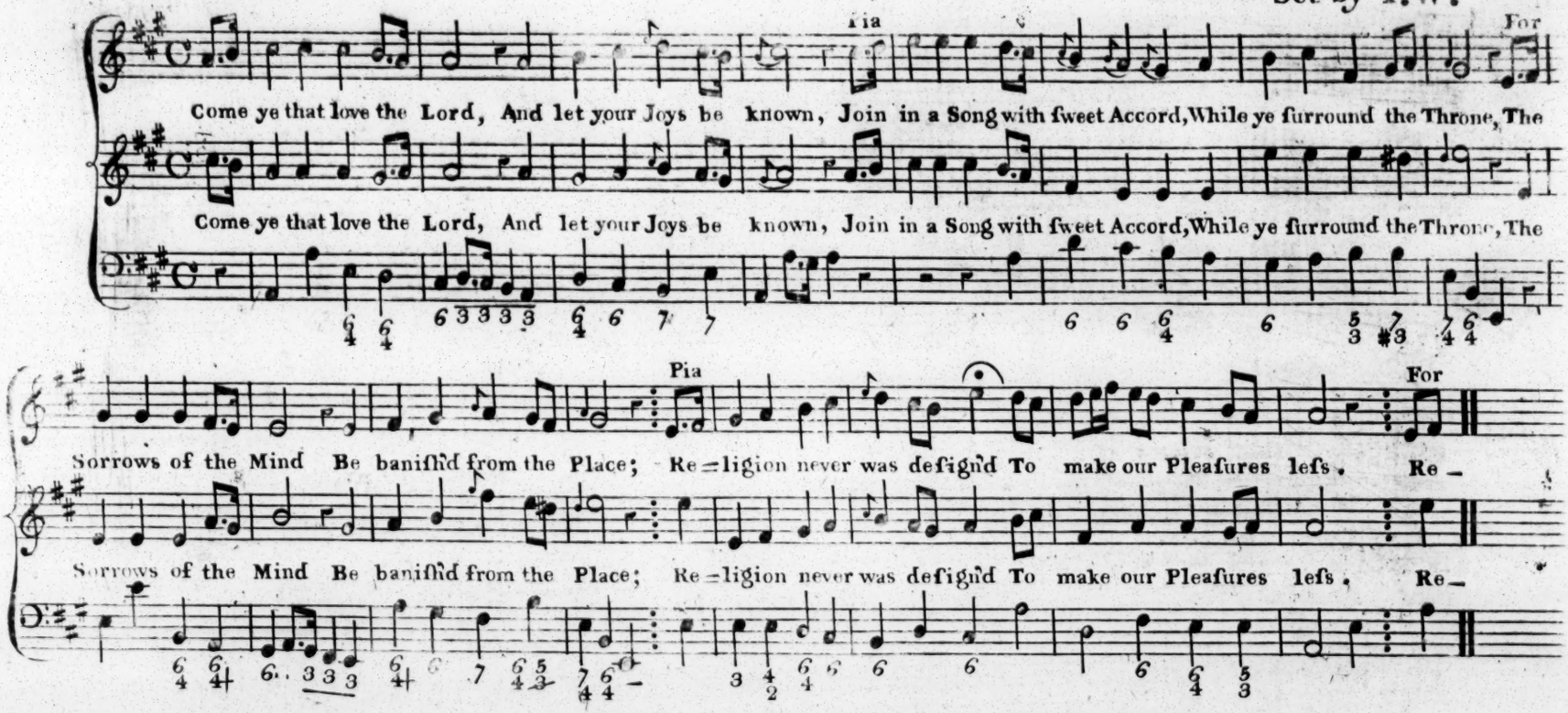
We own no o--ther cure but thine; Thou the de--li--verer di-

--vine! our Health! our life our all!

--vine! our Health! our life our all!

Yarmouth.

Set by I.W.



(2)

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But Children of the heav'nly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

(3)

The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial Fruits, on earthly Ground.
From Faith and Hope may grow.

(4)

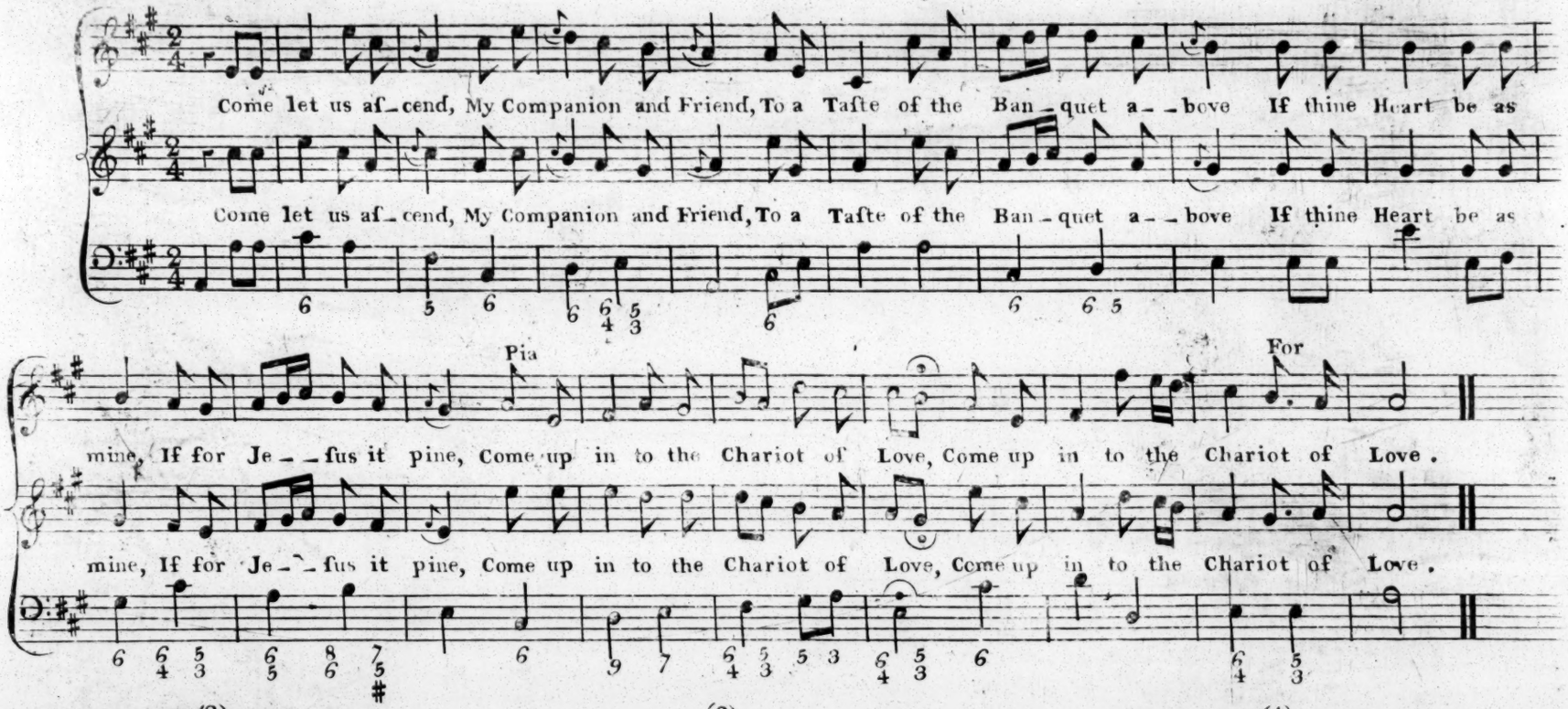
The Hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields
Or walk the golden Streets.

(5)

Then let our Songs abound.
And ev'ry Tear be dry
We're marching thro Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

Feversham

Set by M. M.



(2)

Who in Jeſus confide,
They are bold to outride
The Storms of Affliction beneath:
With the Prophet they ſoar
To that heav'nly Shore,
And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

(3)

By Faith we are come
To our permanent Home,
By Hope we the Rapture improve:
By Love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the Skies
For the Heav'n of Heavens is Love!

(4)

Who on Earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the City of God the great King!
What a Concert of Praiſe,
When our Jeſus's Grace,
The whole heavenly Company ſing!

(5)

What a rapturous Song
When the glorify'd Throng,
In the Spirit of Harmony join!
Join all the glad Choirs,
Hearts, Voices and Lyres,
And the Burthen is Mercy divine.

(6)

Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the Sky,
To the great everlaſting I am,
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

Pelham

Set by F. G.

My Soul, re-peat his Praiſe, Whoſe Mercies are ſo great: Whoſe An-ger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So ready to a--bate.

My Soul, re-peat his Praiſe, Whoſe Mercies are ſo great: Whoſe An-ger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So rea-dy to a--bate.

Pia — tutti — Pia

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd a-bove the Ground we tread, So far the Riches of his Grace, Our higheſt thoughts ex-

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd a-bove the Ground we tread, So far the Riches of his Grace, Our higheſt thoughts ex-

tutti

-ceed. Our high-eſt thoughts ex--ceed.

-ceed. Our high-eſt thoughts ex--ceed.

3

The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel:
He knows our feeble Frame.

4
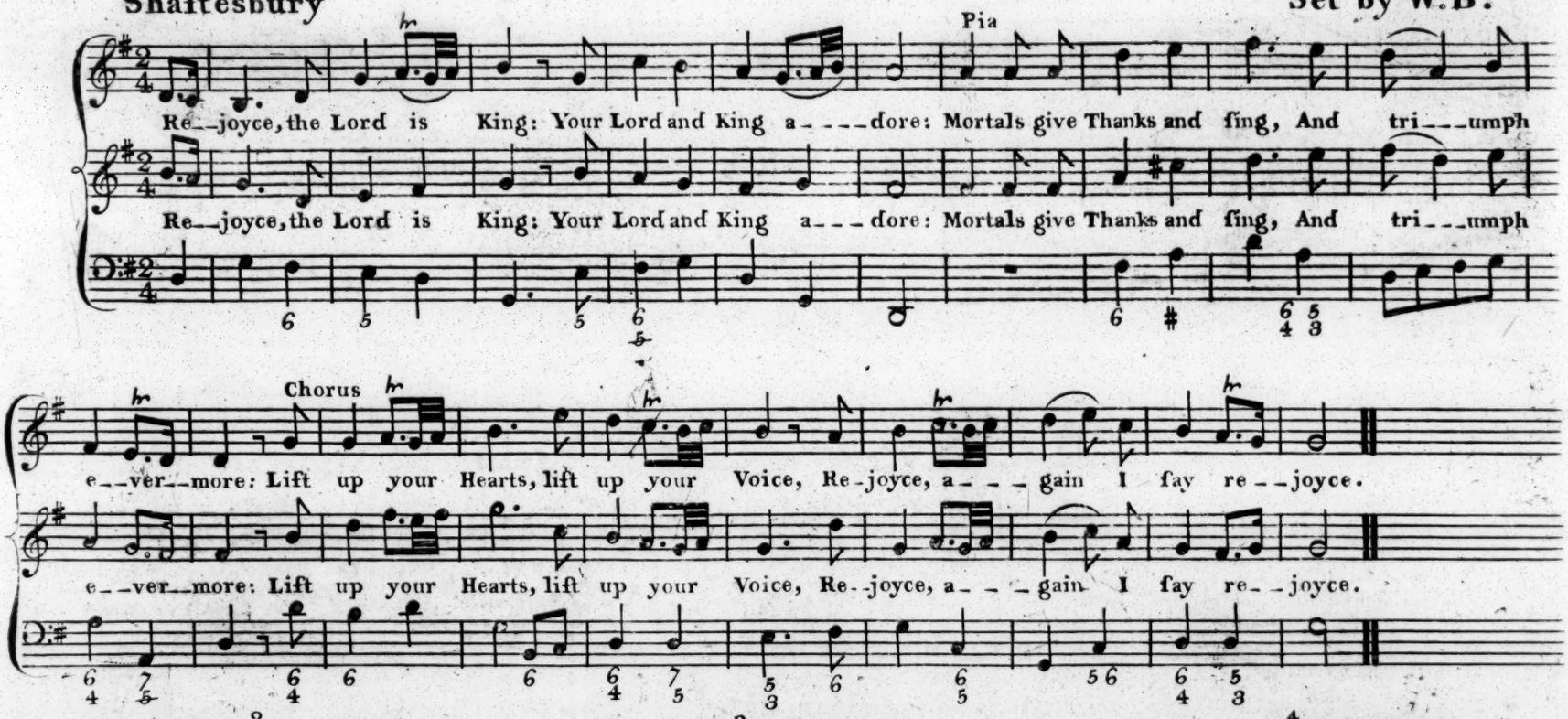
Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

5

But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promiſe ſure,
My Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great. &c

Shaftesbury

Set by W.B.



2

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love;
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

3

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n:
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

4

He ſits at Gods Right Hand,
Till all his Foes ſubmit,
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneat his Feet:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

5

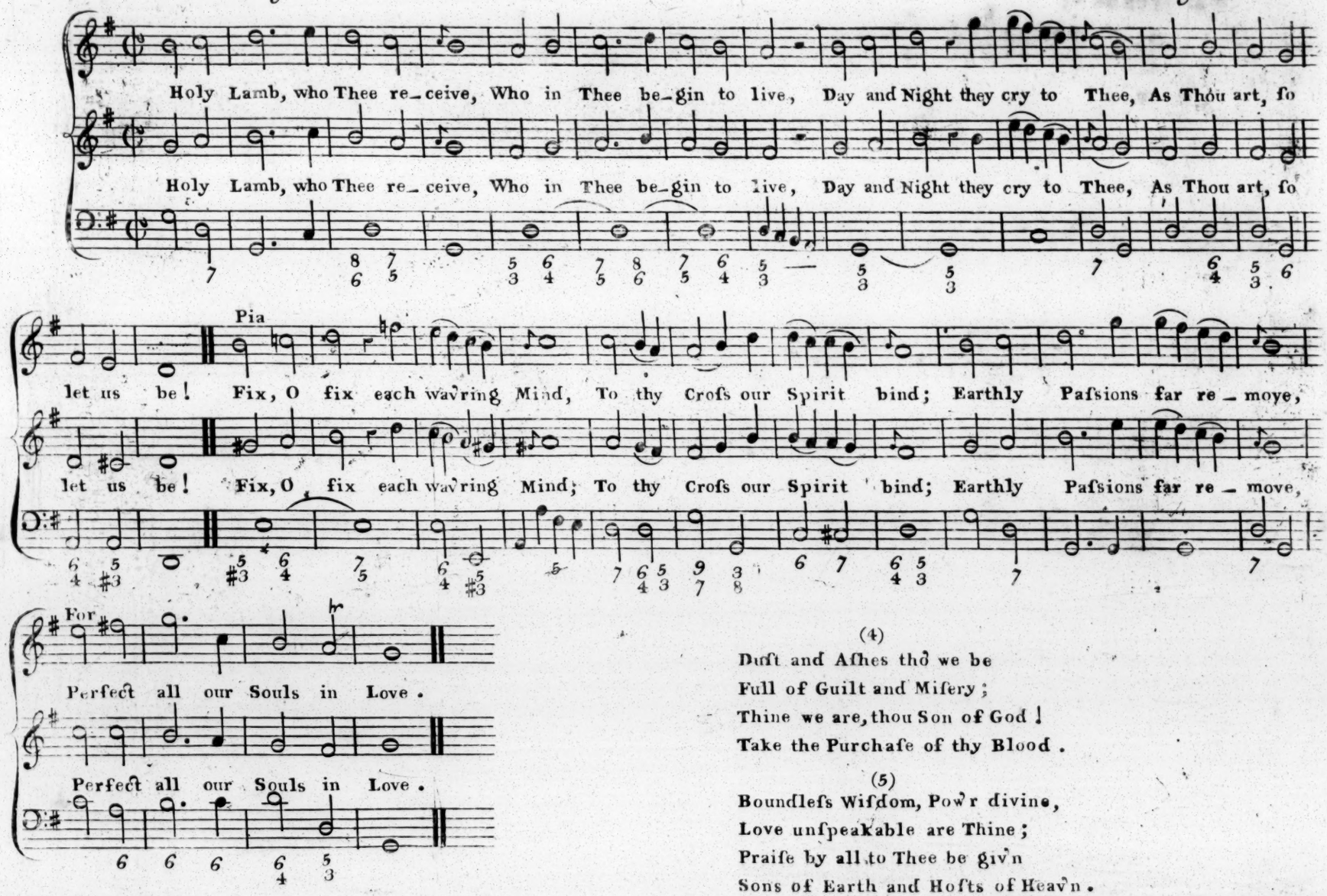
He all his Foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our Sins deſtroy,
And ev'ry Boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic Joy:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

6

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal Home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th'Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice.

Shrewſbury

Set by M.V.



(4)
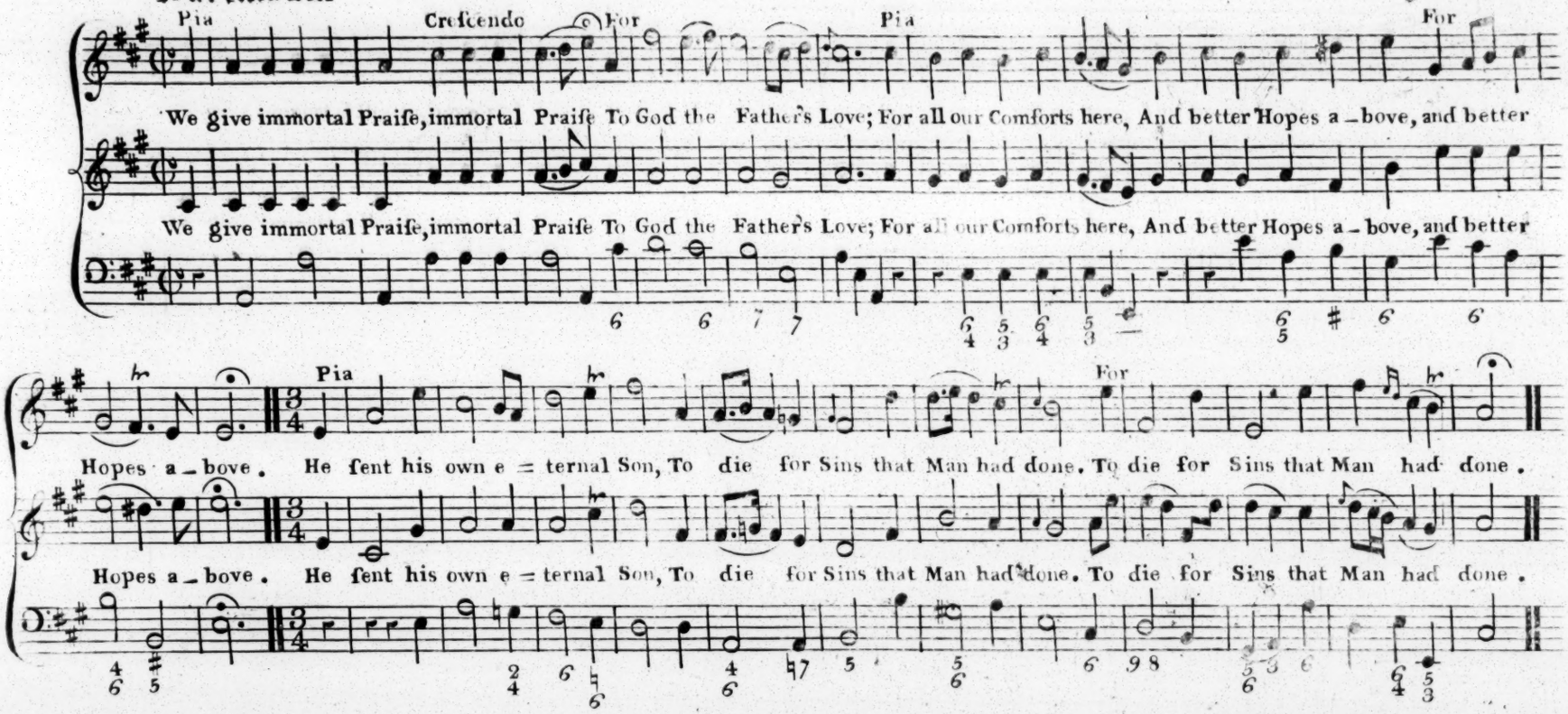
Duſt and Aſhes tho' we be
Full of Guilt and Miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

(5)

Boundleſs Wiſdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are Thine;
Praiſe by all to Thee be giv'n
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heav'n.

Dartmouth

Set by C.B.



(2)
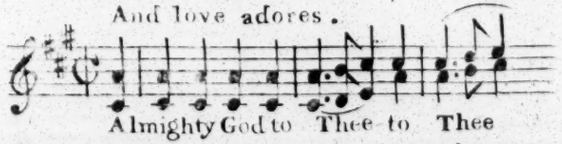
To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe:
And now he lives
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

(3)

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worship give;
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live;
His Work completes
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With joy divine.
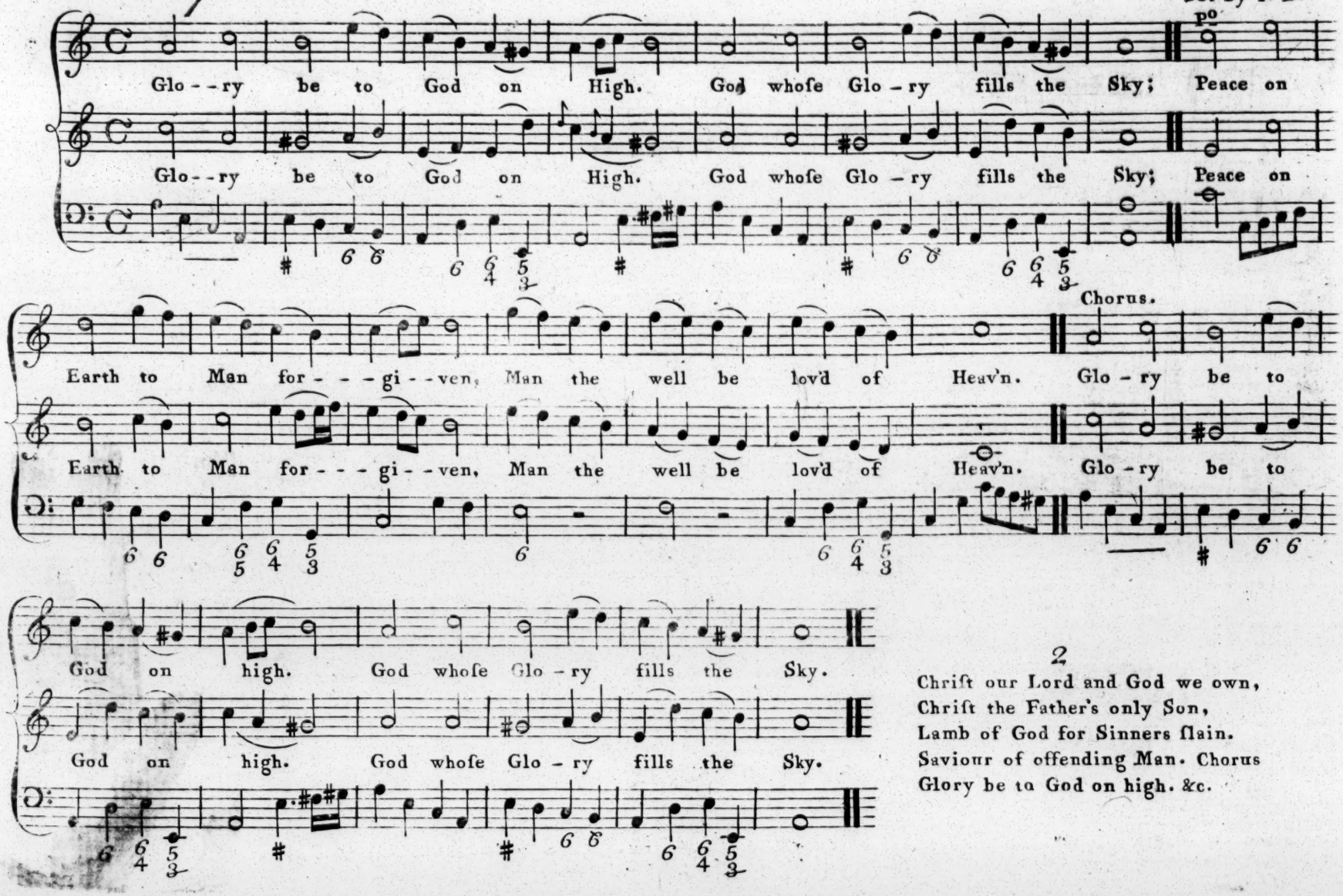
(4)

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done;
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs.
There faith prevails
And love adores.



Montpellier

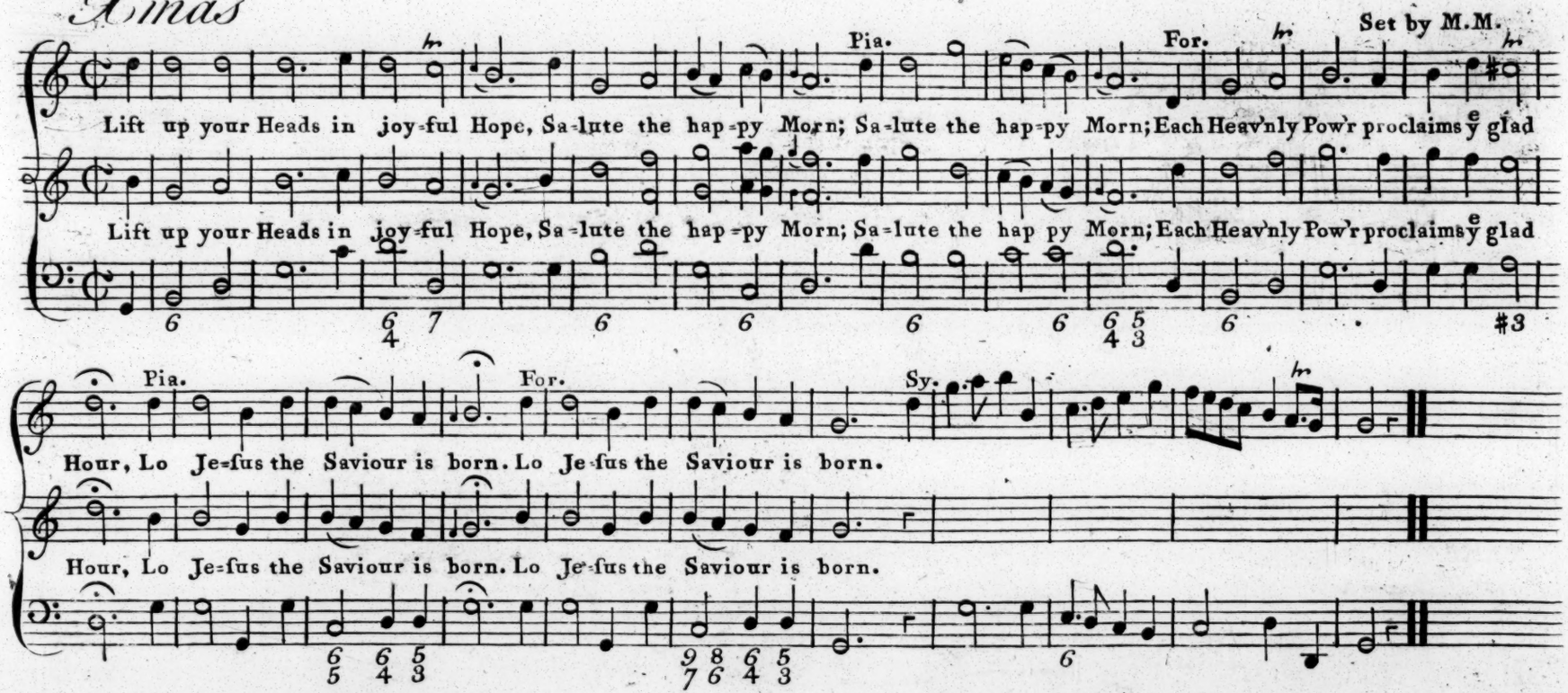
Set by I. B.



2

Chriſt our Lord and God we own,
Chriſt the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain.
Saviour of offending Man. Chorus
Glory be to God on high. &c.

Set by M.M.



(2)
All Glory be to God on high,
To Him all Praiſe is due;
The Promiſe is ſeal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the Record is true.
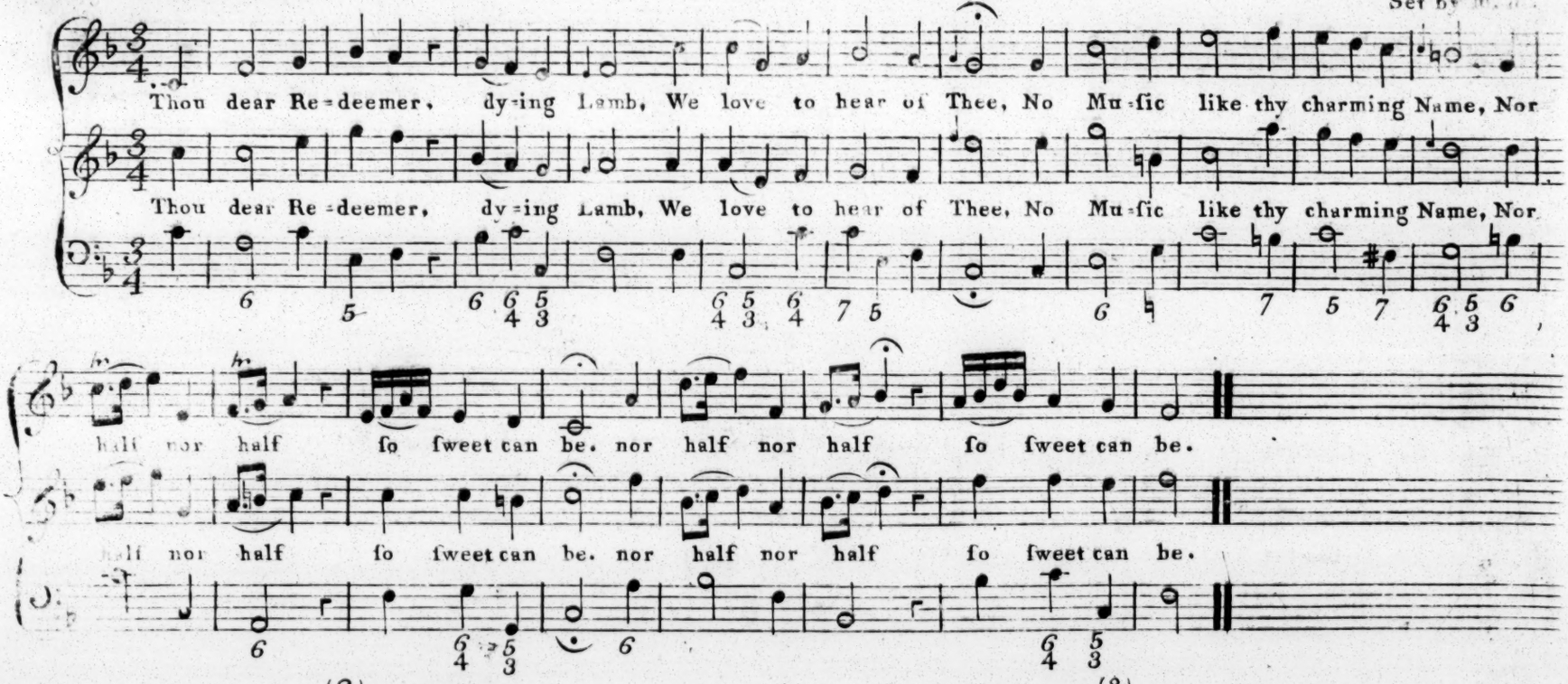
(3)
Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
Flow on, and ſtill increaſe;
Spread o'er the glad Earth,
At Jeſus his Birth,
For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

(4)
Now the Good-will of Heaven is ſhewn
Tow'rds Adams helpleſs Race,
Meſſiah is come
To ranſom his Own,
To ſave them by infinite Grace.

(5)
Then let us join the Heavens above
Where hymning Seraphs ſing,
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their Lord is Ours,
Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King.

Berwick

Set by M.



(2)

O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

(3)

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay,
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely Name,
When all Things elſe decay.

(4)

When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud.
And Chriſt ſhall be our Song.

Fordwich

C. B.

F.e P.o F.e

What ſhall we ren-der un--to Thee, Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r! Teach us to bow the hum--ble

What ſhall we ren-der un--to Thee, Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r! Teach us to bow the hum--ble

P.o F.e P.o

Knee, Teach us, teach us with Thank--ful-nefs t' a-dore; To praiſe thee as the Saints a---bove, To

Knee, Teach us, teach us with Thank--ful-nefs t' a-dore; To praiſe thee as the Saints a---bove, To

For.

praiſe thee for thy wond'--rous Love, To praiſe thee for thy wond'--rous Love.

praiſe thee for thy wond'--rous Love, To praiſe thee for thy wond'--rous Love.

(2)

When like loſt Sheep, we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th'impetuous Tide,
Of this World's Sin and Vanity;
Our Jeſus from the Heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his Grace alone.

(3)

He bore our Sins upon the Tree
(To ſeek and ſave the loſt He came)
There was He bound to ſet us free
From Death and everlaſting Shame:
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

(4),

Before the Father's aweful Throne;
Our merciful High-Prieſt, he ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchaſ'd Remnant now demands,
His People's everlaſting Friend,
Who, loving-loves them to the End.

5
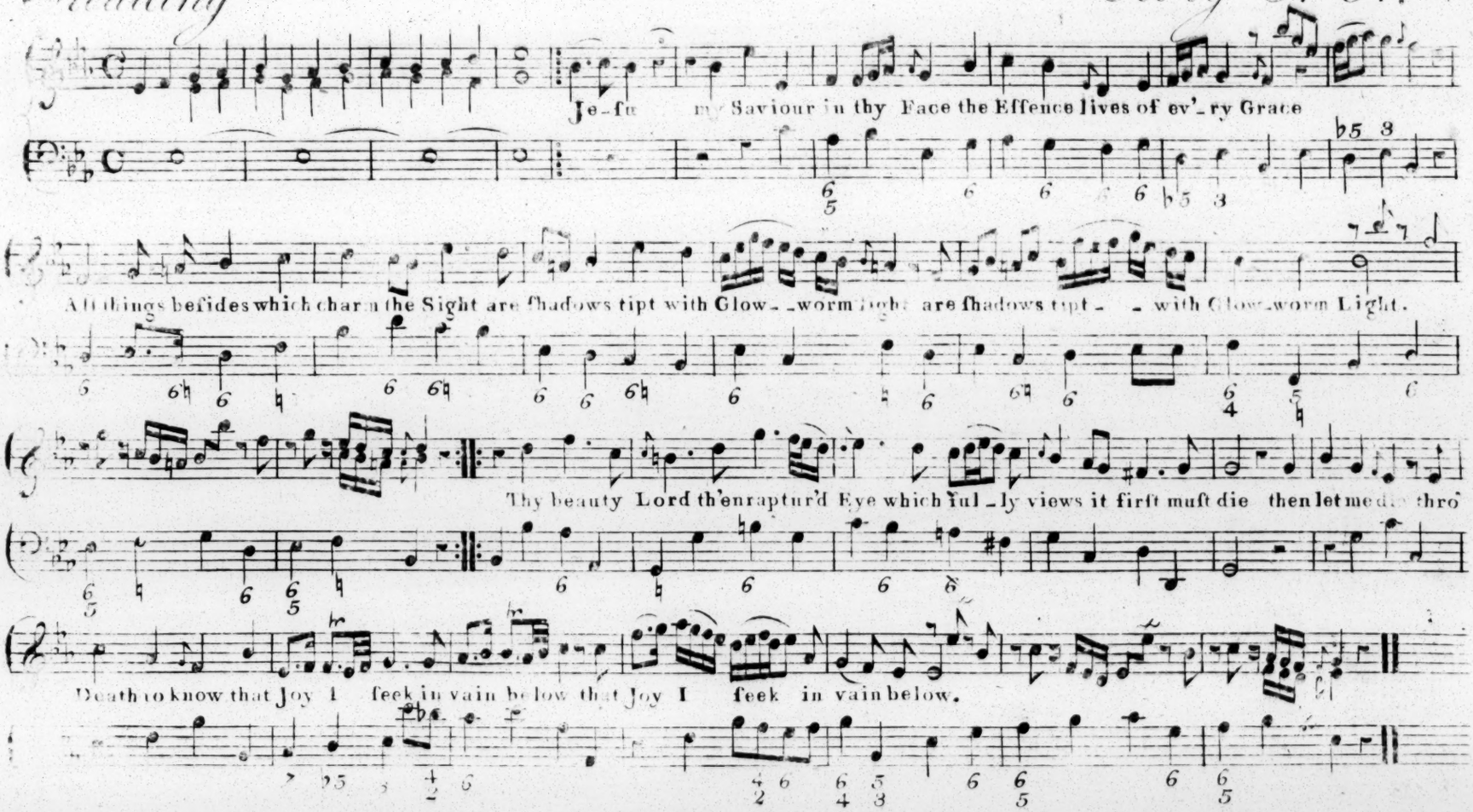
May we, his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him, in Love, alone;
Be growing up in Holineſs,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

6
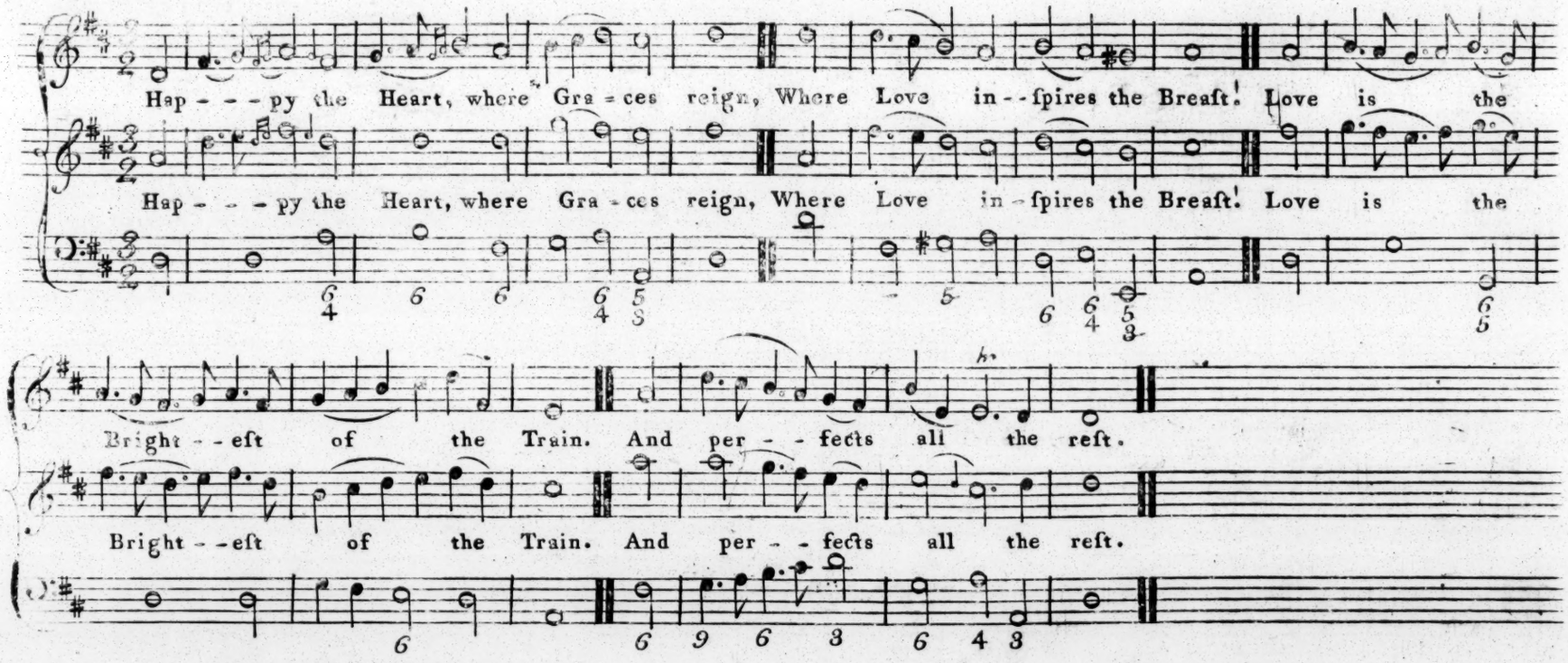
Then ſhall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow ſhall be found,
No Night o'er-cloud the endleſs Day.
Oh praiſe Him! all beneath above,
Oh praiſe Him! Praiſe the God of Love!

Reading

Set by T. M.



54 Addiſon



2

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear:
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and reign.
If Love be abſent there.

3

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In ſwift Obedience move:
The Devils know and tremble too—
But Satan cannot love.

4

This is the Grace that lives and ſings,
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Strings
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

5

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
That fills the Choirs above,
Then ſhall we tune our golden Harps
And ev'ry Note be—Love.

Lancaster

Set by M. M.

Pia.

Praiſe the Lord, who reigns a-bove, And keeps his Court be-low, Praiſe the ho-ly God of Love, And all his Greatneſs

Praiſe the Lord, who reigns a-bove, And keeps his Court be-low, Praiſe the ho-ly God of Love, And all his Greatneſs

For.

ſhow: Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds, Praiſe Him for his matchleſs Pow'r; Him from whom all Good pro-ceeds, Let Heav'n

Pia.

ſhow: Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds, Praiſe Him for his matchleſs Pow'r; Him from whom all Good pro-ceeds, Let Heav'n

For.

and Earth a--dore. Let Heav'n and Earth a-dore.

and Earth a--dore. Let Heav'n and Earth a-dore.

2
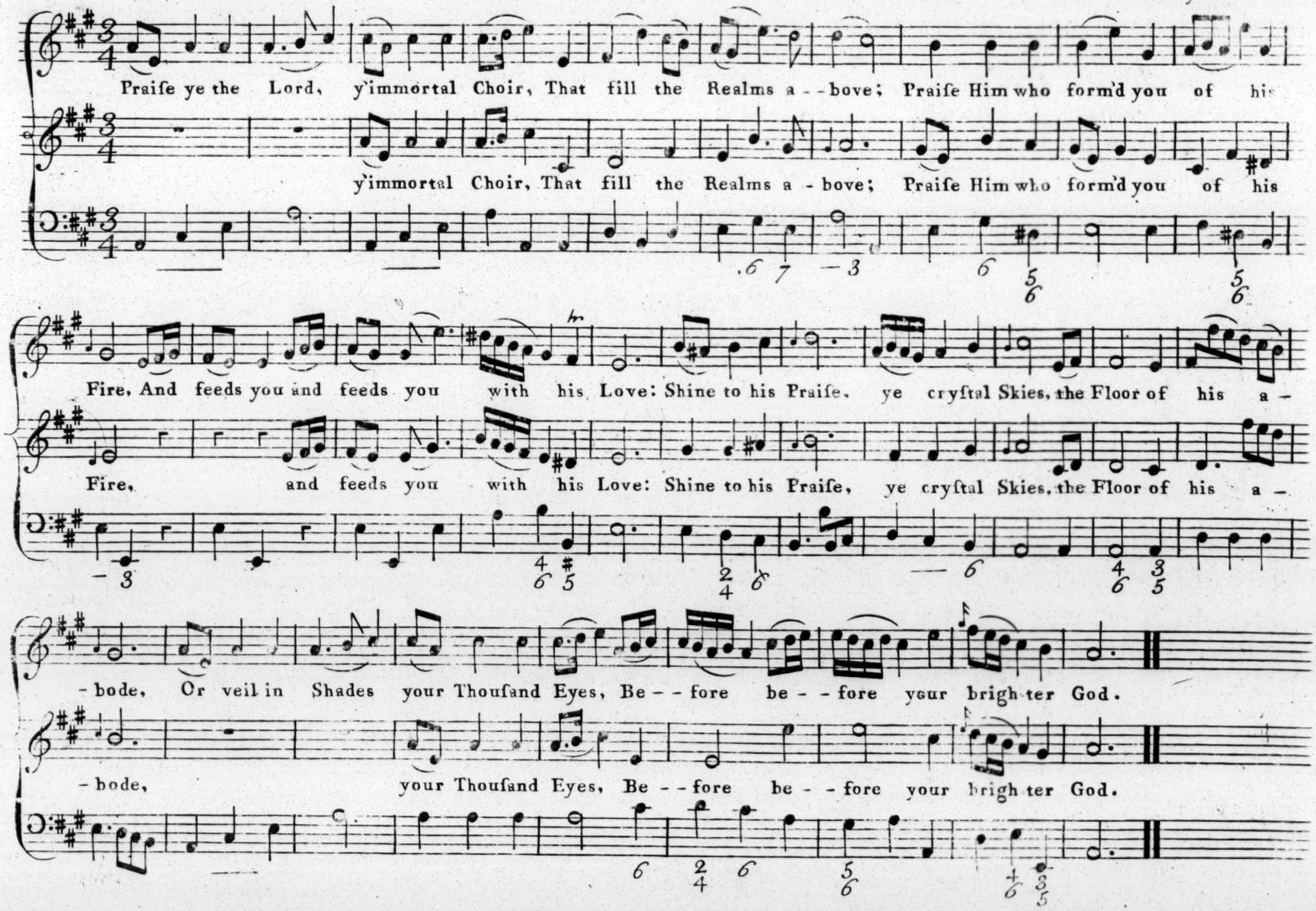
Publiſh, ſpread to All around,
The great Immanuel's Name,
Let Trumpets' martial Sound
Him Lord of Hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe Him ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
All the Powers of Muſic bring,
The Muſic of the Heart.

3

Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every Creature ſing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven on Earth ador'd,
Praiſe the Lord in every Breath;
Let all Things praiſe the Lord.

Cirencester

Set by (illegible)



2

Thou reſtleſs Globe of golden Light,
Whoſe Beams create our Day,
Join with the Silver Queen of Night.
To own your borrow'd Rays:
Winds, ye ſhall bear his Name aloud,
Thro' the etherial Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.

3
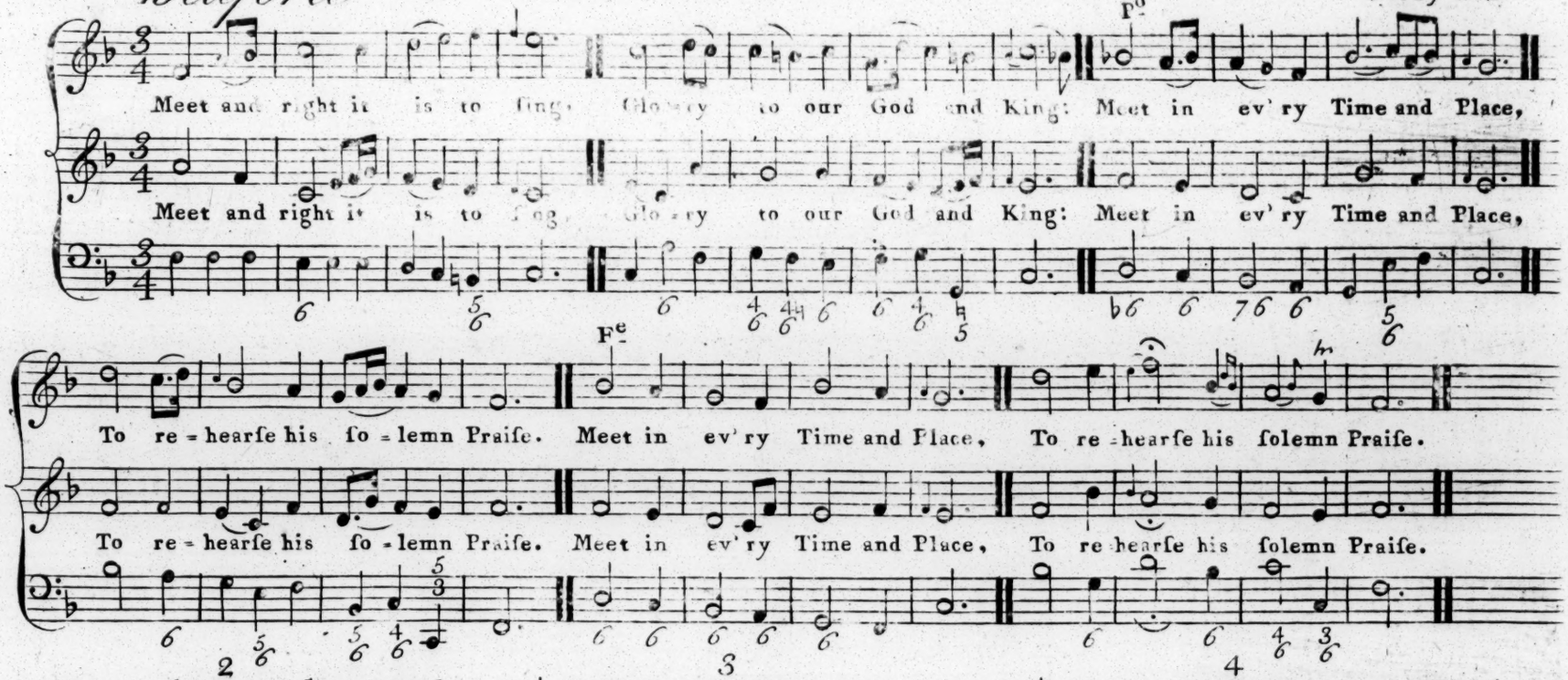
Thunder and Hail and Fire and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his aweful Hand:
Shout to the Lord, ye ſinging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave reſound his Praiſe,
And Shore reply to Shore.

4

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet Cluſters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough:
Thus while the meaner Creatures ſing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound:
Echo the Glories of your King,
Thro' all the Nation round.

Bedford

Set by W. B.



2

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the chearful Sound;
Publiſh thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

3

Praiſes here to Thee we give,
Gracious Thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd.

4

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in Jeſu's Name;
Saviour, Thee we ever bleſs,
Thee our Lord and God confeſs.

Leicester

Set by M. M.

Sweet is the Work, O God, our King To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks, and ſing: To ſhew thy Love by Morning

Sweet is the Work, O God, our King To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks, and ſing: To ſhew thy Love by Morning

5 6 6 6 4 6 6

Light, And talk of all thy Truth by Night. Sweet is the Day of Sa-cred Reſt, No mor-tal Care ſhould

Light, And talk of all thy Truth by Night. Sweet is the Day of Sa-cred Reſt. No mortal Care ſhould

P^o

ſeize our Breaſt. O may our Hearts in Tune be found, Like Da-vid's Harp, of ſolemn Sound.

ſeize our Breaſt. O may our Hearts in Tune be found. Like Da-vid's Harp, of ſolemn Sound.

f^e

2

Our Hearts ſhould triumph in Thee, Lord,
And bleſs thy Works, and bleſs thy Word;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine.
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

3

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below:
May all our Pow'rs find ſweet Employ
In Chriſt's eternal World of Joy!

The Pilgrim's Song.

Set by I. W.

Riſe, my Soul, and ſtretch thy Wings, Thy bet-ter Portion trace: Riſe from tranſi-to-ry Things, Tow'rds Heav'n Tow'rds

Riſe, my Soul, and ſtretch thy Wings, Thy bet-ter Portion trace: Riſe from tranſi-to-ry Things, Tow'rds Heav'n Tow'rds

Heav'n thy na-tive Place. Tow'rds Heav'n thy na-tive Place. Sun, and Moon, and Stars de-cay, Time ſhall ſoon this

Heav'n thy na-tive Place. Tow'rds Heav'n thy na-tive Place. Sun, and Moon, and Stars de-cay, Time ſhall ſoon this

Earth re-move; Riſe, my Soul, and haſte a-way, To Seats pre-par'd a-bove — To Seats pre-par'd a-bove.

Earth re-move; Riſe, my Soul, and haſte a-way, To Seats pre-par'd a-bove — To Seats pre-par'd a-bove.

(2)

Rivers to the Ocean run.
Nor ſtay in all their Courſe:
Fire aſcending ſeeks the Sun.
Both ſpeed them to their Source:

(3)

So a Soul that's born of God.
Pants to view his glorious Face.
Upwards tends to his Abode.
To reſt in his Embrace.
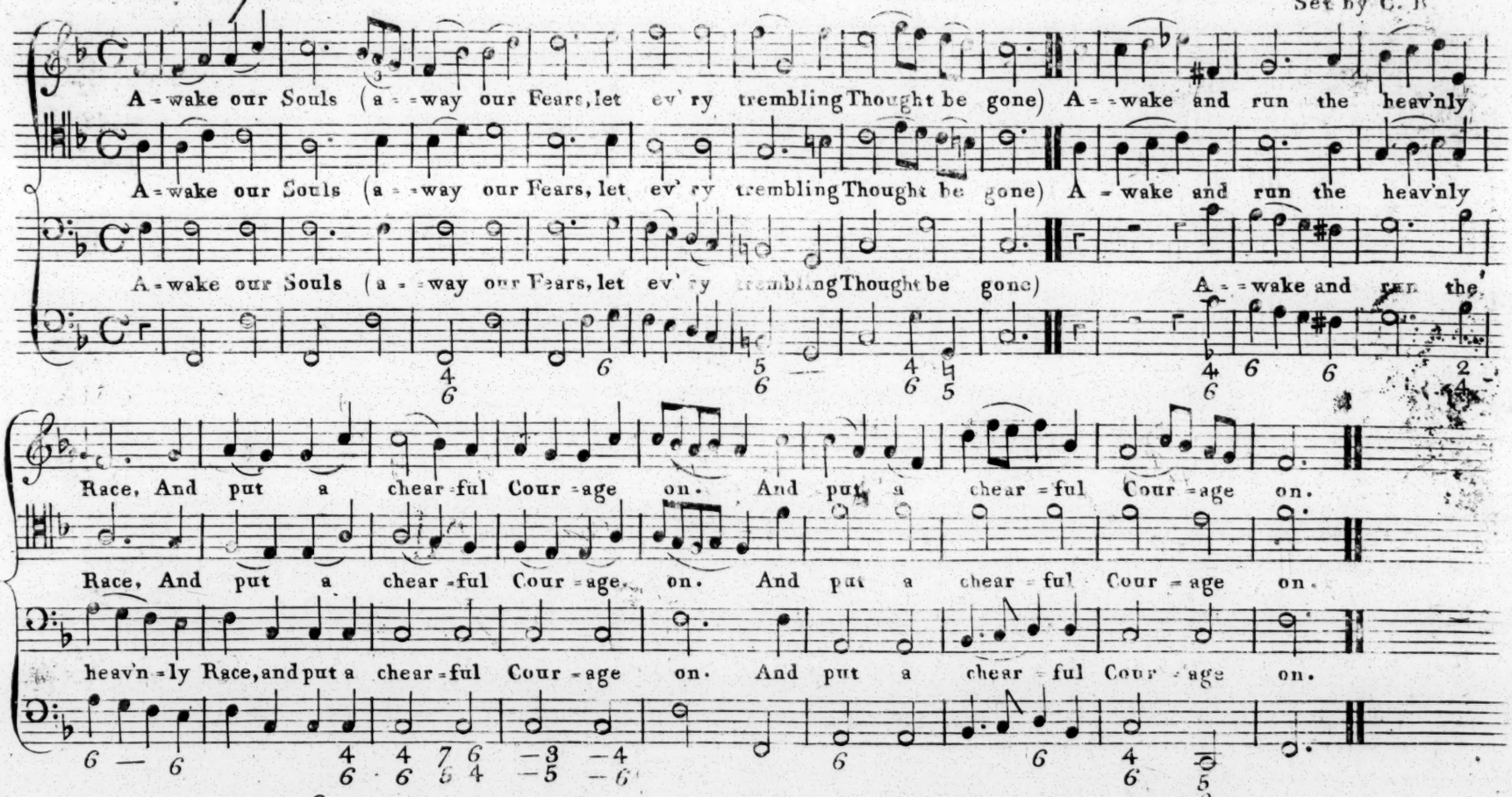
(4)

Ceaſe, ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the Prize:
Soon our Saviour will return.
Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet a Seaſon and you know
Happy Entrance will be given,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

60 *Mansfield*

Set by C. B



2

True 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

3

O mighty God, thy matchleſs Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young:
And firm endures, while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

4
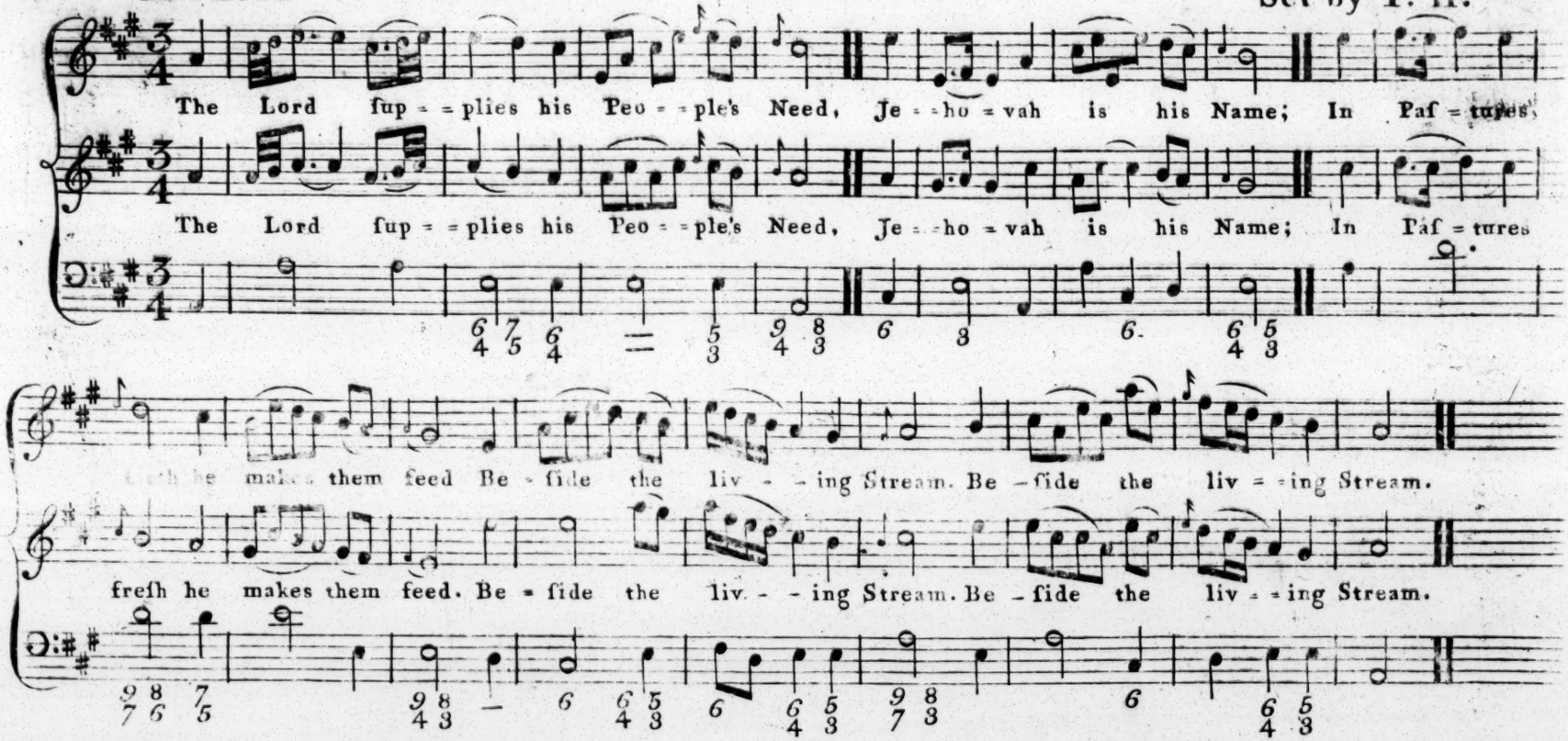
From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a freſh Supply,
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

5

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
Oh may we mount to thine Abode,
On Wings of Love, to Jeſus fly.
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly Road.

Hartford.

Set by T. H.



2

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forſake his Ways,
And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Preſence is their Stay:
A Word of his ſupporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

4
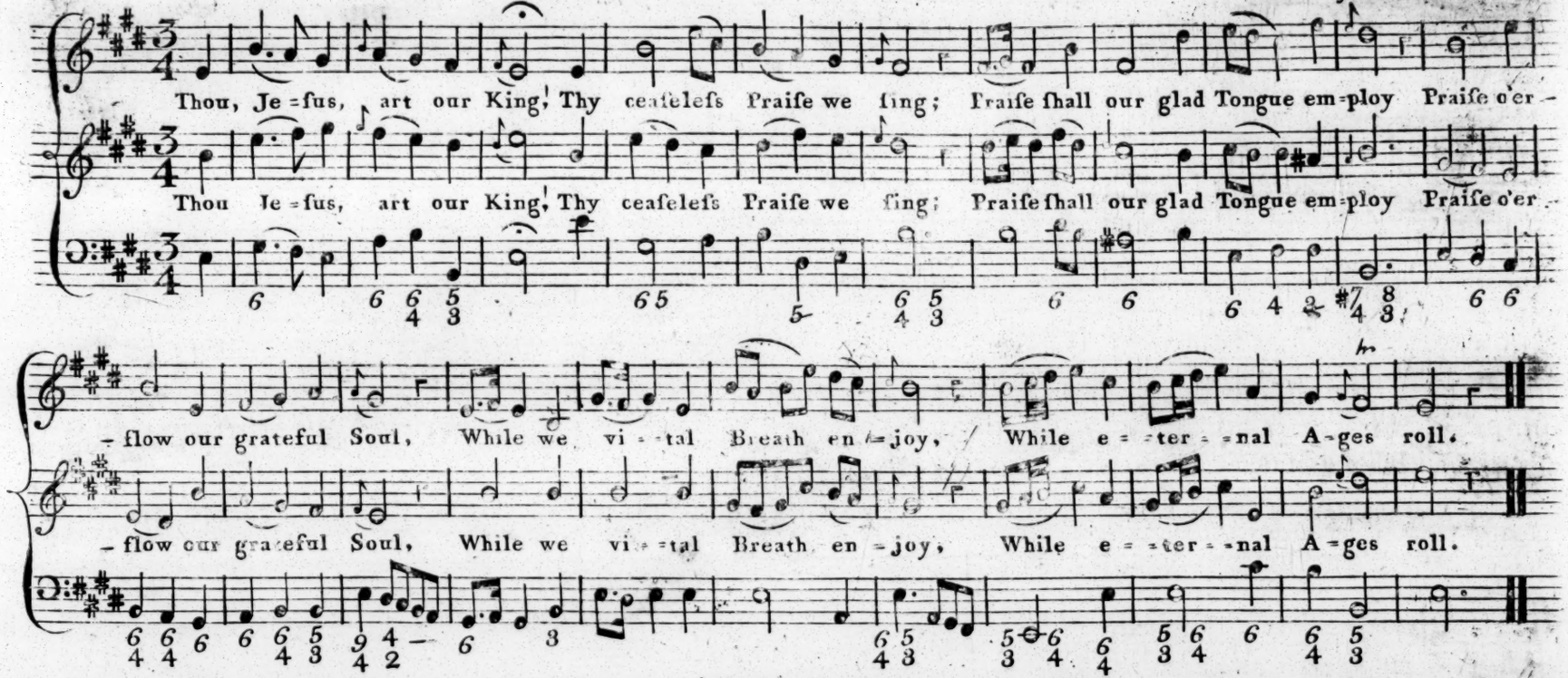
His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth ſtill their Table ſpread,
Their Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

5

The ſure Proviſions of our God,
Attend us all our Days:
O may his Houſe be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praiſe.

Pewſey.

Set by M. M.



2

Thou art th' eternal Light,
That ſhin'ſt in deepeſt Night,
Wond'ring gaz'd th'angelic Train
While Thou bow'dſt the Heav'ns beneath;
God with God wert Man with Man,
Man to ſave from endleſs Death.

3

Thou with our Pain didſt mourn,
Thou haſt our Sickneſs born:
All our Sins on Thee were laid!
Thou with unexampled Grace
All the mighty Debt haſt paid,
Due from Adam's helpleſs Race!

4

Enthron'd above yon Sky,
Thou reign'ſt with God moſt high:
Proſtrate at thy Feet we fall!
Pow'r ſupreme to Thee is giv'n,
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Thee, the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!

5

Ariſe! ſtir up thy Pow'r,
Thou deathleſs Conqueror!
King of all! with pitying Eye
Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel!
'Midſt the Snares of Death we lie,
'Midſt the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

6

O Lord! O God of Love!
Let us thy Mercy prove!
Help us to obtain the Prize,
Help us well to cloſe our Race;
That with Thee, above the Skies.
Endleſs Joy we may poſſeſs.

Penbigh

Set by M.M.

P^o

From all that dwell be-low the Skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's Praiſe a-riſe; Let the Re-deemer's Name be ſung, thro' e-v'ry

From all that dwell be-low the Skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's Praiſe a-riſe; Let the Re-deemer's Name be ſung, ev'ry

Tutti

P^o

Land by e-v'ry Tongue. E-ternal are thy Mercies, Lord, E-ter-nal Truth at-tends thy Word; Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from

Land by e-v'ry Tongue. E-ternal are thy Mercies, Lord, E-ter-nal Truth at-tends thy Word; Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from

Pianiſs.

F^e

P^o dim. F^e

Shore to Shore, Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

Shore to Shore, Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

Lambeth.

Set by C. L.

Pia.

Long have we ſat, be = neath the Sound Of thy Sal = va = tion, Lord, But ſtill how weak our Faith is found, And

Long have we ſat, be = neath the Sound Of thy Sal = va = tion, Lord, But ſtill how weak our Faith is found, And

For.
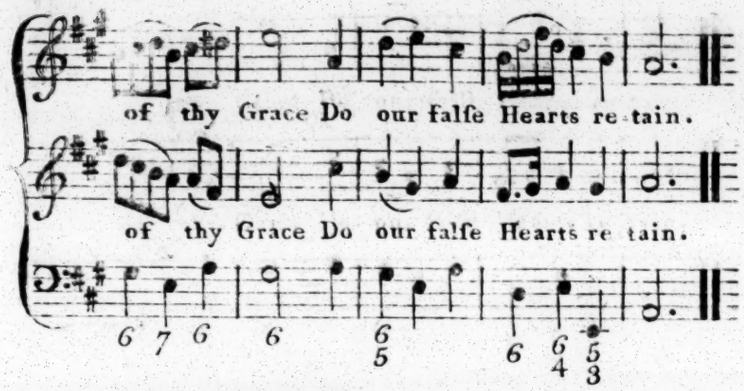
Knowledge of thy Word! Sy. Oft we fre quent thine ho = ly Place, Yet hear al = moſt in vain: Sy.

Knowledge of thy Word. Sy. Oft we fre = quent thine ho = ly Place, Yet hear al = moſt in vain:

Pia.

How ſmall a Por = tion of thy Grace Do our falſe Hearts re = tain! How ſmall a Por = tion

How ſmall a Por = tion of thy Grace Do our falſe Hearts re = tain! How ſmall a Por = tion



3

Our gracious Saviour and our God
How little art Thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne.

4

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fears!
How low our Hope of Joys above.
How few Affections there!

5
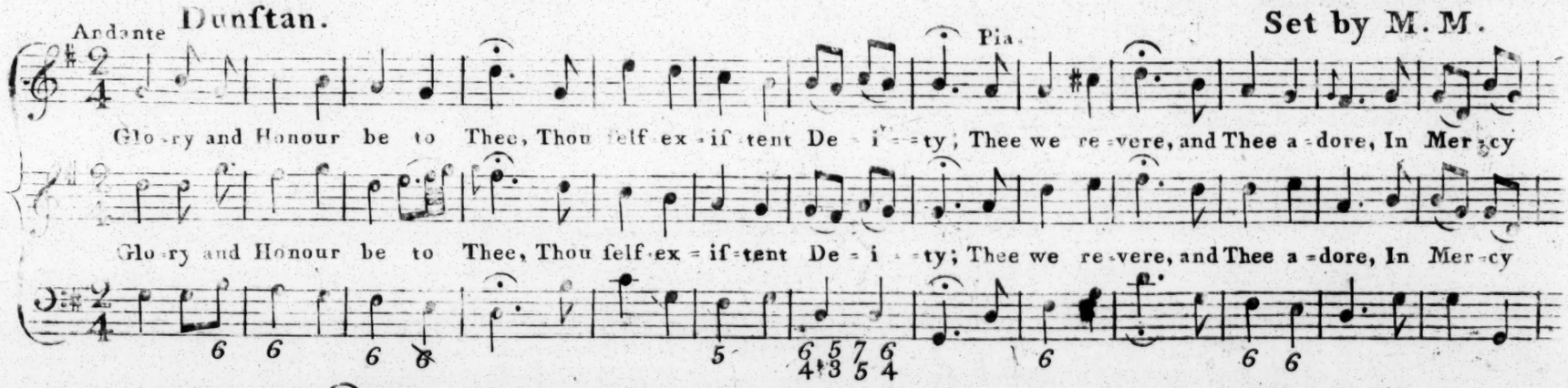
Great God, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation on our Heart,
And makes us learn thy Grace.
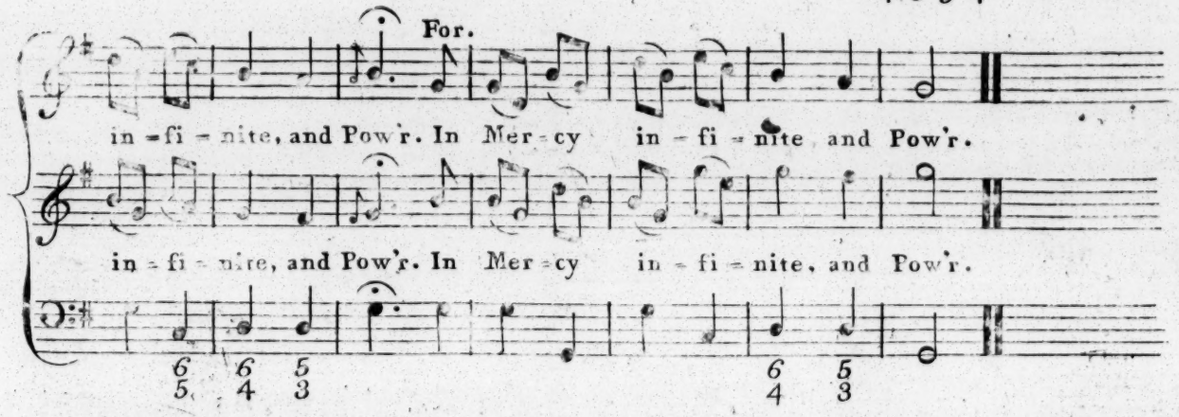
6

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way,
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay
And Love ſhall never die.

Dunſtan.

Set by M. M.





2

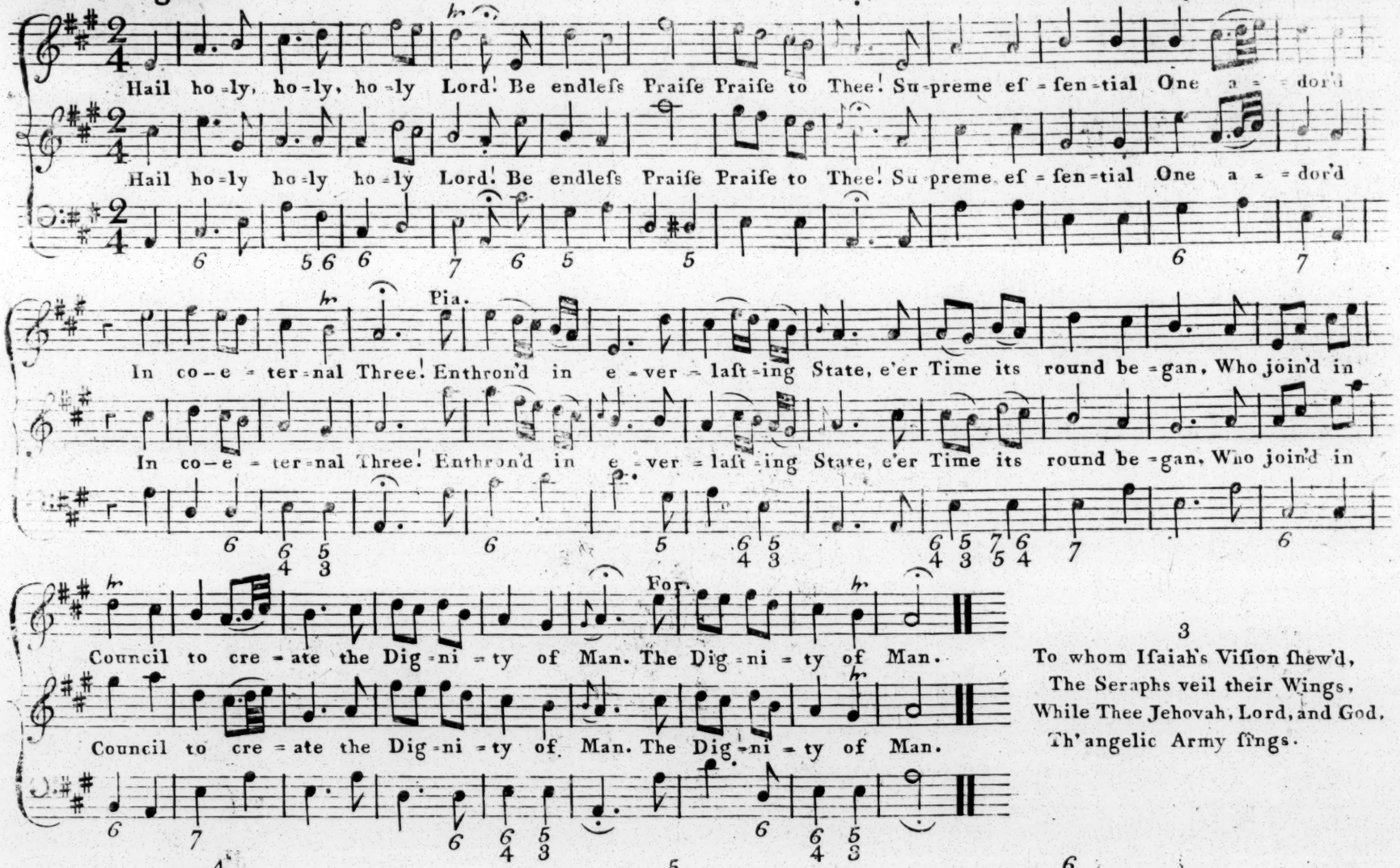
To Thee, our joyful Hearts we raiſe,
To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praiſe.
Whoſe bounteous Care and Love imparts
Celeſtial Bleſſings to our Hearts.

3

Unto the holy Triune God,
Who haſt on us, poor Worms, beſtow'd
Such Favours, ſuch amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praiſe.

Kingſton.

Set by M. M



3

To whom Iſaiah's Viſion ſhew'd,
The Seraphs veil their Wings,
While Thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th'angelic Army ſings.

4

To Thee by myſtic Pow'rs on high
Were humble Praiſes given,
When Iohn beheld with favour'd Eye
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.
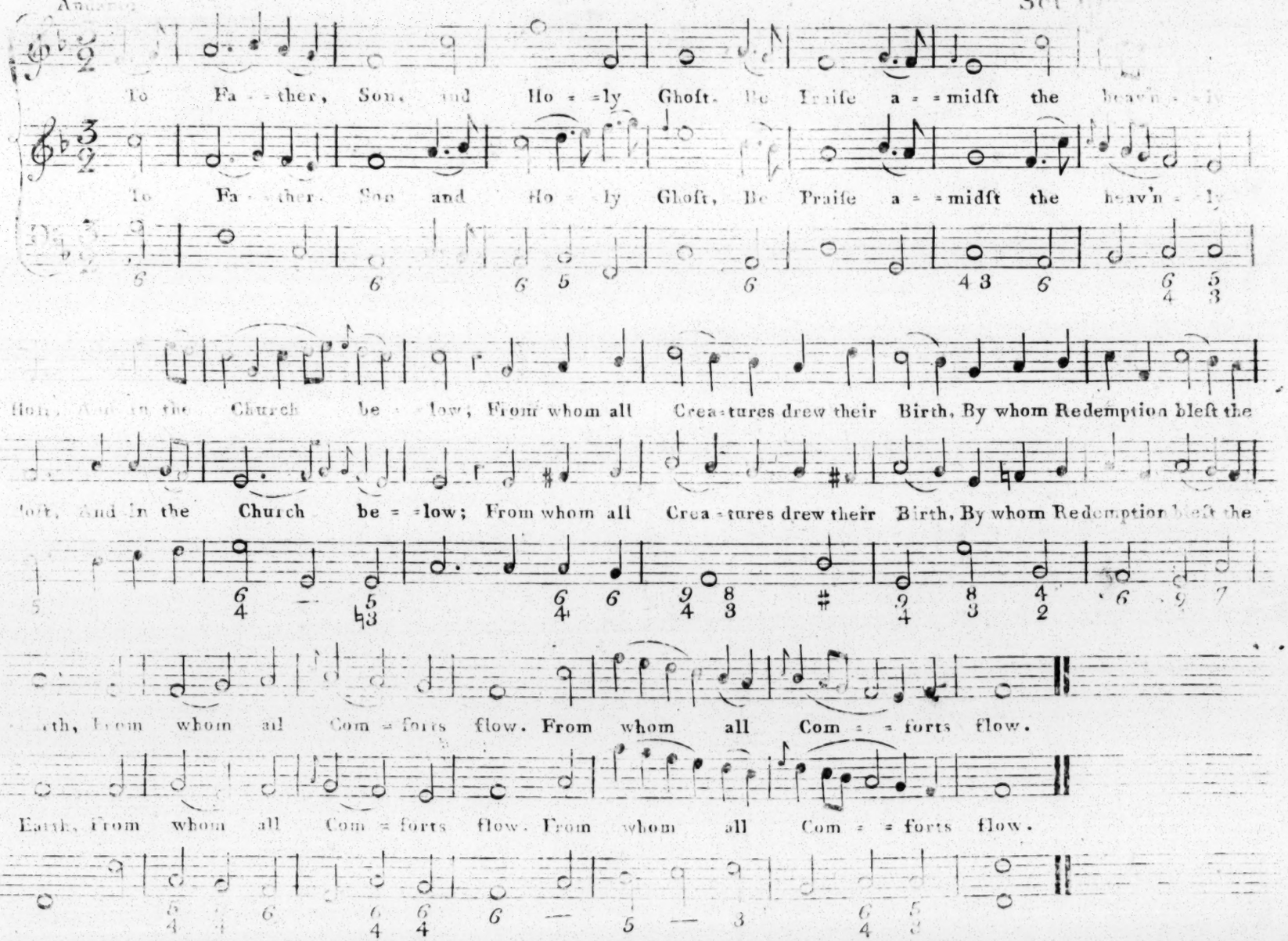
5

All that the Name of Creature owns,
To Thee in Hymns aſpire;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

6
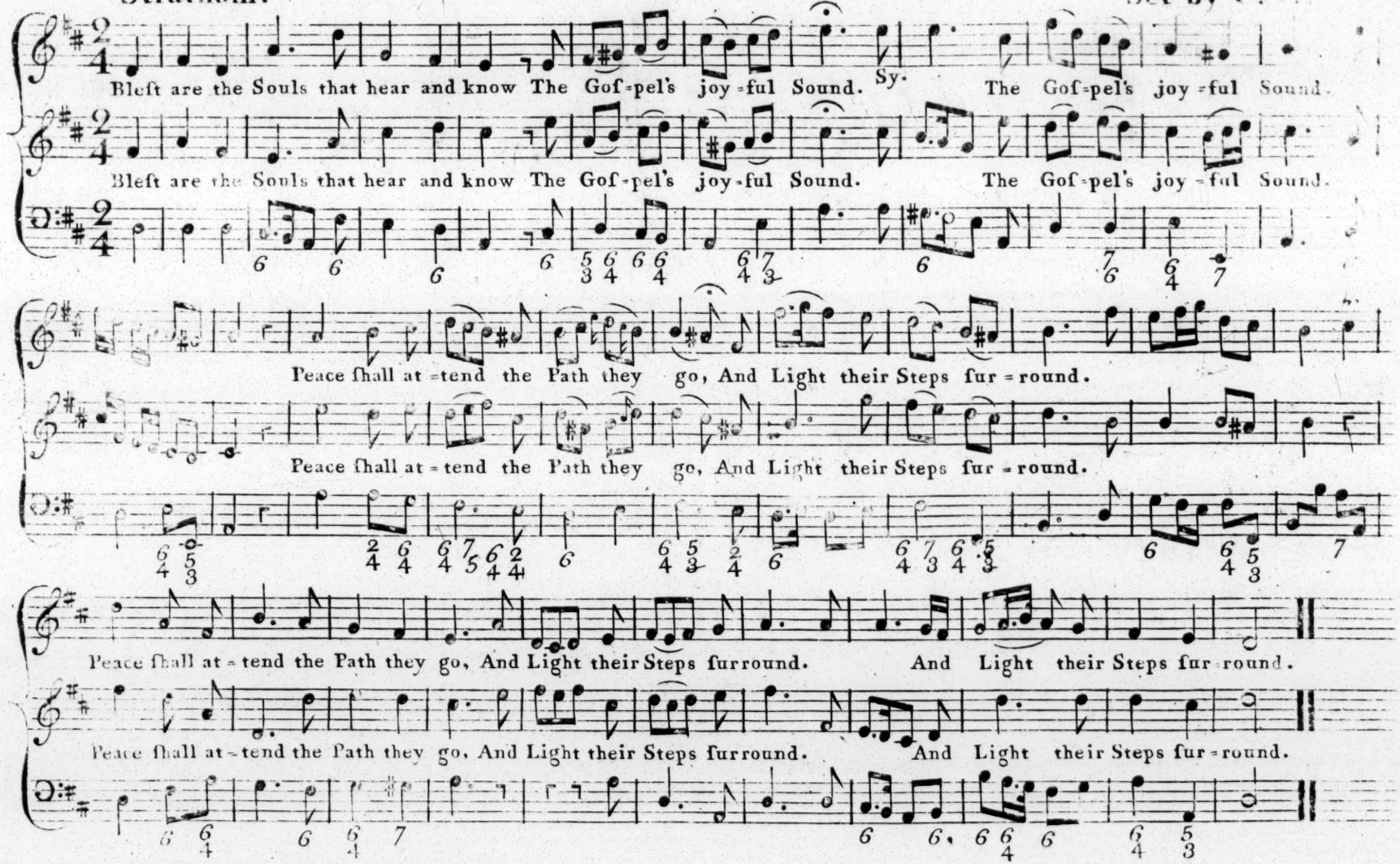
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to Thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd,
In co-eternal Three.

Norwich.


To Fa = ther, Son, and Ho = ly Ghoft. Be Praife a = midft the
To Fa = ther, Son and Ho = ly Ghoft, Be Praife a = midft the
Hon, And in the Church be = low; From whom all Crea = tures drew their Birth, By whom Redemption bleft the
loft, And in the Church be = low; From whom all Crea = tures drew their Birth, By whom Redemption bleft the
th, from whom all Com = forts flow. From whom all Com = forts flow.
Earth, from whom all Com = forts flow. From whom all Com = forts flow.

Stratham.

Set by [illegible]
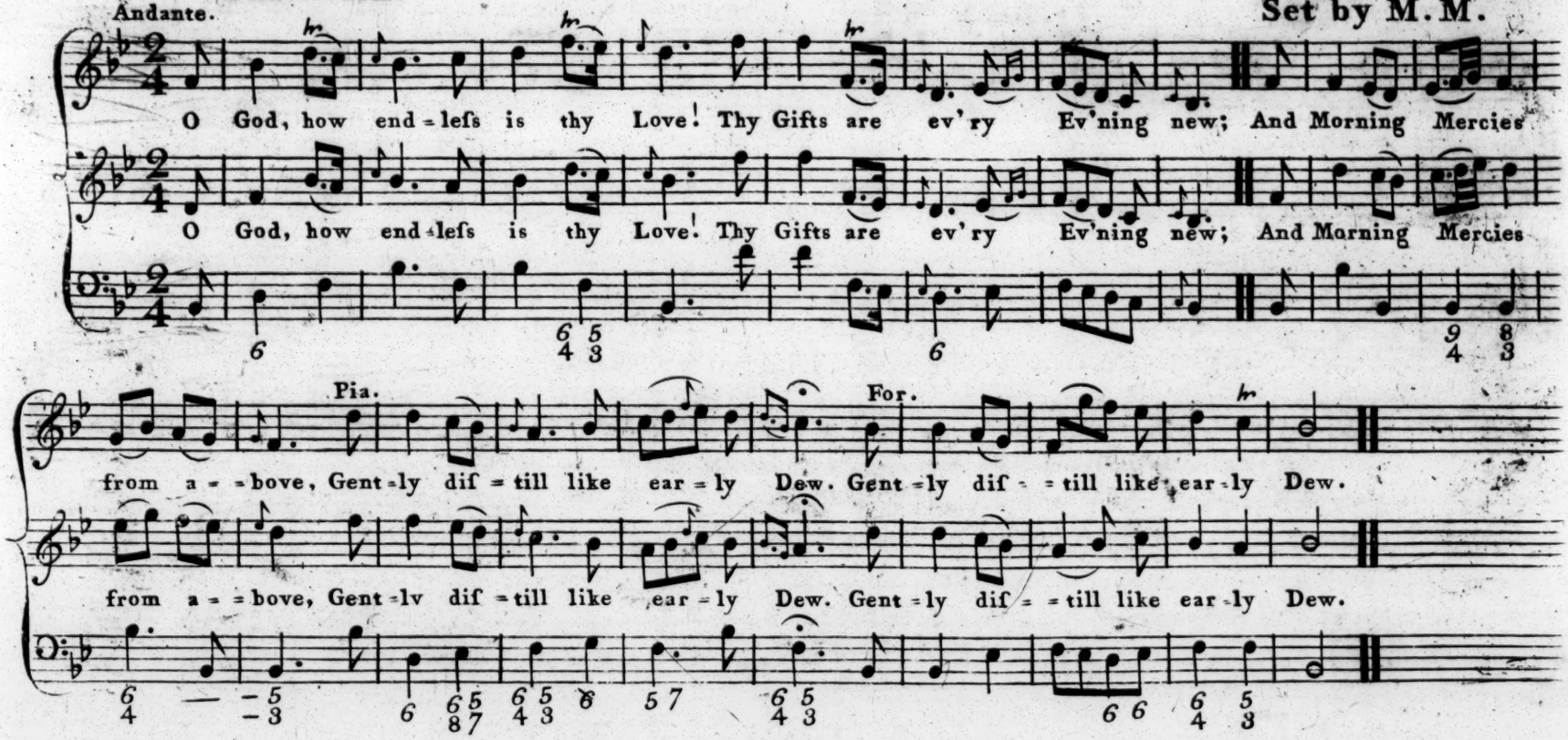


Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name:
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope.
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns.
Thy God for ever lives.

Nantwich.

Andante. Set by M. M.



2

Thou ſpread'ſt the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping Hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word reſtores the Light,
And quickens all our drowſy Pow'rs.

3

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To Thee we conſecrate our Days,
Perpetual Bleſſings from thine Hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

Lothbury.

Set by C. L.

Pia. Pia. Fe

Sa=viour! Sa=viour! Sa=viour! and can it be, That Thou ſhouldſt dwell with me!

Sa=viour! Sa=viour! and can it be, That Thou ſhouldſt dwell with me!

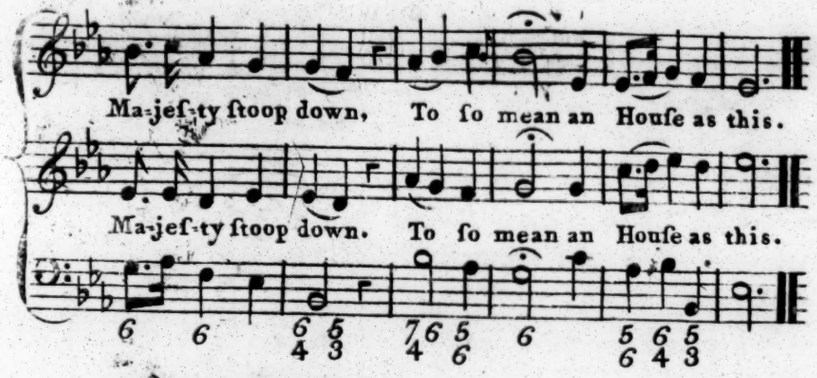
From thine high and lof=ty Throne, Throne of e=ver=laſt=ing Bliſs. Will thy

From thine high and lof=ty Throne, Throne of e=ver=laſt=ing Bliſs. Will thy

For.

Ma=jeſ=ty thy Ma=jeſ=ty ſtoop down. To ſo mean an Houſe as this. Will thy Ma=jeſ=ty thy

Ma=jeſ=ty thy Ma=jeſ=ty ſtoop down. To ſo mean an Houſe as this. Will thy Ma=jeſ=ty thy
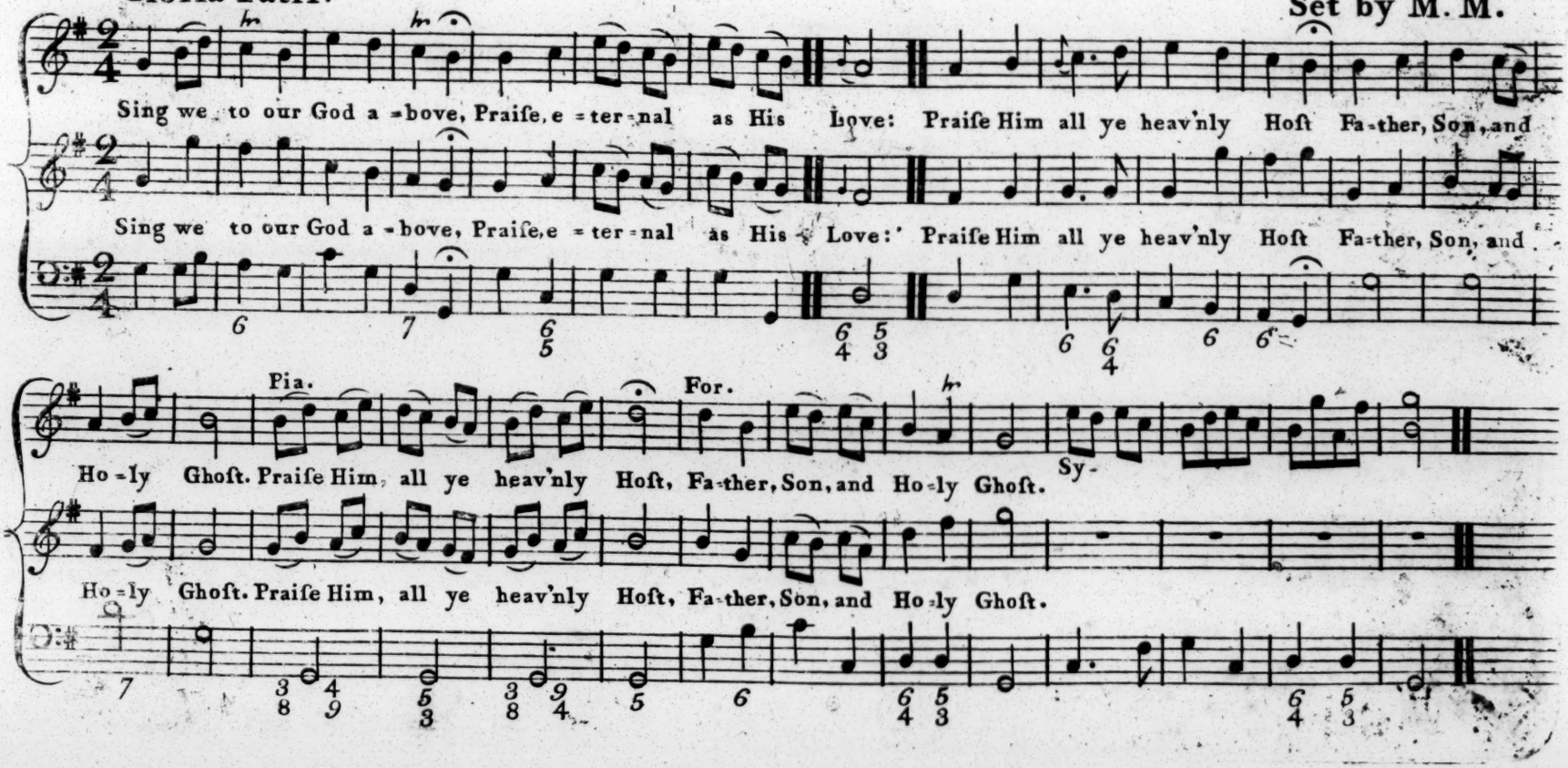


I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain,
In this poor polluted Heart;
I am a frail ſinful Man.
All my Nature cries Depart.

Yet come! thou Heav'nly Gueſt,
And purify my Breaſt!
Come! thou great and glorious King,
While before thy Croſs I bow,
With Thyſelf Salvation bring,
Cleanſe the Houſe by entring now.
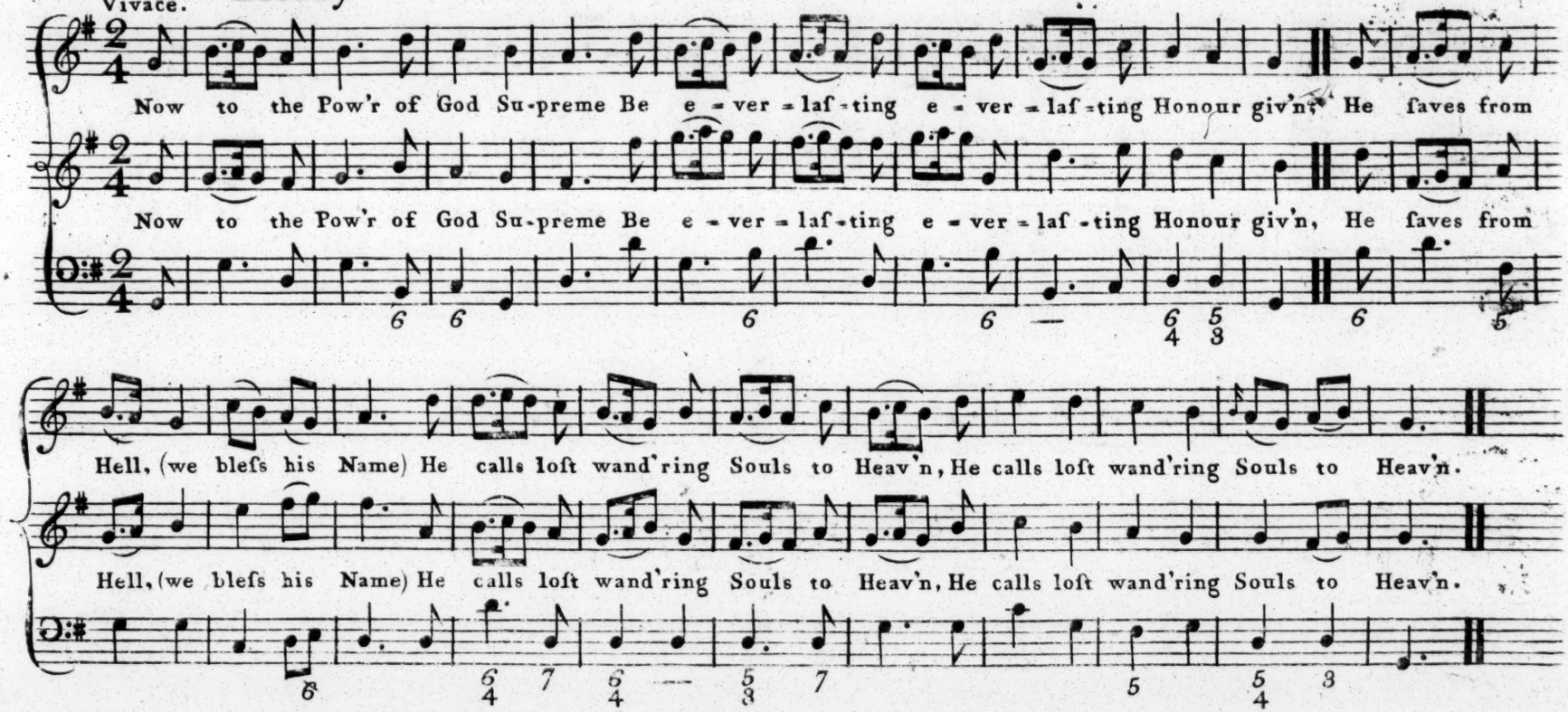
Gloria Patri.

Set by M. M.



Bredby.

Vivace.



2

Not for our Duties or Deſerts
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praiſe.

3

'Twas his own Purpoſe that begun
To reſcue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Chriſt his Son.
Before he ſpread the ſtarry Sky.
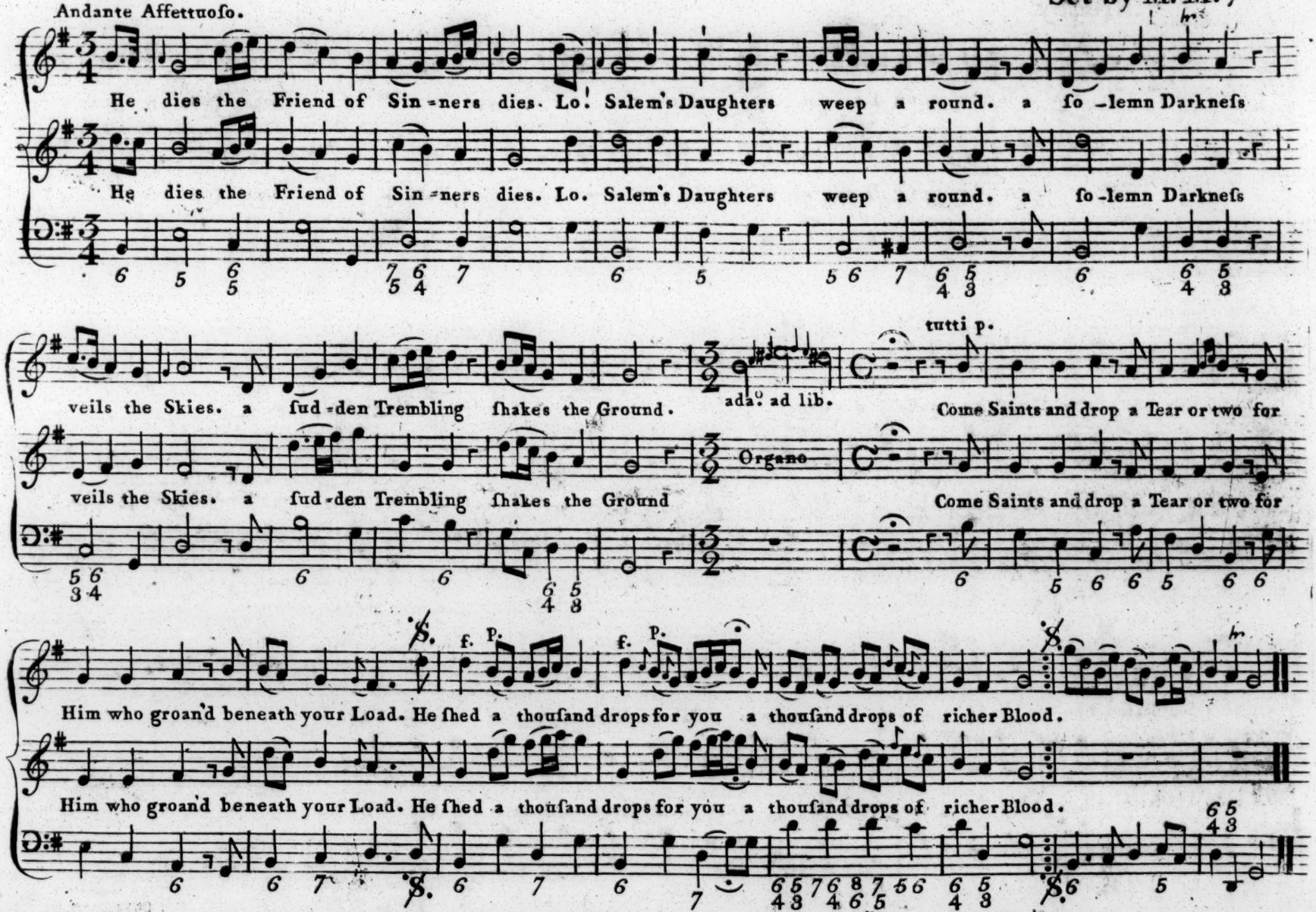
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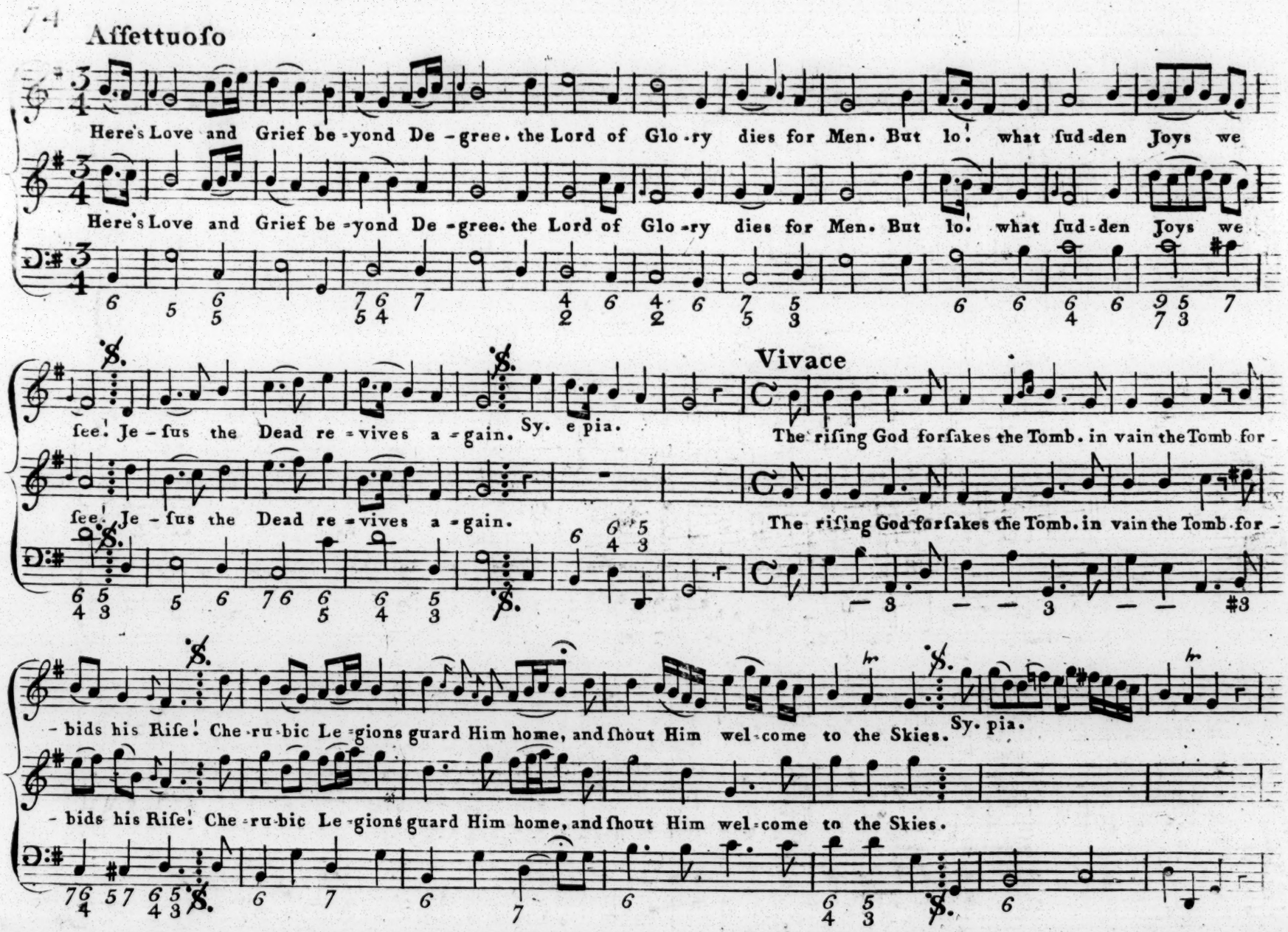
Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Councils known,
Declares the great Tranſaction's paſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down

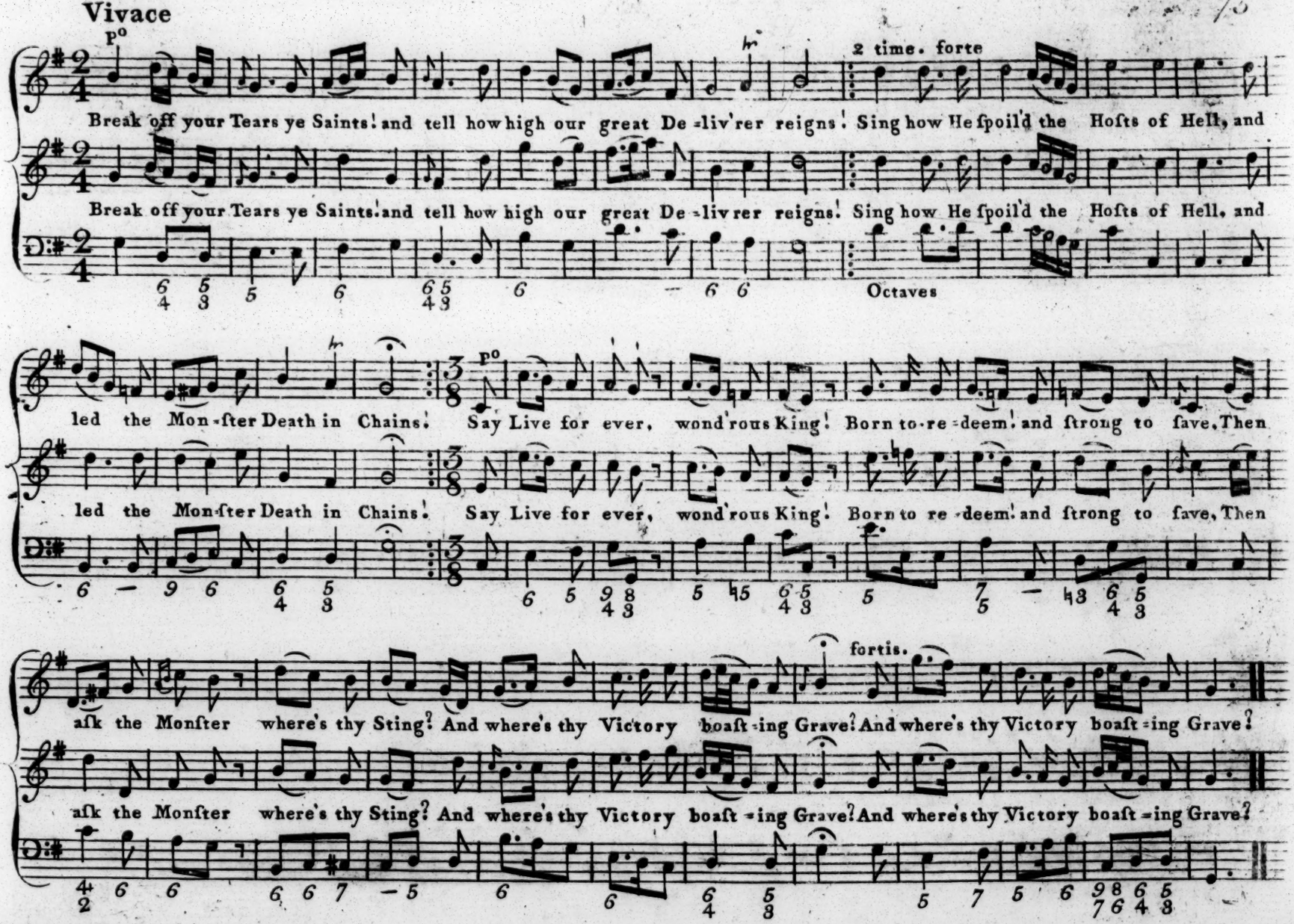
Eaſter.

Set by M. M.

Andante Affettuoſo.




Affettuoso
Here's Love and Grief be-yond De-gree. the Lord of Glo-ry dies for Men. But lo! what ſud-den Joys we
Here's Love and Grief be-yond De-gree. the Lord of Glo-ry dies for Men. But lo! what ſud-den Joys we
ſee! Je-ſus the Dead re-vives a-gain.
Sy. e pia.
Vivace
The riſing God forſakes the Tomb. in vain the Tomb for-
ſee! Je-ſus the Dead re-vives a-gain.
The riſing God forſakes the Tomb. in vain the Tomb for-
-bids his Riſe! Che-ru-bic Le-gions guard Him home, and ſhout Him wel-come to the Skies.
Sy. pia.
-bids his Riſe! Che-ru-bic Le-gions guard Him home, and ſhout Him wel-come to the Skies.


Vivace
p°
2 time. forte
Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell how high our great De-liv'rer reigns! Sing how He ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell, and
Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell how high our great De-liv'rer reigns! Sing how He ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell, and
Octaves
led the Mon-ſter Death in Chains! Say Live for ever, wond'rous King! Born to re-deem! and ſtrong to ſave, Then
led the Mon-ſter Death in Chains! Say Live for ever, wond'rous King! Born to re-deem! and ſtrong to ſave, Then
fortis.
aſk the Monſter where's thy Sting? And where's thy Victory boaſt-ing Grave? And where's thy Victory boaſt-ing Grave?
aſk the Monſter where's thy Sting? And where's thy Victory boaſt-ing Grave? And where's thy Victory boaſt-ing Grave?

Roehampton.

Set by C. L.

Raiſe your triumphant Songs To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth re-ſound the Deeds, Ce-

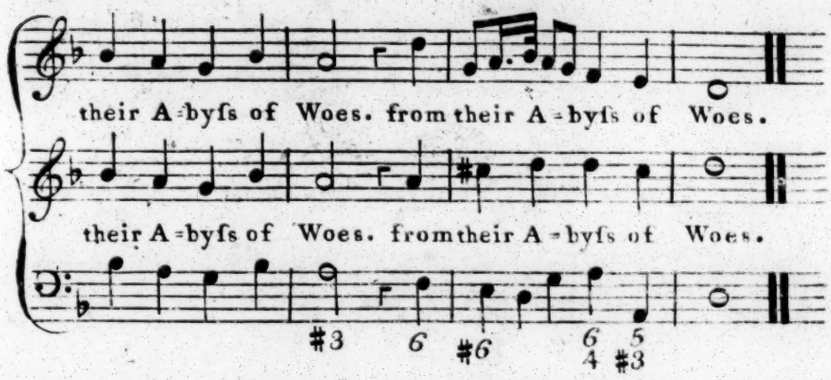
Raiſe your triumphant Songs To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth re-ſound the Deeds, Ce-

-leſ--tial Grace has done. Ce-leſ-tial Grace has done. Sing how e--ter-nal Love Its chief Be-lo-ved

-leſ--tial Grace has done. Ce-leſ-tial Grace has done. Sing how e--ter-nal Love Its chief Be-lo-ved

choſe, and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from their A-byſs of Woes. and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from

choſe, and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from their A-byſs of Woes. and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from
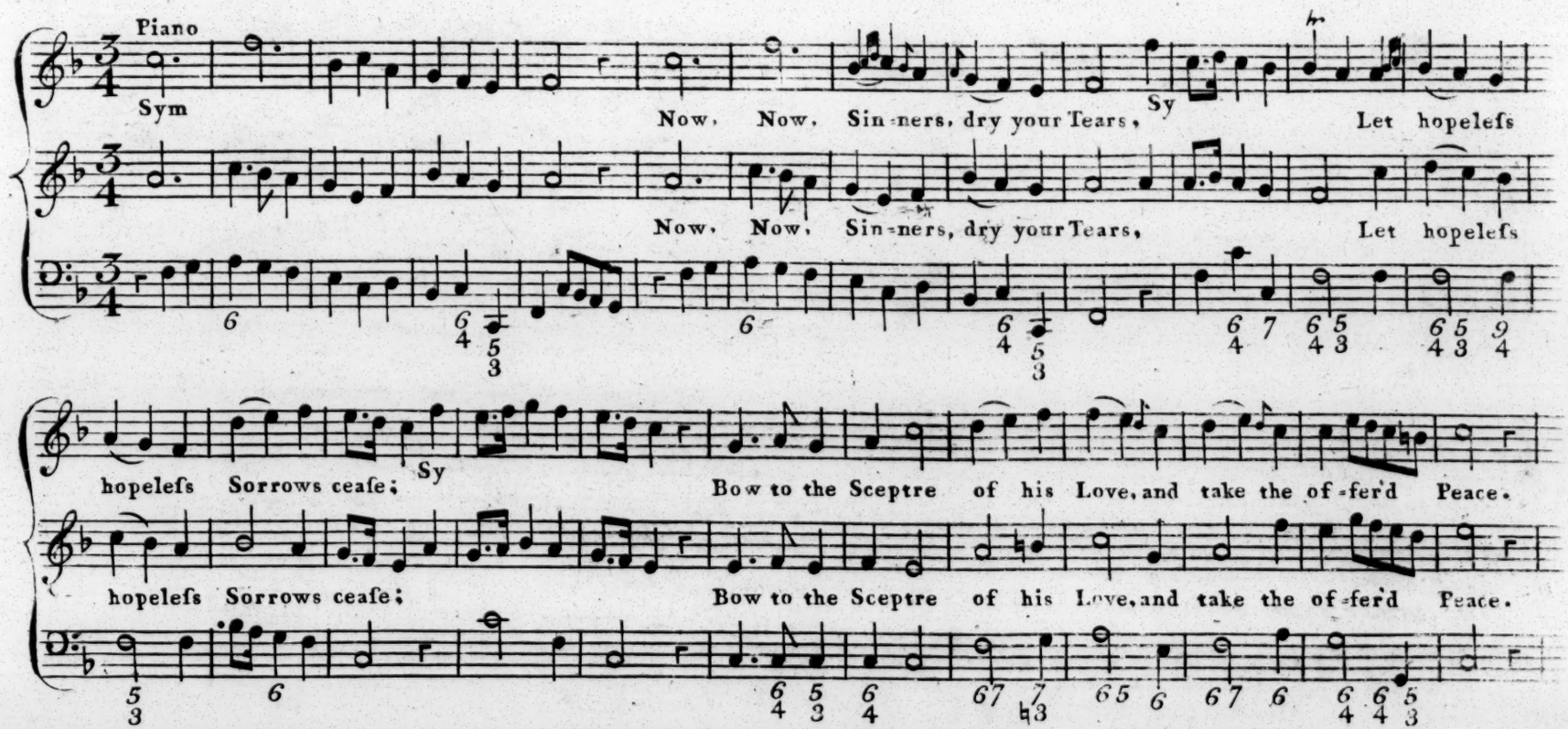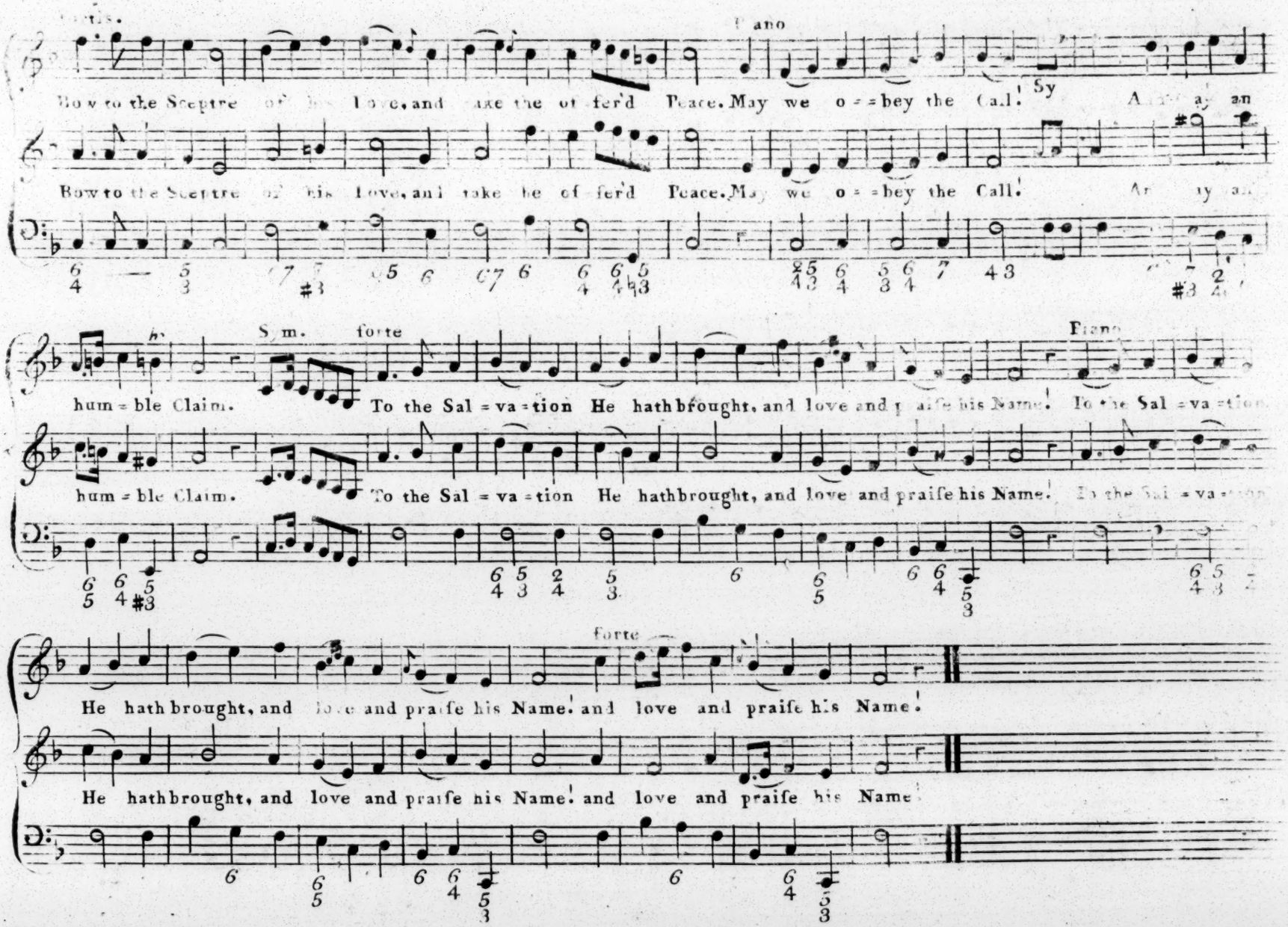


3

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

4

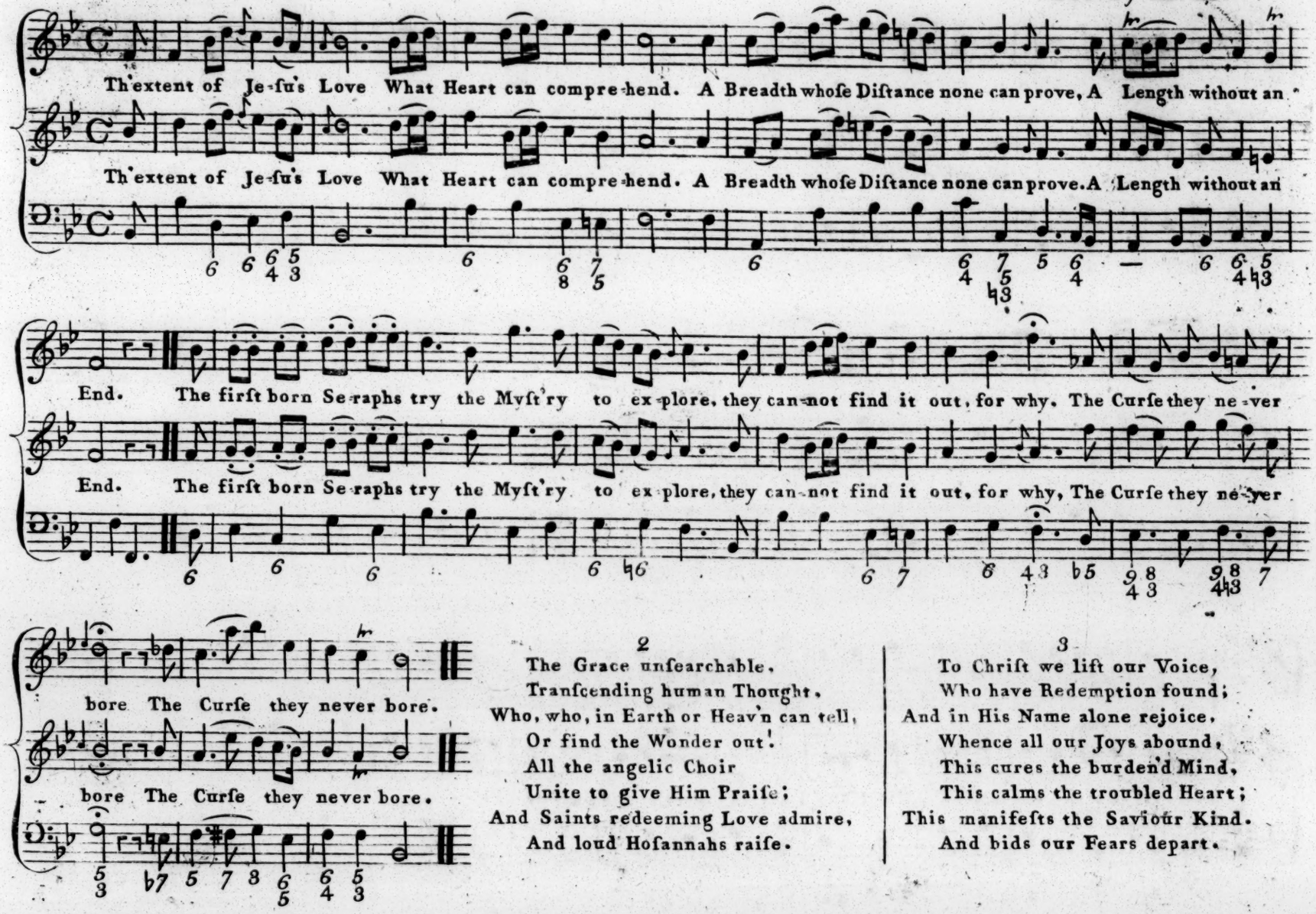
'Twas Mercy filld the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.




Forte.
Piano
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the offer'd Peace. May we o = bey the Call! Sy
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the offer'd Peace. May we o = bey the Call!
hum = ble Claim. To the Sal = va = tion He hath brought, and love and praise his Name!
hum = ble Claim. To the Sal = va = tion He hath brought, and love and praise his Name!
Sym. forte
Piano
Forte
He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! and love and praise his Name!
He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! and love and praise his Name!

Colcheſter.

Set by M. M.



2
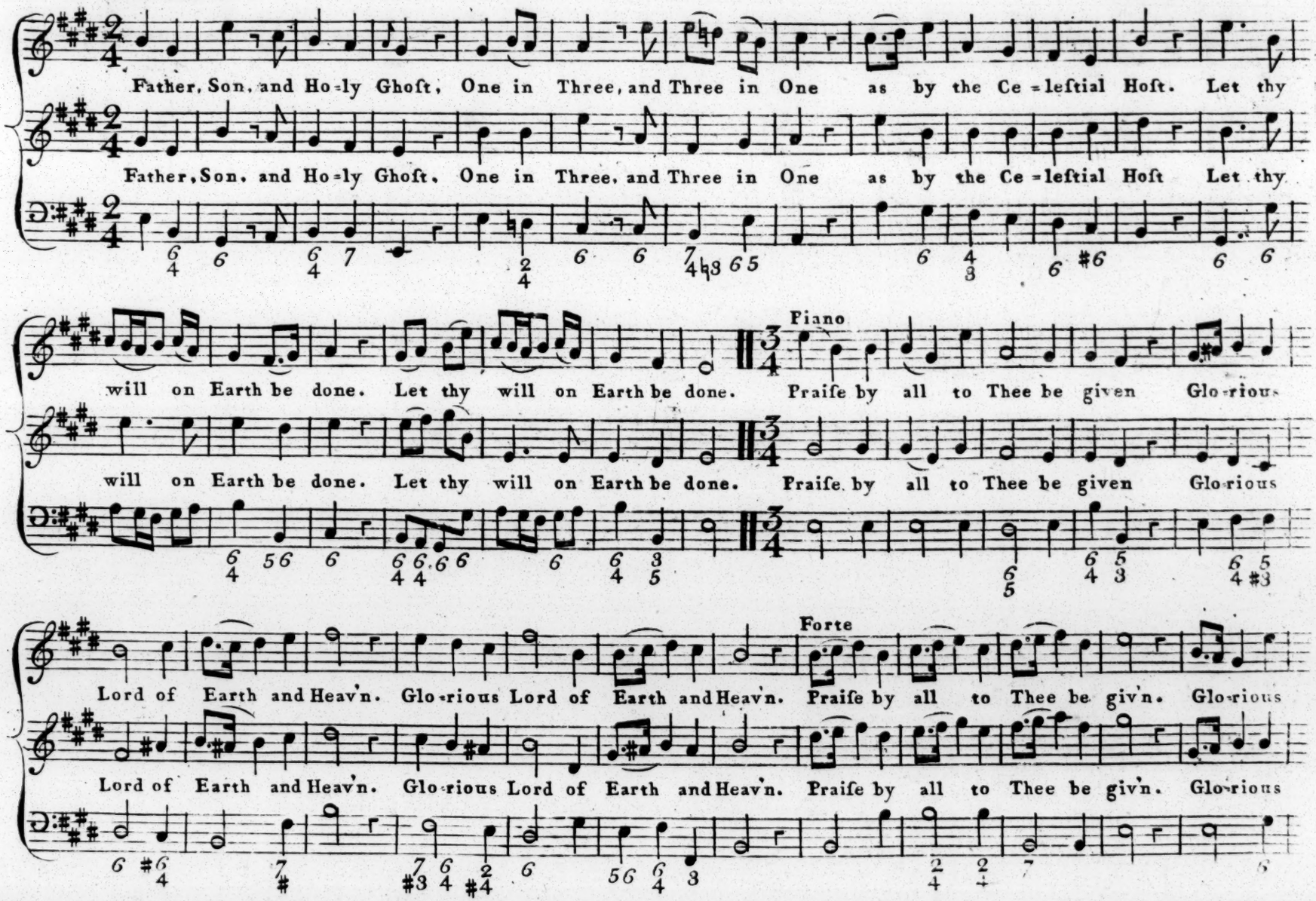
The Grace unſearchable,
Tranſcending human Thought,
Who, who, in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
Or find the Wonder out!
All the angelic Choir
Unite to give Him Praiſe;
And Saints redeeming Love admire,
And loud Hoſannahs raiſe.
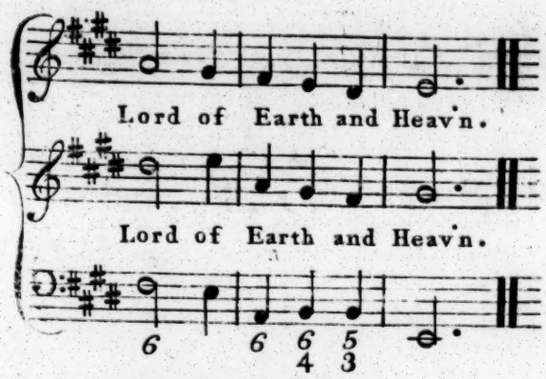
3

To Chriſt we lift our Voice,
Who have Redemption found;
And in His Name alone rejoice,
Whence all our Joys abound,
This cures the burden'd Mind,
This calms the troubled Heart;
This manifeſts the Saviour Kind.
And bids our Fears depart.

Deptford.

Set by C. L.





2

If ſo poor a Worm as I
May to thy great Glory live,
All mine Actions ſanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive.
Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

3
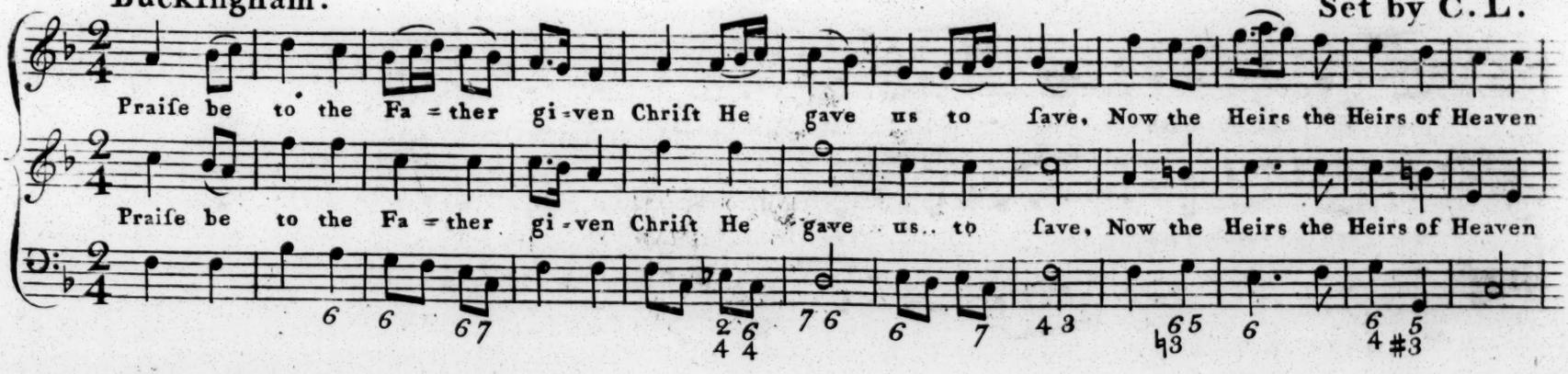
Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and ſpeak, and do,
Take mine Heart—but make it new.
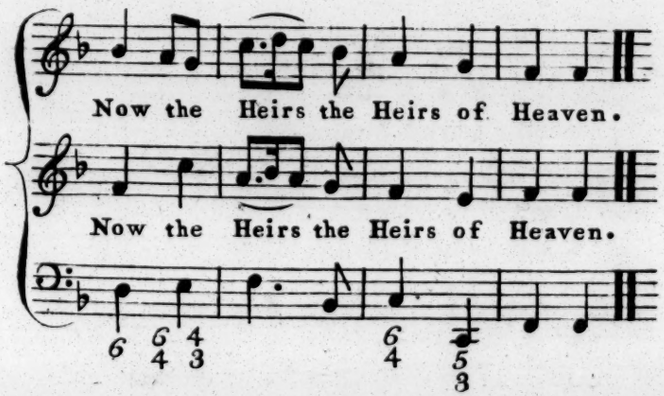
4

Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the Cœleſtial Hoſt.
Let thy Will on Earth be done!
Praiſe by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n.

Buckingham.

Set by C. L.





2

Pay we equal Adoration
To the Son
He alone
Wrought out our Salvation.

3
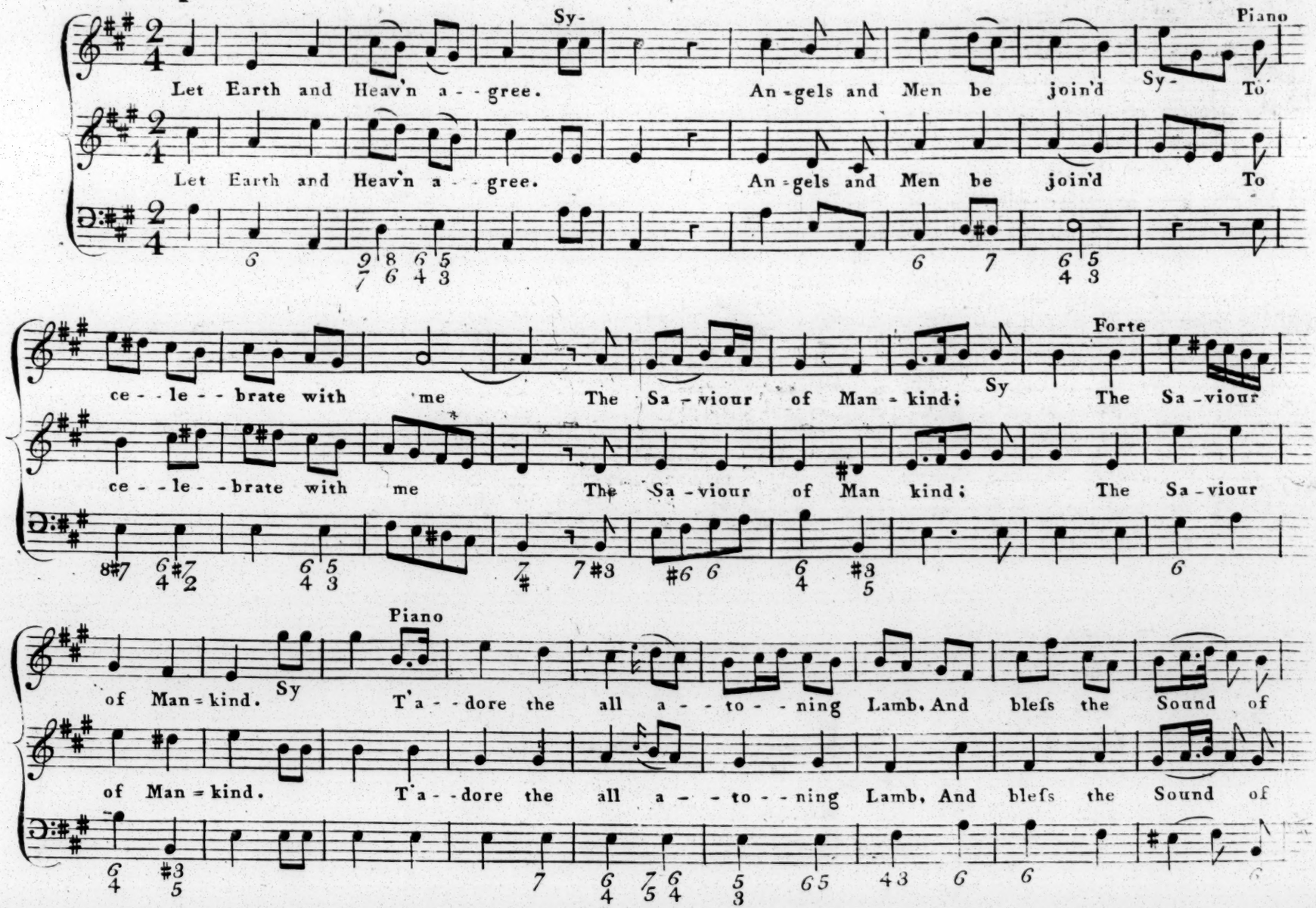
Glory to th' Eternal Spirit,
Us He ſeals,
Chriſt reveals
And applies his Merit.

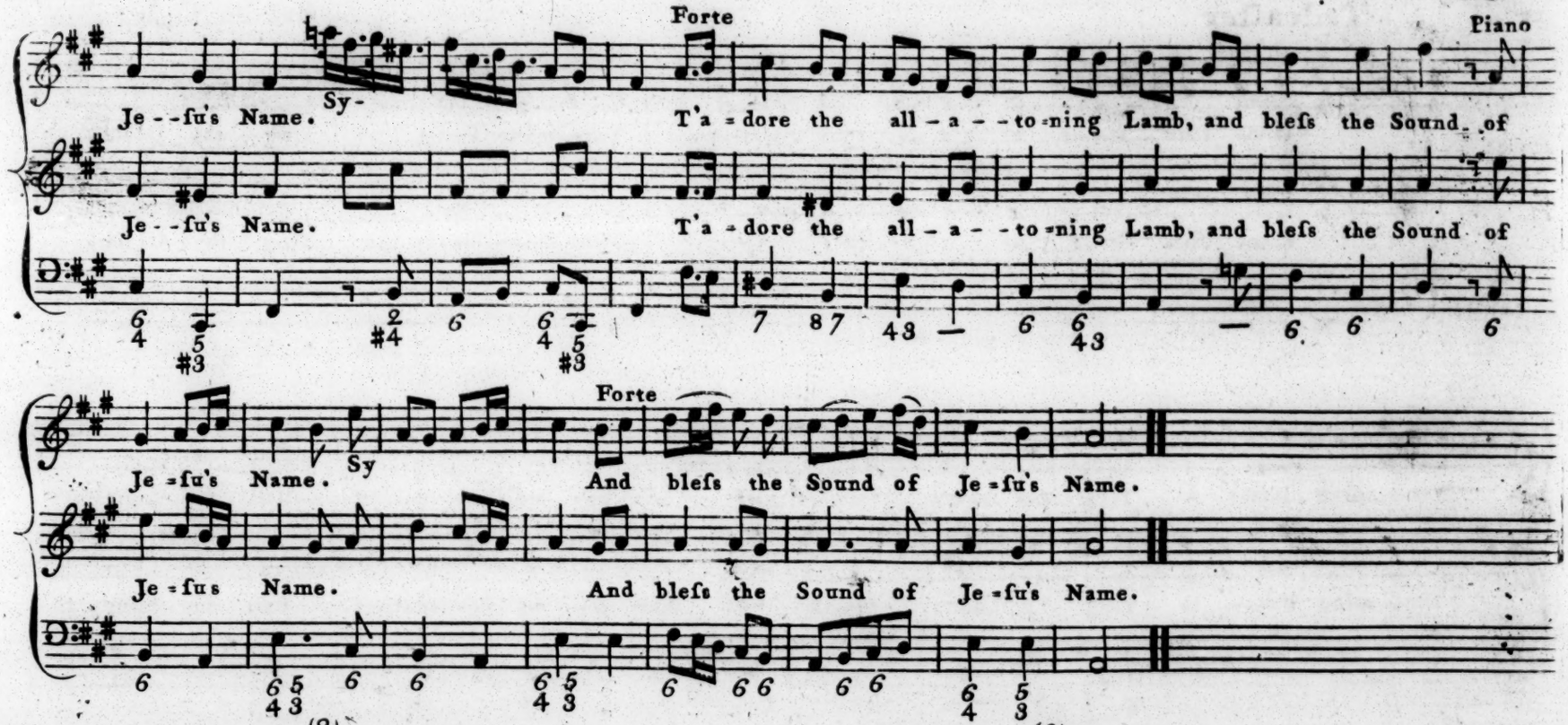
4

Worſhip, Honour, Thanks and Bleſſing.
One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

Clapham.

Set by C.L.





(2)
Jeſus! tranſporting Sound;
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n!
No other Help is found,
No other Name is giv'n,
By which we can Salvation have —
But Jeſus came the World to ſave.

(3)
Jeſus! harmonious Name!
It charms the Hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his Love!
'Tis all their Happineſs to gaze,
'Tis Heav'n to ſee, our Jeſu's Face.

4
His Name the Sinner hears,
And is from Sin ſet free;
'Tis Muſic in his Ears,
'Tis Life and Victory:
New Songs do now his Lips employ,
And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

Tadcaſter

Set by C.L

Come thou Fount of e=v=ry Bleſſing, Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace.
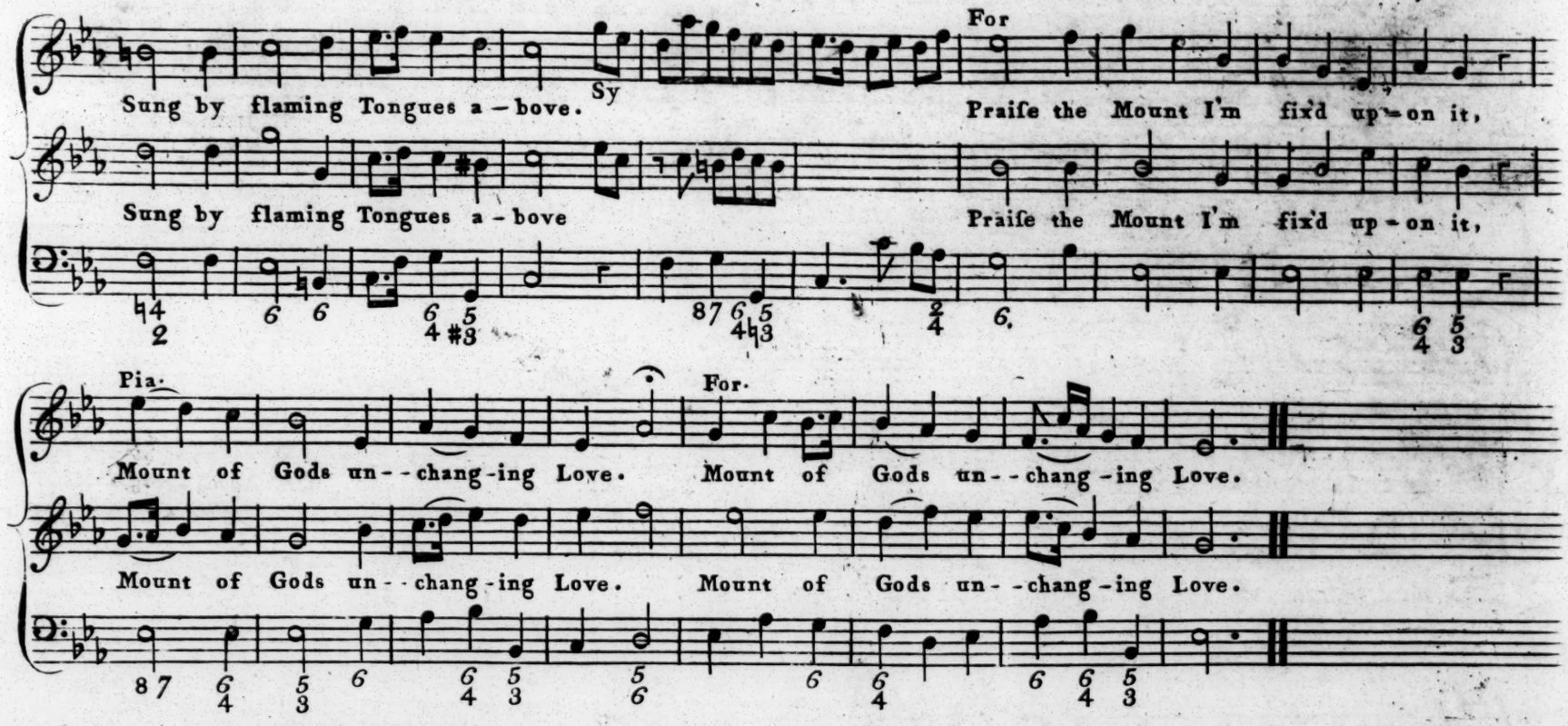
Come thou Fount of e=v=ry Bleſſing, Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace.

Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace Streams of Mer=cy ne=ver ceaſing. Call for Songs of

Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace Streams of Mer=cy ne=ver ceaſing. Call for Songs of

loud=eſt Praiſe. Call for Songs of loud--eſt Praiſe. Teach me ſome me--lo-dious Sonnet.

loud=eſt Praiſe Call for Songs of loud--eſt Praiſe. Teach me ſome me--lo-dious Sonnet.



2

Here I raiſe my Eben-ezer,
Hither by thine Help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good Pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
Jeſus fought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God.
He, to reſcue me from Danger,
Interpos'd ~~with~~ precious Blood.

3

O! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it.
Prone to leave the God I Love--
Here's mine Heart--O take, and ſeal it!
Seal it from thy Courts above!

Harborough.

Set by C. B.

Vivace. Chorus.

Lift up your Heads in joy-ful Hope, Sa-lute the hap-py the hap-py Morn; each Heav'nly Pow'r, pro-

Lift up your Heads in joy-ful Hope, Sa--lute the hap-py the hap-py Morn; each Heav'nly Pow'r, pro-

-claims the glad Hour, Lo Je-ſus the Saviour is born! Lo Je-ſus the Sa---viour is born!

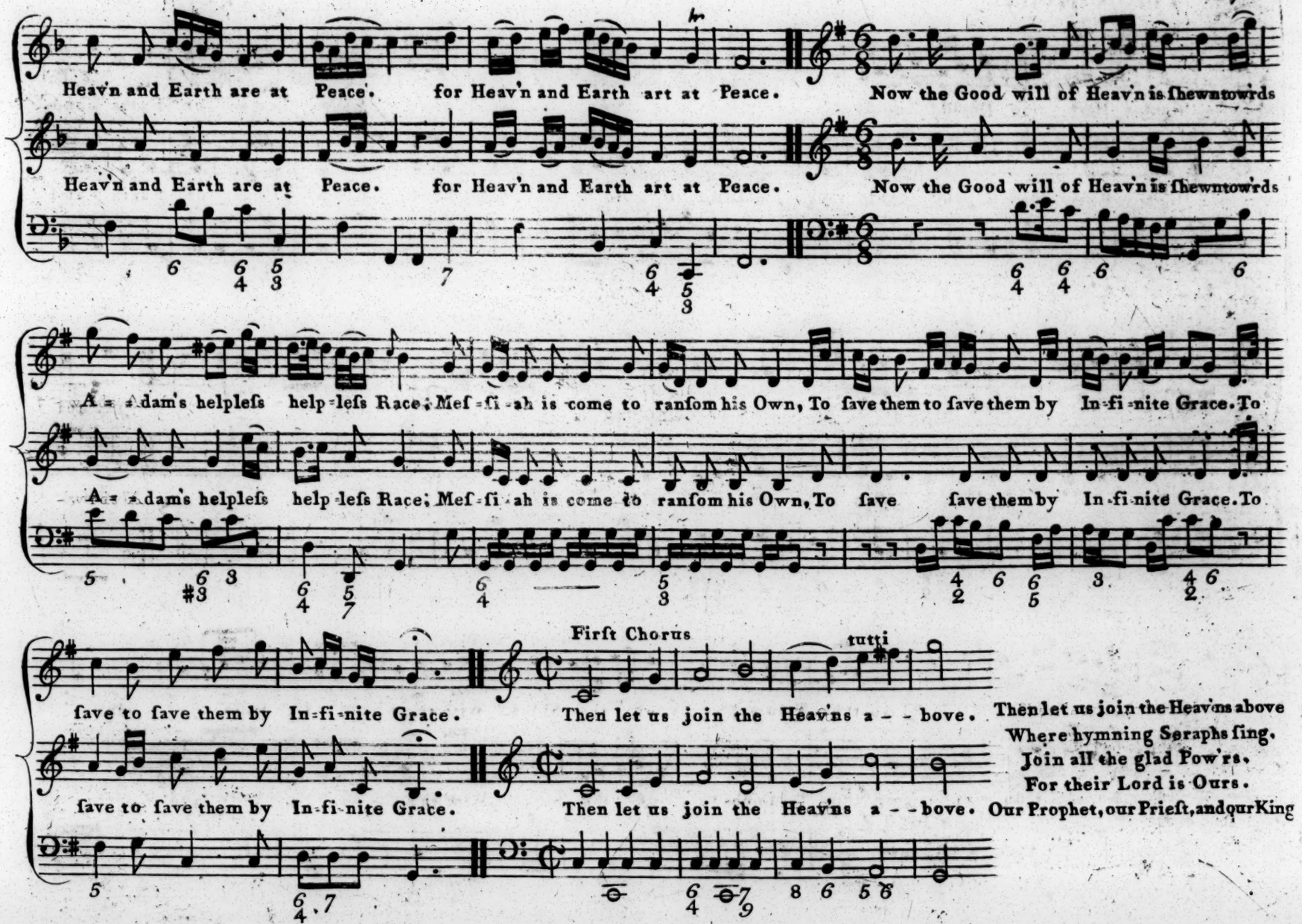
All Glory be to God on high,
To Him all Praiſe is due;
The Promiſe is ſeal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that ye Record is true

-claims the glad Hour, Lo Je-ſus the Saviour is born! Lo Je-ſus the Sa---viour is born!

Grazioſo e pia.
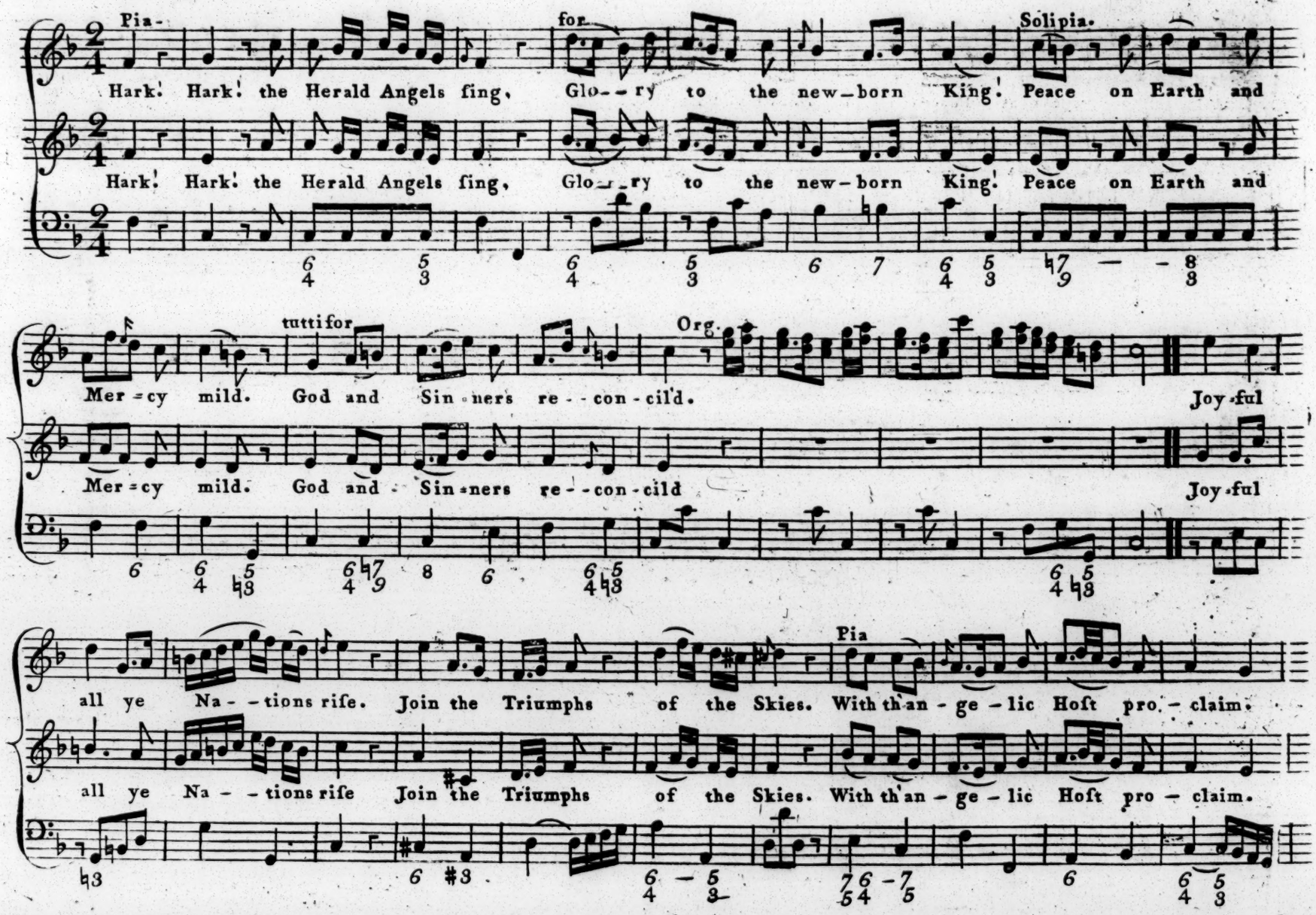
Let Joy around like Rivers flow, flow on. and ſtill in creaſe; Spread o'er the glad Earth at Je-ſus his Birth, for
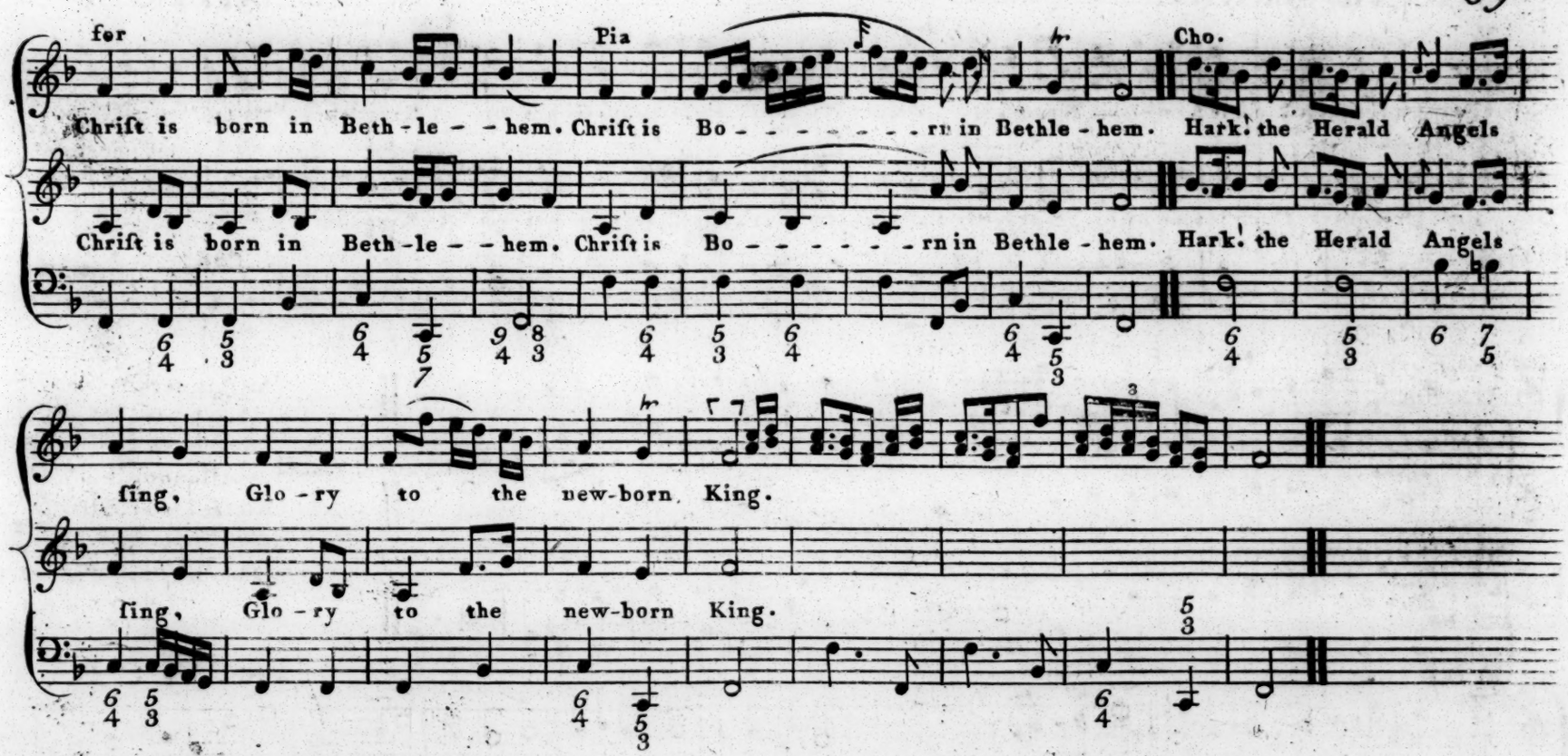
Let Joy around like Rivers flow, flow on. and ſtill in creaſe; Spread o'er the glad Earth at Je-ſus his Birth, for


Heav'n and Earth are at Peace. for Heav'n and Earth art at Peace. Now the Good will of Heav'n is ſhewntowrds
Heav'n and Earth are at Peace. for Heav'n and Earth art at Peace. Now the Good will of Heav'n is ſhewntowrds
A = dam's helpleſs help-leſs Race; Meſ-ſi-ah is come to ranſom his Own, To ſave them to ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. To
A = dam's helpleſs help-leſs Race; Meſ-ſi-ah is come to ranſom his Own, To ſave ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. To
First Chorus
tutti
ſave to ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. Then let us join the Heav'ns a - - bove. Then let us join the Heav'ns above
Where hymning Seraphs ſing,
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their Lord is Ours.
ſave to ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. Then let us join the Heav'ns a - - bove. Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King

The Nativity.

Set by C. B.





3

Chriſt, by higheſt Heav'n ador'd.
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offſpring of a Virgins Womb.

4

Veil'd in Fleſh the Godhead ſee.
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as Man with Men t' appear.
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

5

Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and Life to all he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

6

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them ſecond Birth.

Stockwell

Set by C. L.

How glorious the Lamb is seen on his Throne! His Labours are o'er, His Conqueſts put on: A Kingdom is giv'n in to the Lambs Pia-

How glorious the Lamb is seen on his Throne! His Labours are o'er, His Conqueſts put on: A Kingdom is giv'n in to the Lambs

Hand, in Earth and in Heav'n, for ever to ſtand. in Earth and in Heav'n, for e-ver to ſtand.

Hand, in Earth and in Heav'n, for ever to ſtand. in Earth and in Heav'n, for e-ver to ſtand.

Ye Sinners below
Then truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word:
Athrſt for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour
And Joy evermore.
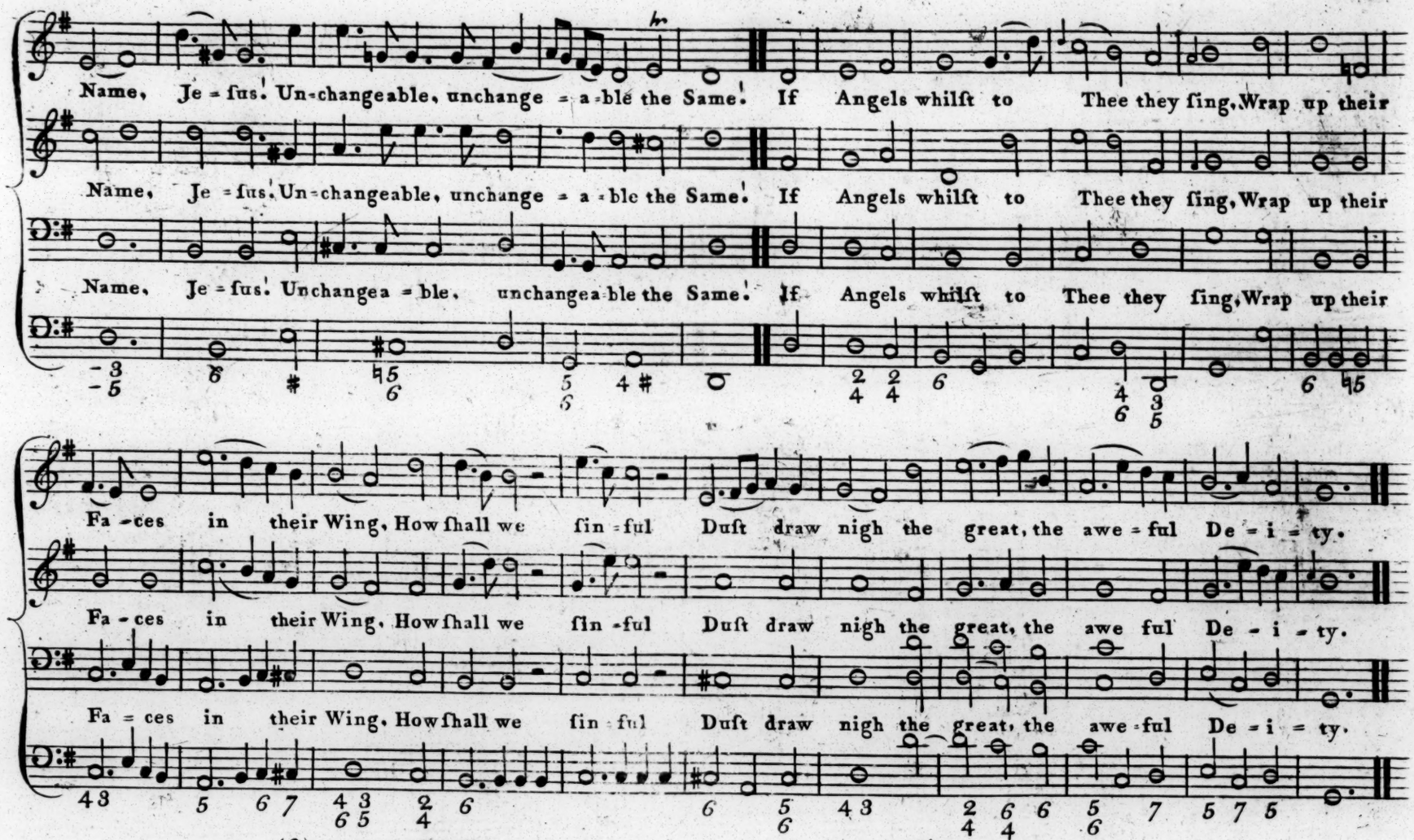
Wickham

Set by C. B.

O Thou in whom the Gen-tiles truſt, Thou on-ly holy, on - - ly juſt, Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy

O Thou in whom the Gen - tiles truſt, Thou on-ly holy, on - - ly juſt, Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy

O Thou in whom the Gen-tiles truſt, Thou on-ly on-ly only juſt, Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy



(3)

Glory to Thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, Thou great I am!
With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bleſs,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteouſneſs.
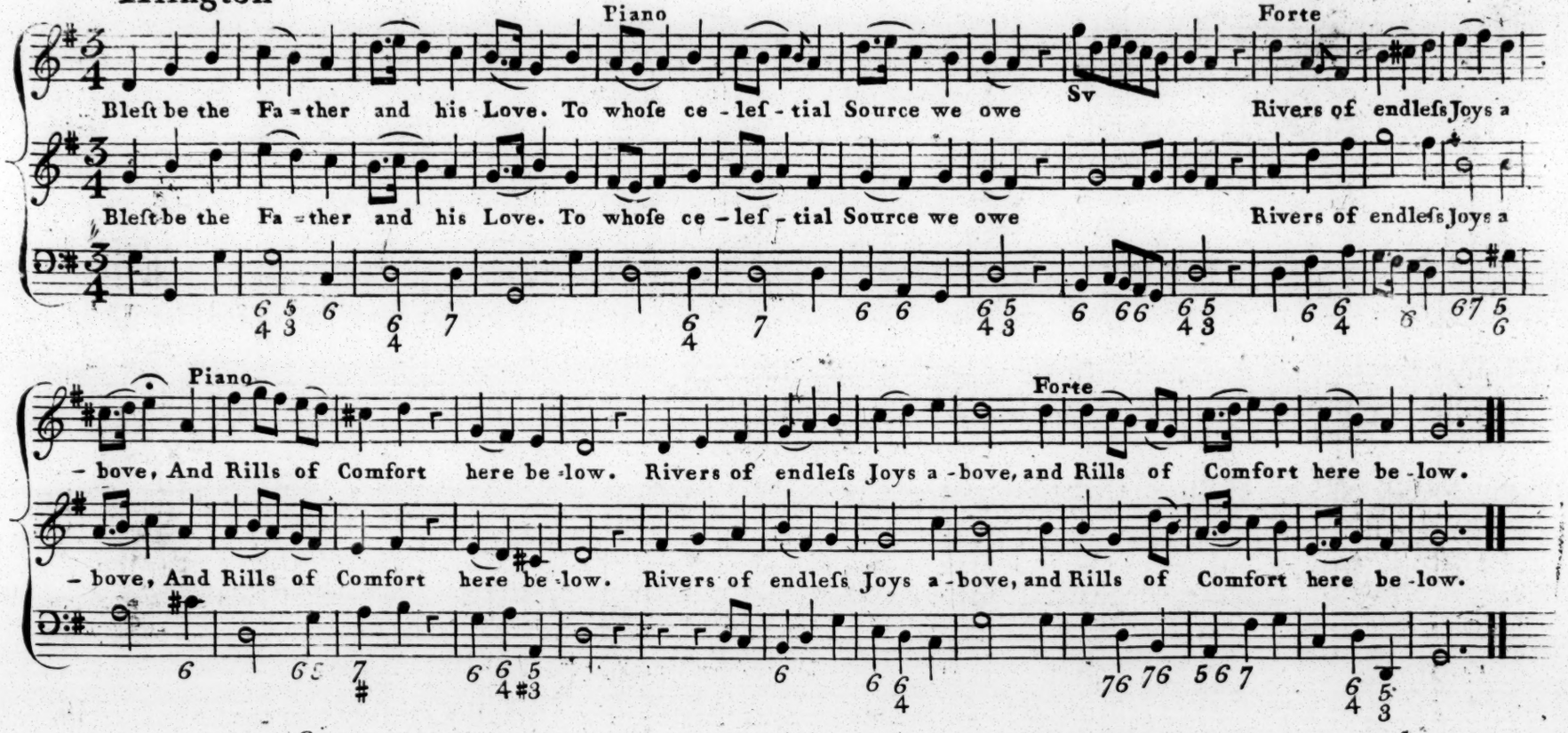
(4)

Live, ever glorious Jeſus! live,
Worthy all Bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit,
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

92

Iflington

Set by C. L.



2

Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls.
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

(3)
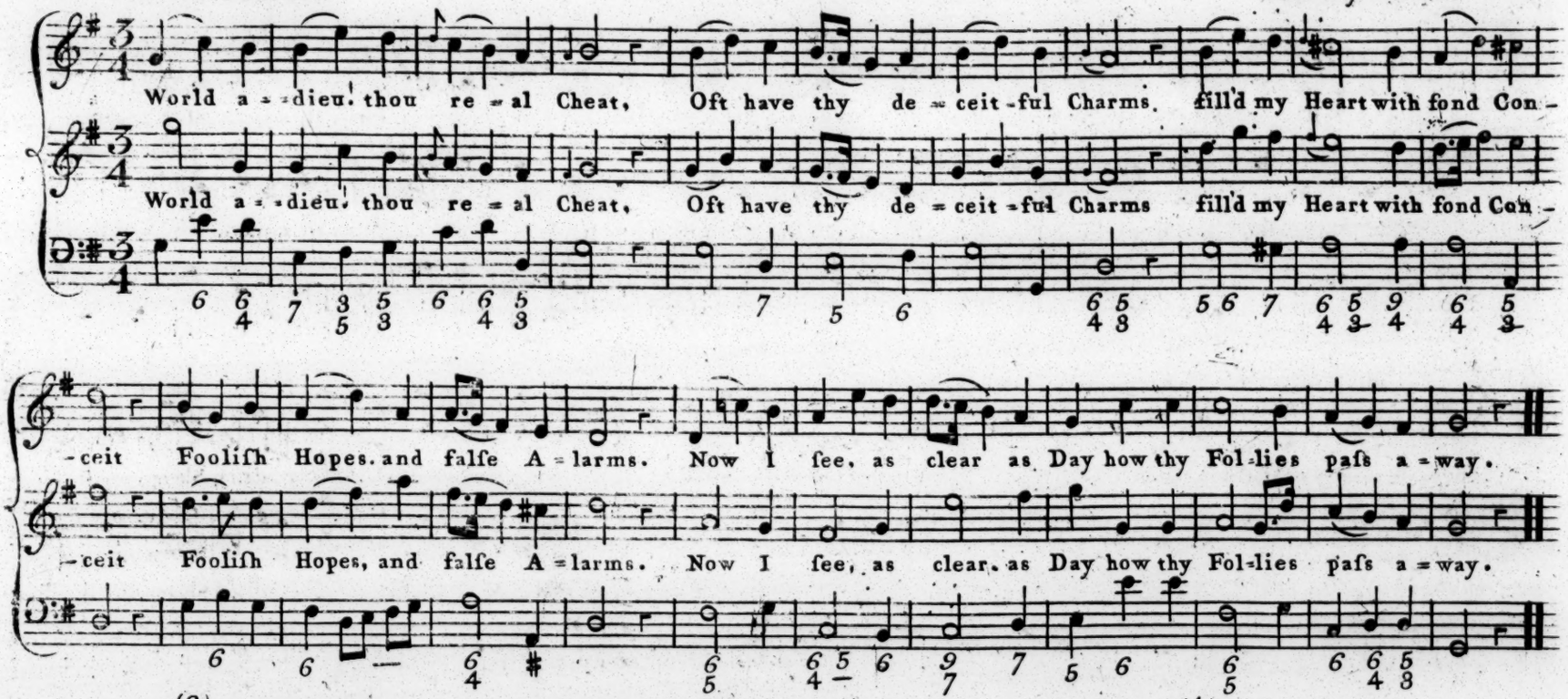
We give the Sacred Spirit Praiſe,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe.
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

(4)

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

Launceſton.

Set by W. I.



(2)

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
Falſe thy Promiſes renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights,
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for Heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt Love.

(3)

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain Guſt,
If the leaſt Miſchance betide
Lays thee lower than the Duſt:
Wordly Honours end in Gall,
Riſe To-day - To-morow fall.

(4)

Fooliſh Vanity — Farewel —
More inconſtant than the Wave,
Where thy ſoothing Fancies dwell,
Pureſt Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jeſus Chriſt ſhall ſet me free.

(5)

Let not, Lord! my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since, in Thee alone, I find
Solid and ſubſtantial Joys:
Joys that never overpaſt,
Thro' Eternity ſhall laſt.

(6)

Lord! how happy is a Heart
After Thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer its Deſires:
It ſhall ſee the glorious Scene
Of thine everlaſting Reign.

Denmark.

Set by M.M.

Andante Maeſtoſo

Before Jehovah's awfull Throne, Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy; Know that the Lord is God a – lone. He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy.

Before Jehovah's awfull Throne, Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy; Know that the Lord is God a – lone. He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy.

Pia

He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy. His ſovreign Powr, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formd us Men; And when like wandring Sheep we ſtrayd, He
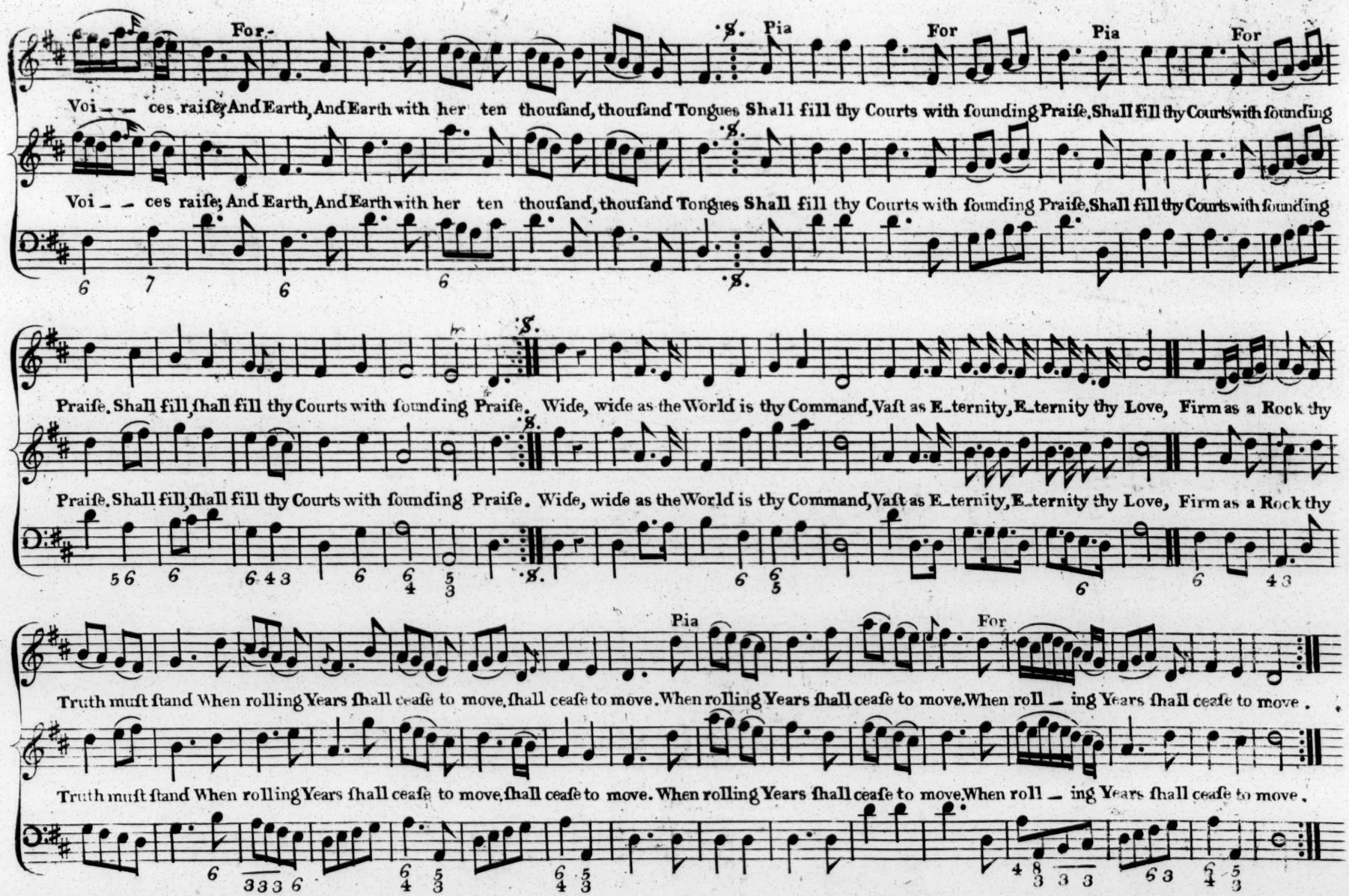
He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy. His ſovreign Powr, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formd us Men; And when like wandring Sheep we ſtrayd, He

For.

Pia

brought us to his fold a–gain. He brought us to his fold a–gain. Well crowd thy Gates with thank – –ful Songs, High as the Heavns our

brought us to his fold a–gain. He brought us to his fold a–gain. Well crowd thy Gates with thank – –ful Songs, High as the Heavns our


For.
Pia
For
Pia
For
Voi _ _ ces raiſe; And Earth, And Earth with her ten thouſand, thouſand Tongues Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe. Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding
Voi _ _ ces raiſe; And Earth, And Earth with her ten thouſand, thouſand Tongues Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe. Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding
Praiſe. Shall fill, ſhall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe. Wide, wide as the World is thy Command, Vaſt as E_ternity, E_ternity thy Love, Firm as a Rock thy
Praiſe. Shall fill, ſhall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe. Wide, wide as the World is thy Command, Vaſt as E_ternity, E_ternity thy Love, Firm as a Rock thy
Pia
For
Truth muſt ſtand When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move, ſhall ceaſe to move. When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move. When roll _ ing Years ſhall ceaſe to move.
Truth muſt ſtand When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move, ſhall ceaſe to move. When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move. When roll _ ing Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

Crefwick.

Set by S.A.

Chorus

Come let us Join our chearful Songs With Angels round the Throne; Ten thouſand thouſand are their

Come let us Join our chearful Songs With Angels round the Throne; Ten thouſand thouſand are their

Come let us Join our chearful Songs With Angels round the Throne; Ten thouſand thouſand are their

Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one. ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are

Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one. ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are
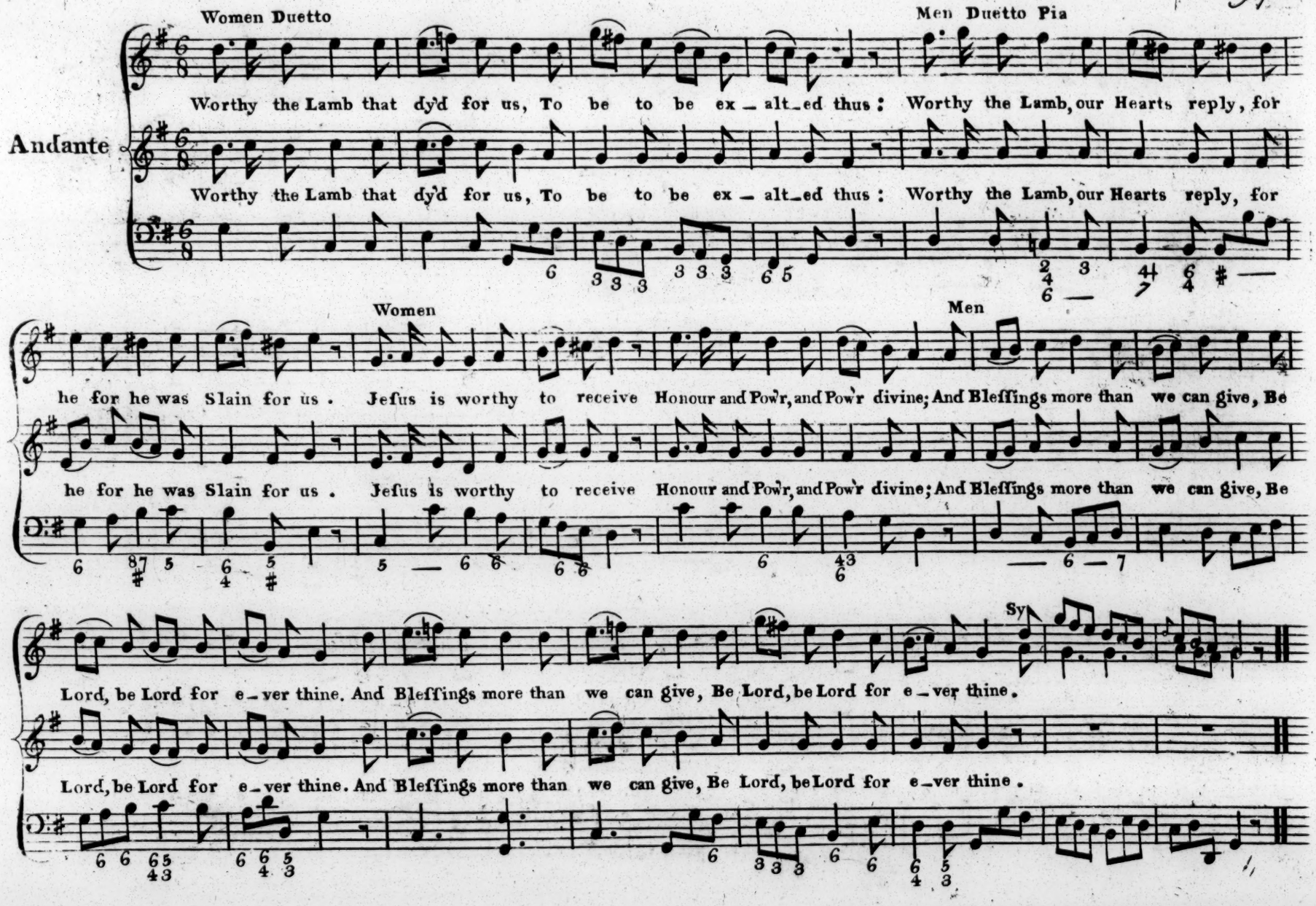
Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one. ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are
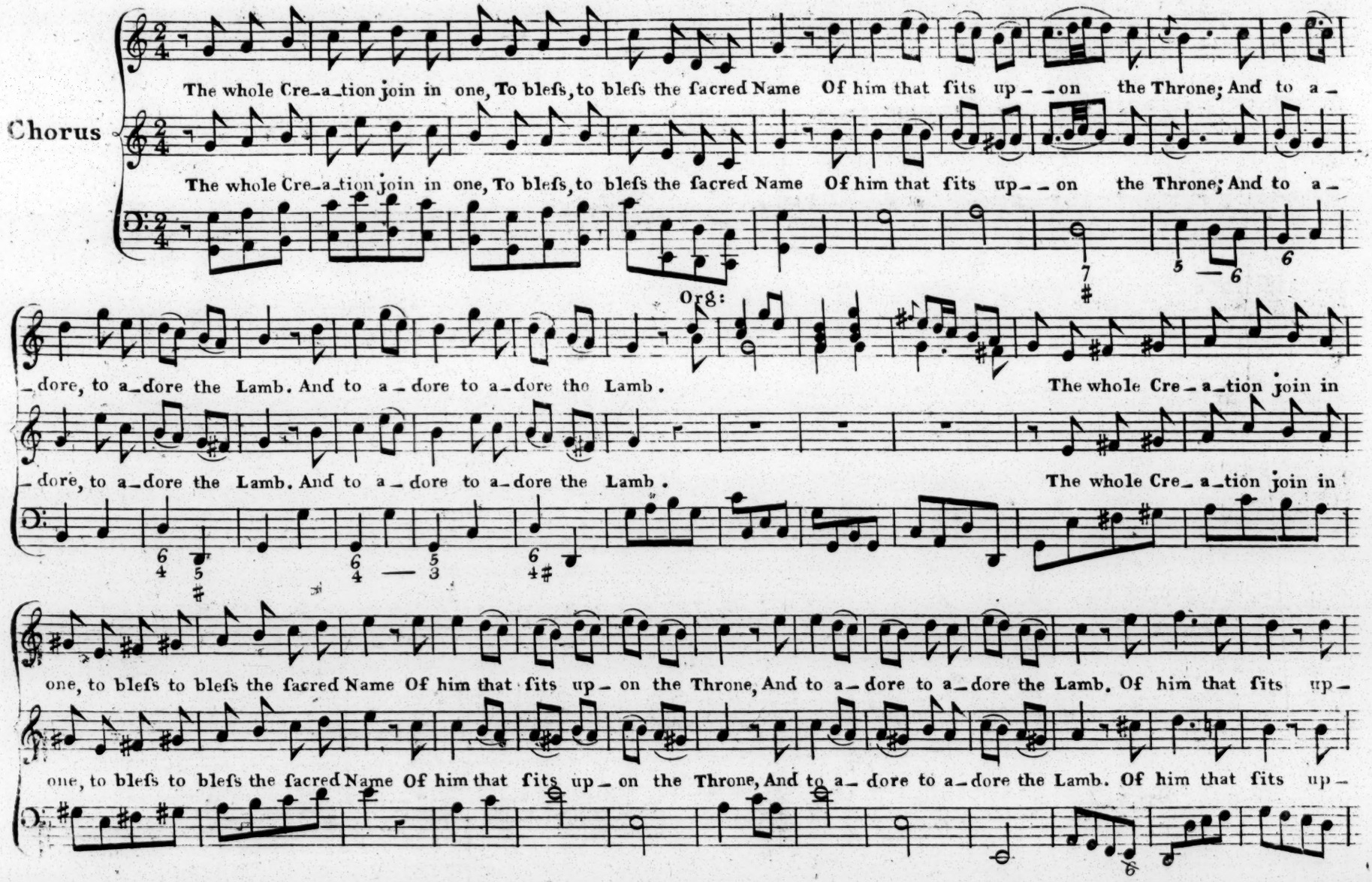
Organ

one. Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

one. Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

one. Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.


Women Duetto
Men Duetto Pia
Andante
Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be ex_alt_ed thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for
Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be ex_alt_ed thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for
Women
Men
he for he was Slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and Pow'r, and Pow'r divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be
he for he was Slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and Pow'r, and Pow'r divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be
Sy
Lord, be Lord for e_ver thine. And Blessings more than we can give, Be Lord, be Lord for e_ver thine.
Lord, be Lord for e_ver thine. And Blessings more than we can give, Be Lord, be Lord for e_ver thine.


Chorus
The whole Cre_a_tion join in one, To bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_ _on the Throne; And to a_
The whole Cre_a_tion join in one, To bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_ _on the Throne; And to a_
Org:
_dore, to a_dore the Lamb. And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb.
The whole Cre_a_tion join in
_dore, to a_dore the Lamb. And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb.
The whole Cre_a_tion join in
one, to bleſs to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_on the Throne, And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up_
one, to bleſs to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_on the Throne, And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up_

Pia

-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb.

Organ

-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb.

The whole Cre-a-tion join in one to bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him who ſits up-on the Throne, And

The whole Cre-a-tion join in one to bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him who ſits up-on the Throne, And

to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. to a-dore the Lamb.

to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. to a-dore the Lamb.

Wellingborough

Set by I.W.

Larghetto

For

Light of thoſe whoſe drea – ry dwelling Borders on the Shades of Death,

Pia

Come! and by thy Love's re – veal – ing, Dif – fi – pate the Clouds be – neath:

For

Organ Pia

For

The new Heav'n and Earth's Cre – a – tor, In our deep – eſt Darkneſs riſe!

Pia

Org: Pia

Pia

Scatt' – ring all the Night of Nature, Pour – ing Eye – ſight on our Eyes!

For
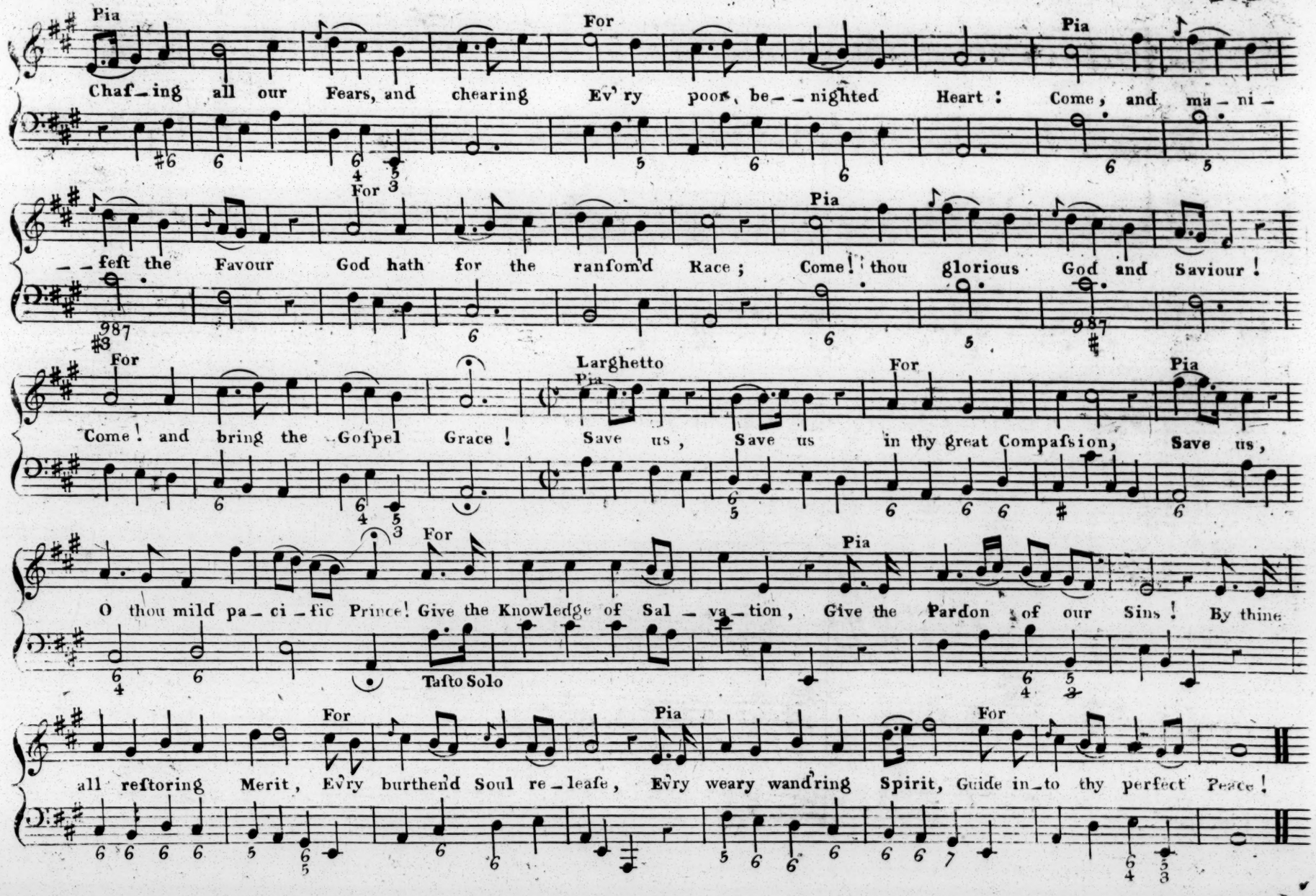
Org: For

Andante

Pia

Still we wait for thine Ap – pear – ing, Life and Joy thy Beams im – part,

For


Pia
For
Pia
Chaf_ing all our Fears, and chearing Ev'ry poor, be__nighted Heart : Come, and ma_ni_
For
Pia
__feſt the Favour God hath for the ranſom'd Race ; Come! thou glorious God and Saviour!
For
Larghetto
Pia
For
Pia
Come! and bring the Goſpel Grace ! Save us, Save us in thy great Compaſsion, Save us,
For
Pia
O thou mild pa_ci_fic Prince! Give the Knowledge of Sal_va_tion, Give the Pardon of our Sins! By thine
Taſto Solo
For
Pia
For
all reſtoring Merit, Evry burthen'd Soul re_leaſe, Evry weary wand'ring Spirit, Guide in_to thy perfect Peace!

Greenwich.

Set by M. M.

Andante

2°. Volta For

Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair, We wretched, wretched Sinners lay, Without one chear - ful

Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair, We wretched, wretched Sinners lay, Without one chear - ful
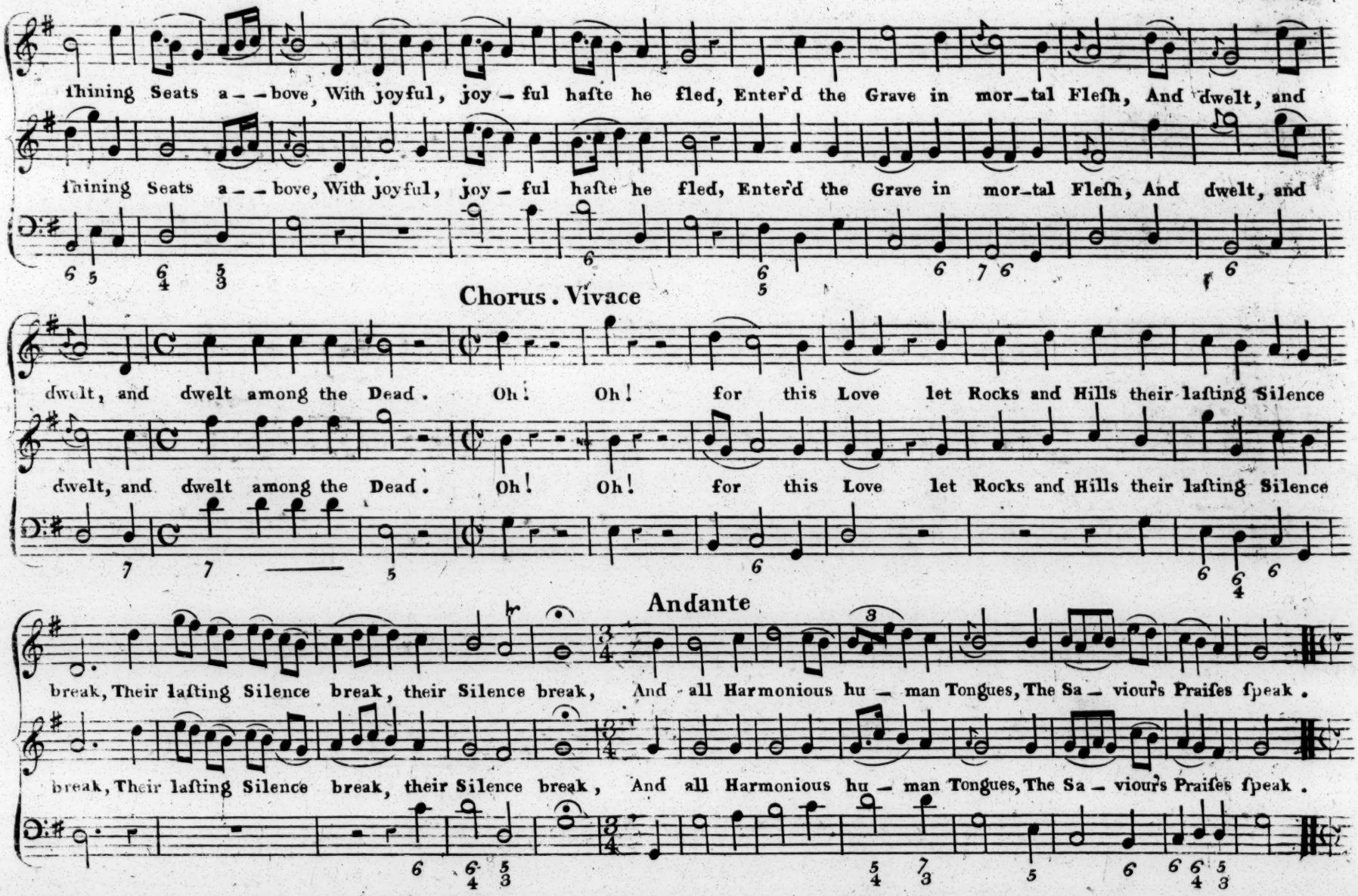
Pia.

Beam of hope, Or Spark of glimm'ring Day. With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace Be - held our

Beam of hope, Or Spark of glimm'ring Day. With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace Be - held our

helpleſs, help - leſs Grief; He ſaw, and O a - mazing Love! He came, he came to our re - lief. Down from the

helpleſs, help - leſs Grief; He ſaw, and O a - mazing Love! He came, he came to our re - lief. Down from the


thining Seats a – – bove, With joyful, joy – ful haſte he fled, Enter'd the Grave in mor–tal Fleſh, And dwelt, and
thining Seats a – – bove, With joyful, joy – ful haſte he fled, Enter'd the Grave in mor–tal Fleſh, And dwelt, and
Chorus. Vivace
dwelt, and dwelt among the Dead. Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their laſting Silence
dwelt, and dwelt among the Dead. Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their laſting Silence
Andante
break, Their laſting Silence break, their Silence break, And all Harmonious hu – man Tongues, The Sa – viour's Praiſes ſpeak.
break, Their laſting Silence break, their Silence break, And all Harmonious hu – man Tongues, The Sa – viour's Praiſes ſpeak.

Chorus

Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lasting Silence break, Their lasting Silence break, their Silence break.

Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lasting Silence break, Their lasting Silence break, their Silence break.

Pia Org: For

Angels af_fift our migh_ty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raife your high_eft

Angels af_fift our migh_ty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raife your high_eft

Pia For Adg°. Ad Lib:

Notes, your higheft Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can neer be told. His Love can neer be told.

Notes, your higheft Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can neer be told. His Love can neer be told.

Falmouth.

Set by M.M.

Lord, we come be_fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow: O do not our Suit dif_dain,

Lord, we come be_fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow: O do not our Suit dif_dain,

Shall we ſeek Thee, Lord, in vain. Pia Lord, on Thee our Souls de_pend, In Com_paſſion now de_ſcend:

Shall we ſeek Thee, Lord, in vain. Lord, on Thee our Souls de_pend, In Com_paſſion now de_ſcend:

For Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace, Pia Tune our Lips to ſing thy Praiſe. For Tune our Lips to Sing thy Praiſe.

Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace, Tune our Lips to ſing thy Praiſe. Tune our Lips to Sing thy Praiſe.

(3)
In thine own appointed Way,
Now we ſeek Thee here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go
'Till a Bleſſing Thou beſtow.

(4)
Send ſome Meſſage from thy word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

(5)
Comfort thoſe who weep & mourn,
Let the time of Joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in Faith & Hope!

(6)
Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a God ſincere and kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee!

Upton

Set by S.A.

Allegro Mod.to

Tutti

Not all the Blood, Not all the Blood of Beafts On Jew – ifh Al – tars, On

Not all the Blood, Not all the Blood of Beafts On Jewifh Al – tars, On

Jewifh Altars Slain, Could give the guil – ty Con – fcience Peace, Or wafh, Or wafh a –

Jewifh Altars Slain, Could give the guil – ty Con – fcience Peace, Or wafh a –

1st time

2d time

– way the Stain. – way the Stain. But Chrift, but Chrift the heavn – ly Lamb, Takes all our Sins our

– way the Stain. – way the Stain. But Chrift, but Chrift the heavn – ly Lamb, Takes all our Sins our

1st time

2d time

Sins a_way; A Sa_cri_fice of no_bler Name, And richer richer Blood than they!

Sins a_way; A Sacrifice of nobler Name, And richer Blood than they!

Solo Andante

My Faith would lay its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a

Penitent I ſtand And there confeſs my Sin.
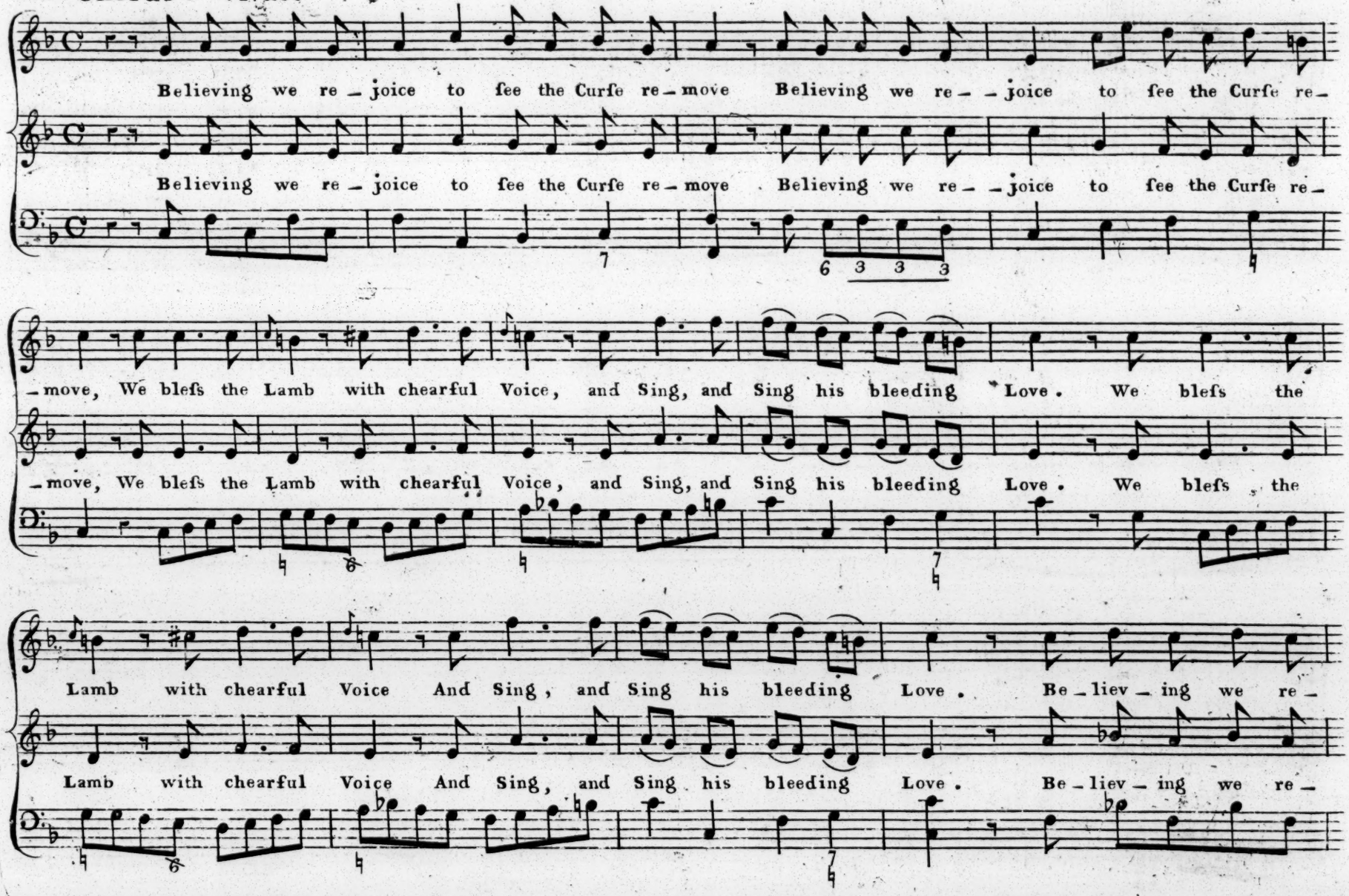
Organ
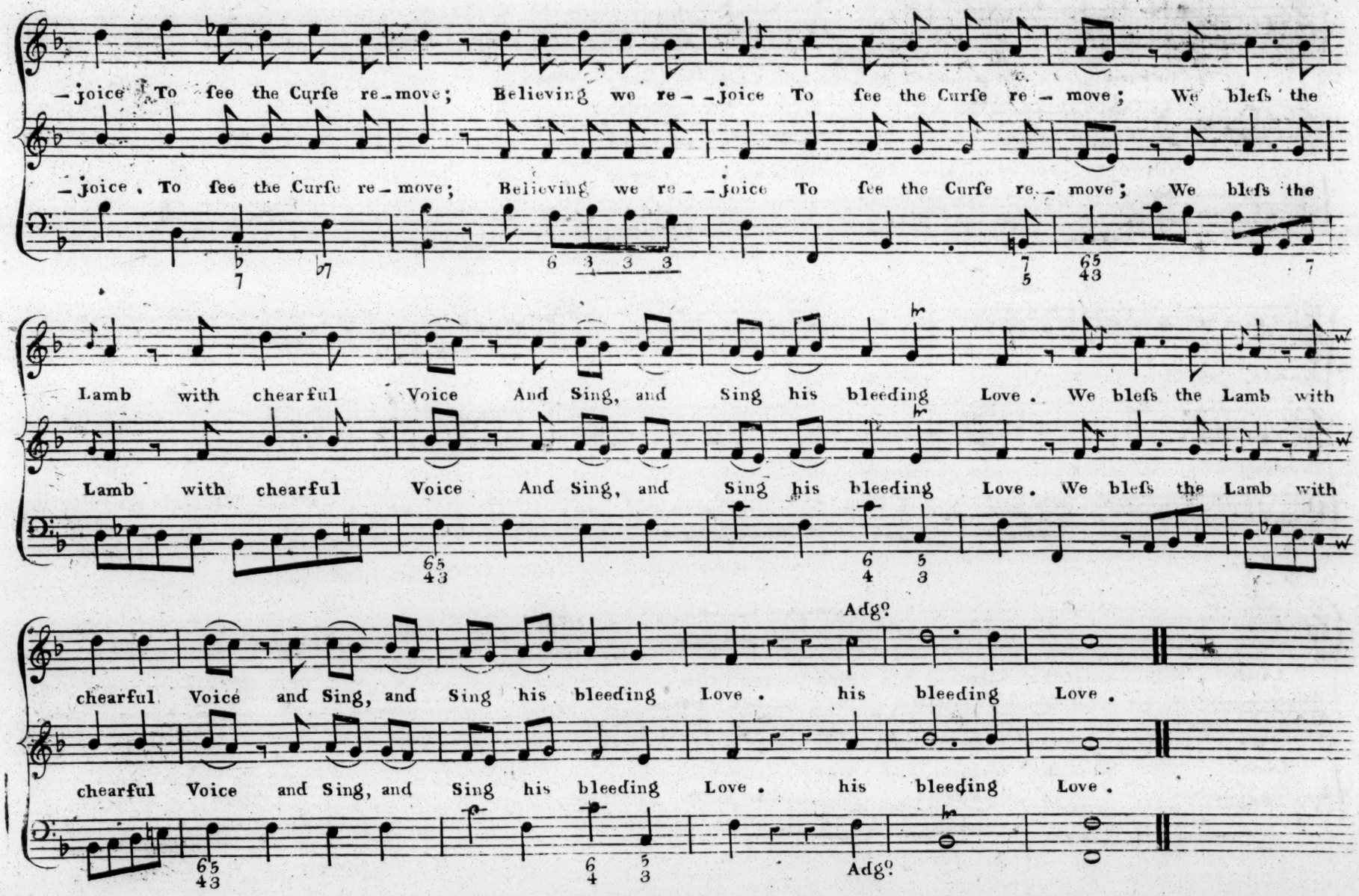
My Soul looks back to ſee The Burdens thou didſt

bear, When hanging on th'accurſed Tree, And hopes, and hopes her Guilt was there.

Org:
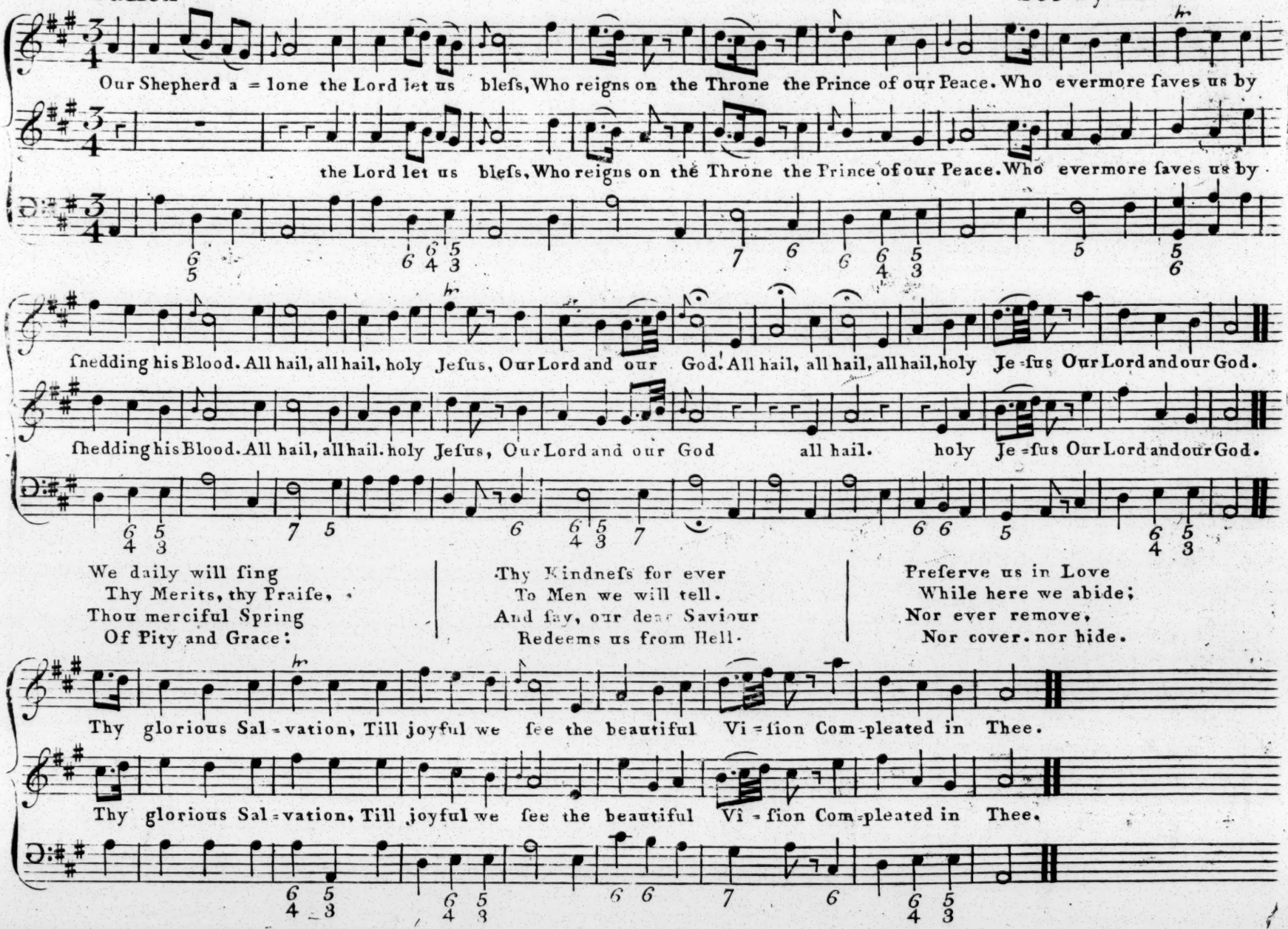
Chorus. Vivace




–joice To fee the Curfe re–move; Believing we re––joice To fee the Curfe re–move; We bleſs the
–joice To fee the Curfe re–move; Believing we re––joice To fee the Curfe re–move; We bleſs the
Lamb with chearful Voice And Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. We bleſs the Lamb with
Lamb with chearful Voice And Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. We bleſs the Lamb with
Adgo
chearful Voice and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. his bleeding Love.
chearful Voice and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. his bleeding Love.
Adgo

Suffex

Set by M. M.



Cambridge. Adagio maeſtoſo.

Set by F. G.

Fa = ther, Fa = ther, how wide thy Glo = ry ſhines! How high thy Wonders riſe! Known thro' the Earth by

Fa = ther, Fa = ther, how wide thy Glo = ry ſhines! How high thy Wonders riſe! Known thro' the Earth by

Fa = ther, Fa = ther, how wide thy Glo = ry ſhines! How high thy Wonders riſe! Known thro' the Earth by

thouſand Signs, By thouſand thro' the Skies. Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r, Thoſe Motions ſpeak thy Skill.

thouſand Signs, By thouſand thro' the Skies. Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r, Thoſe Motions ſpeak thy Skill.

thouſand Signs, By thouſand thro' the Skies. Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r, Thoſe Motions ſpeak thy Skill.

Pia.

Andante Grazioſo

And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour we read thy Patience ſtill. But when we view thy great De = ſign

And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour we read thy Patience ſtill. But when we view thy great De = ſign

And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour we read thy Patience ſtill. But when we view thy great De = ſign
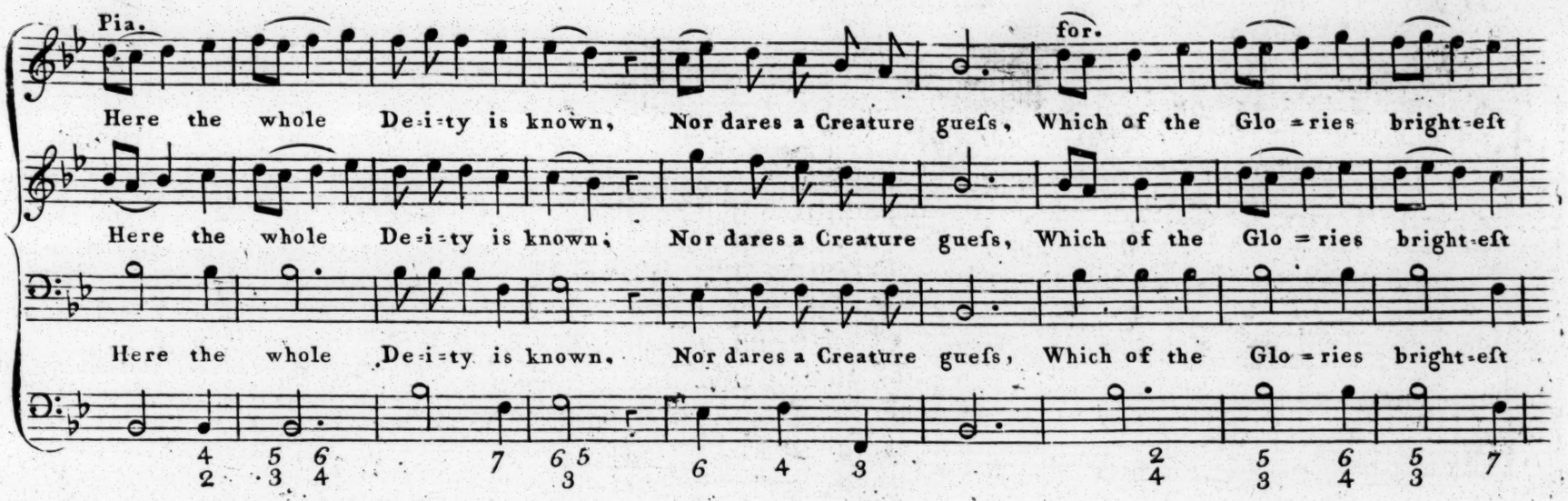
Da Capo forte

to ſave re = bellious Worms, Where Vengeance and Com = paſ = ſion join in their di = = vin = eſt Forms.

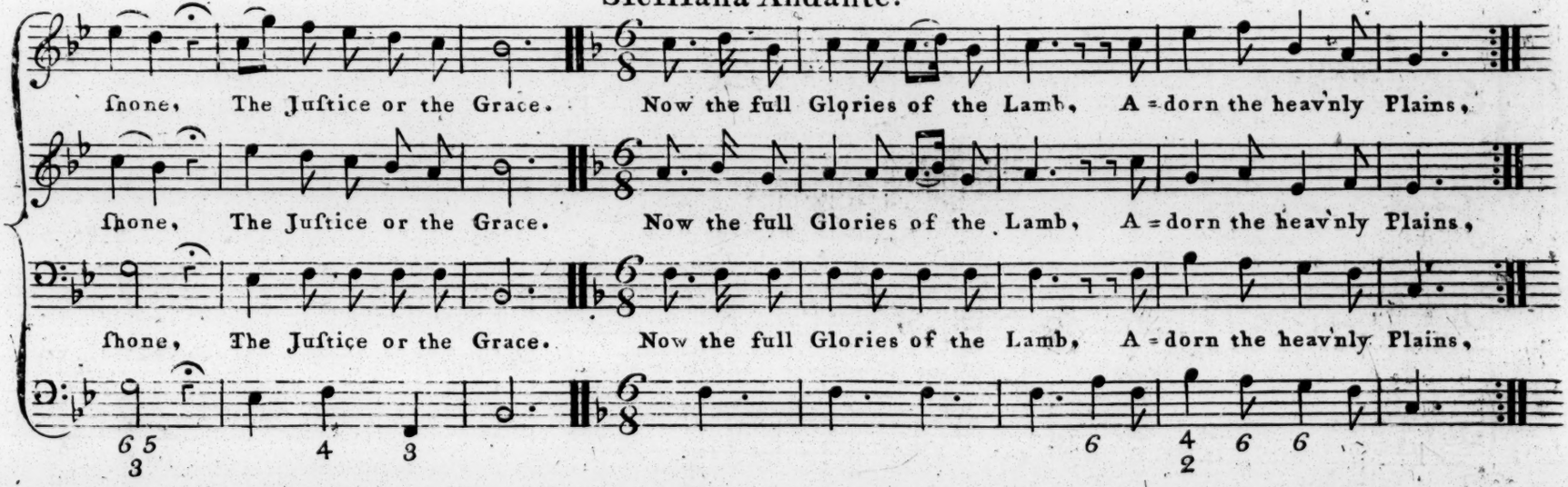
to ſave re = bellious Worms, Where Vengeance and Com = paſ = ſion join in their di = = vin = eſt Forms.

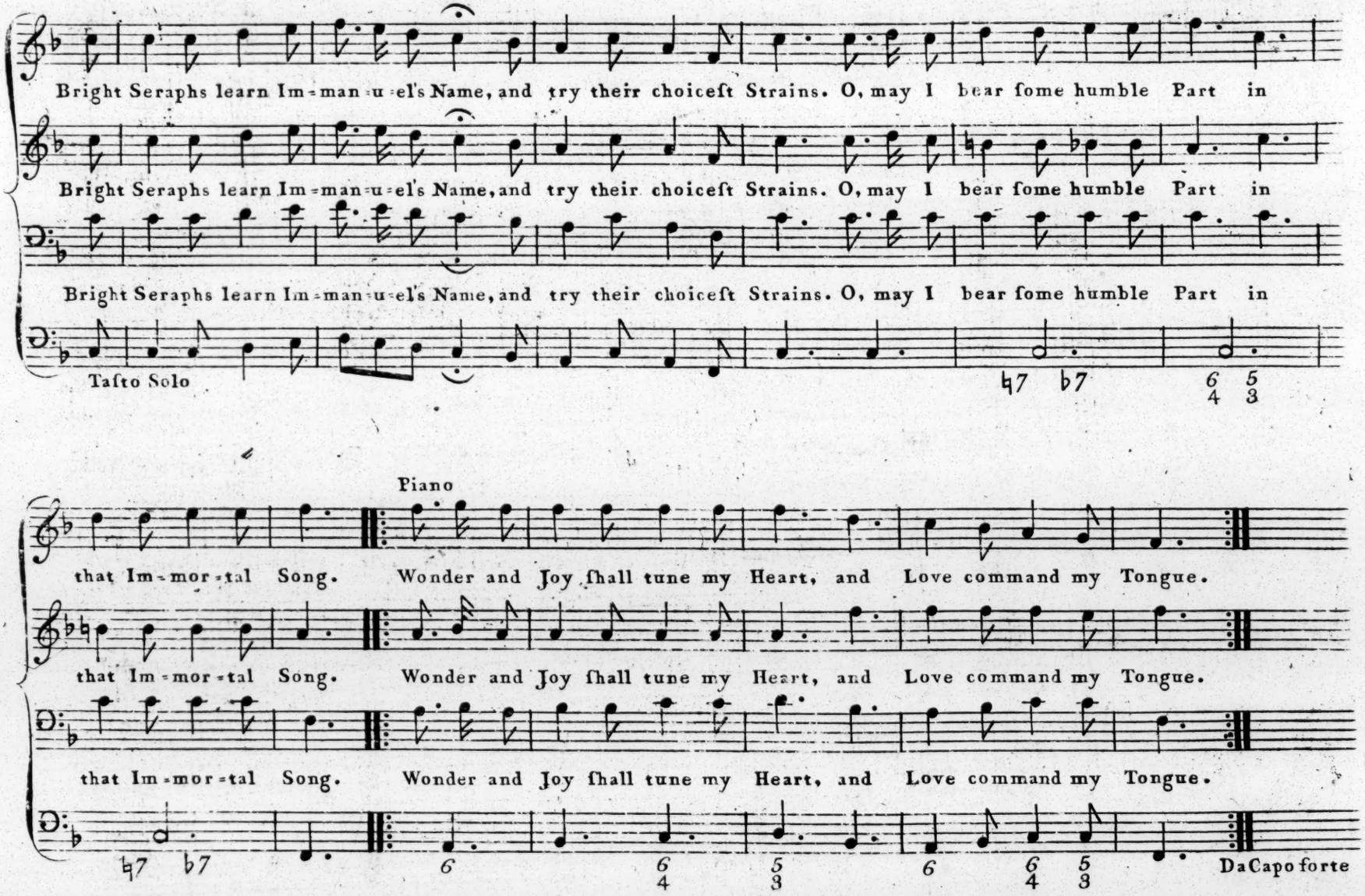
to ſave re = bellious Worms, Where Vengeance and Com = paſ = ſion join in their di = = vin = eſt Forms.

Taſto ſolo
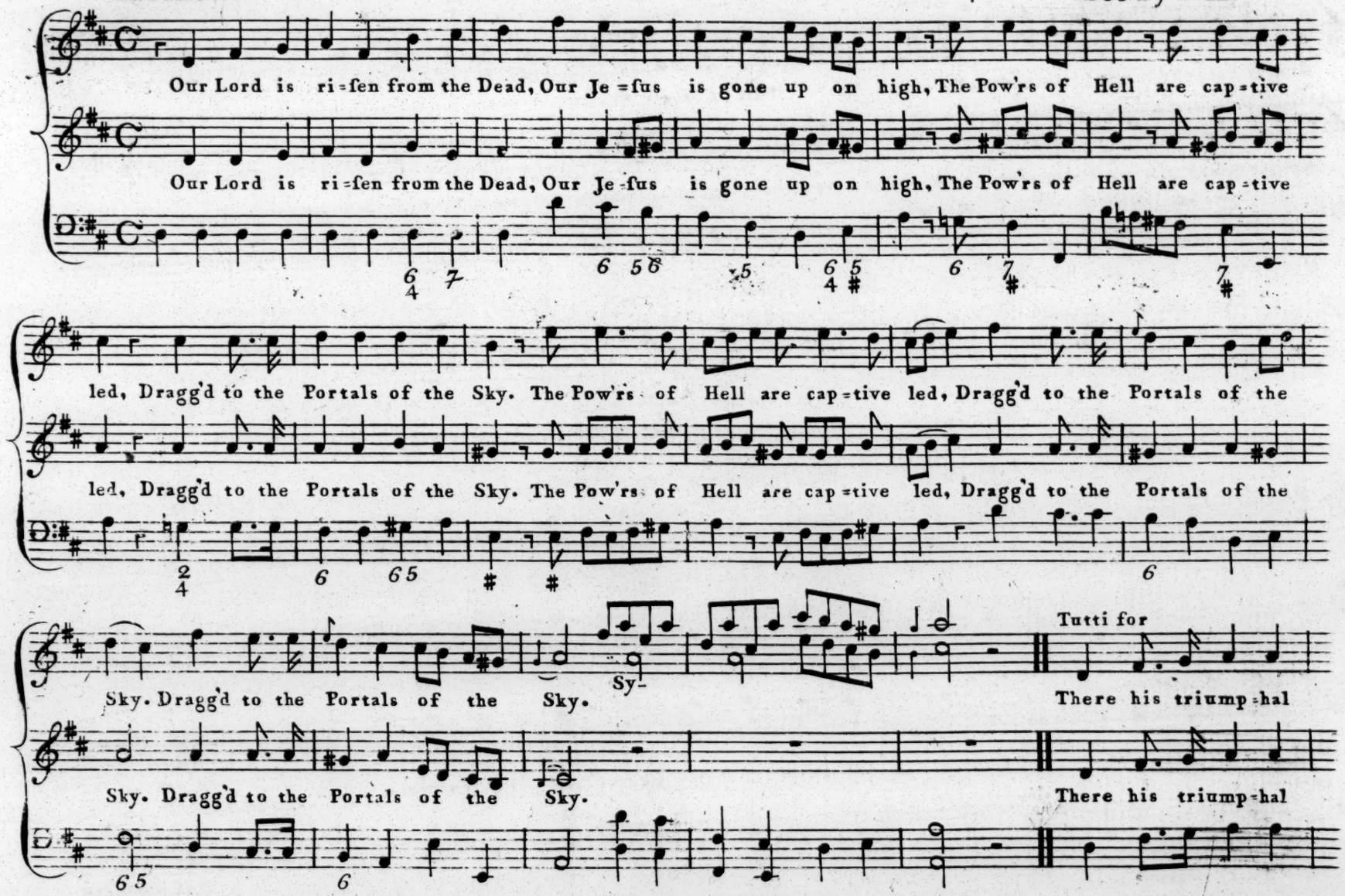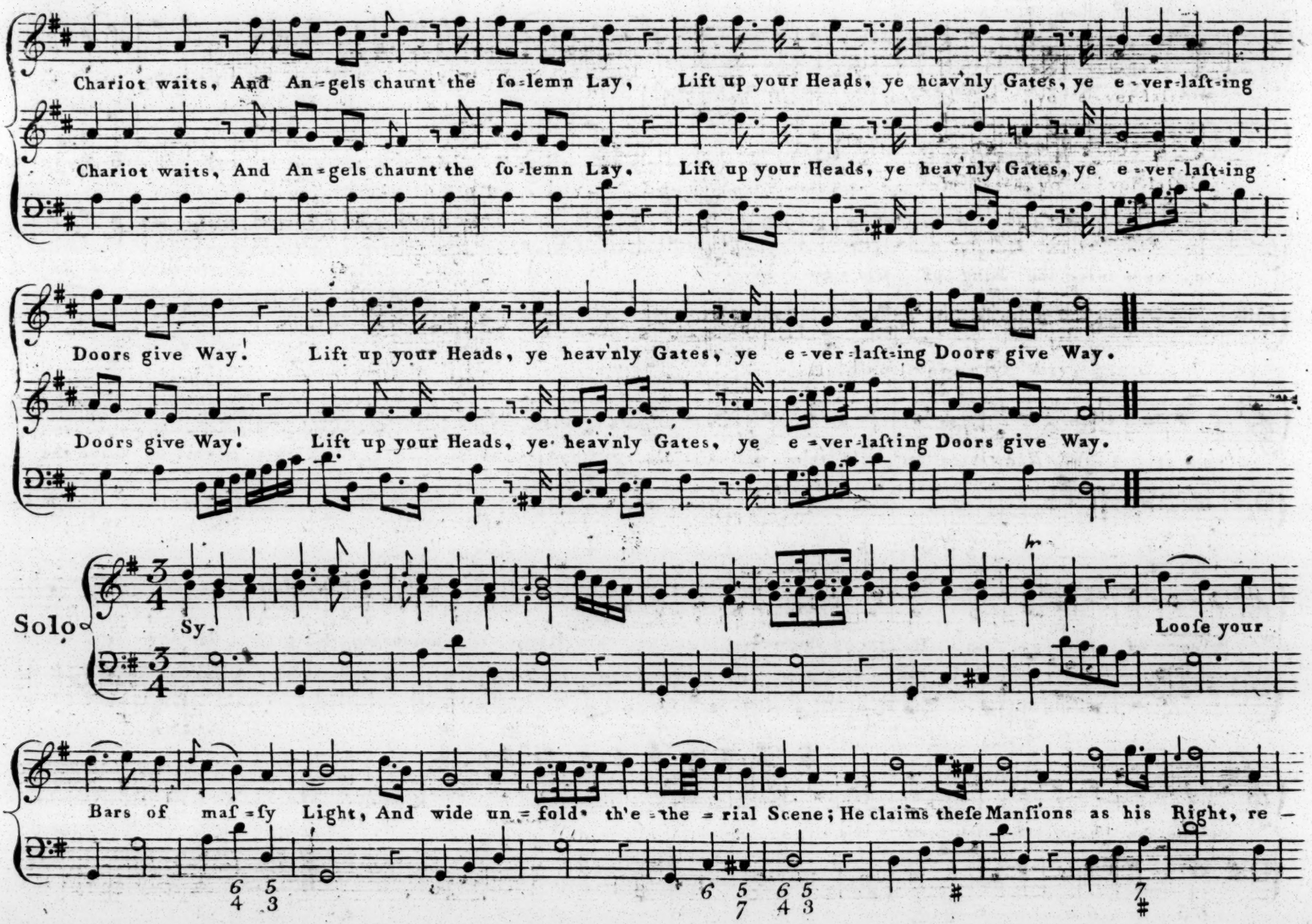


Siciliana Andante.
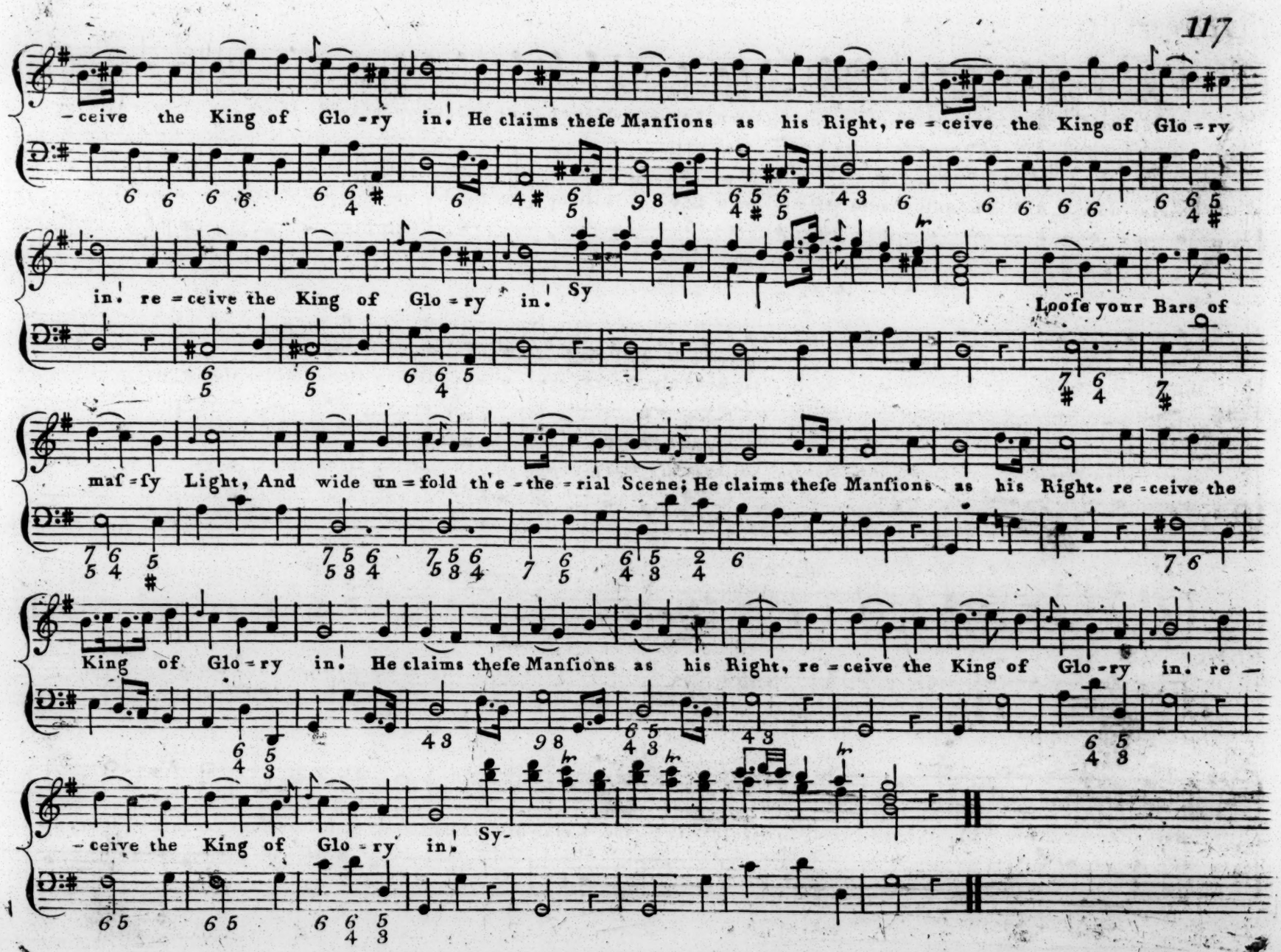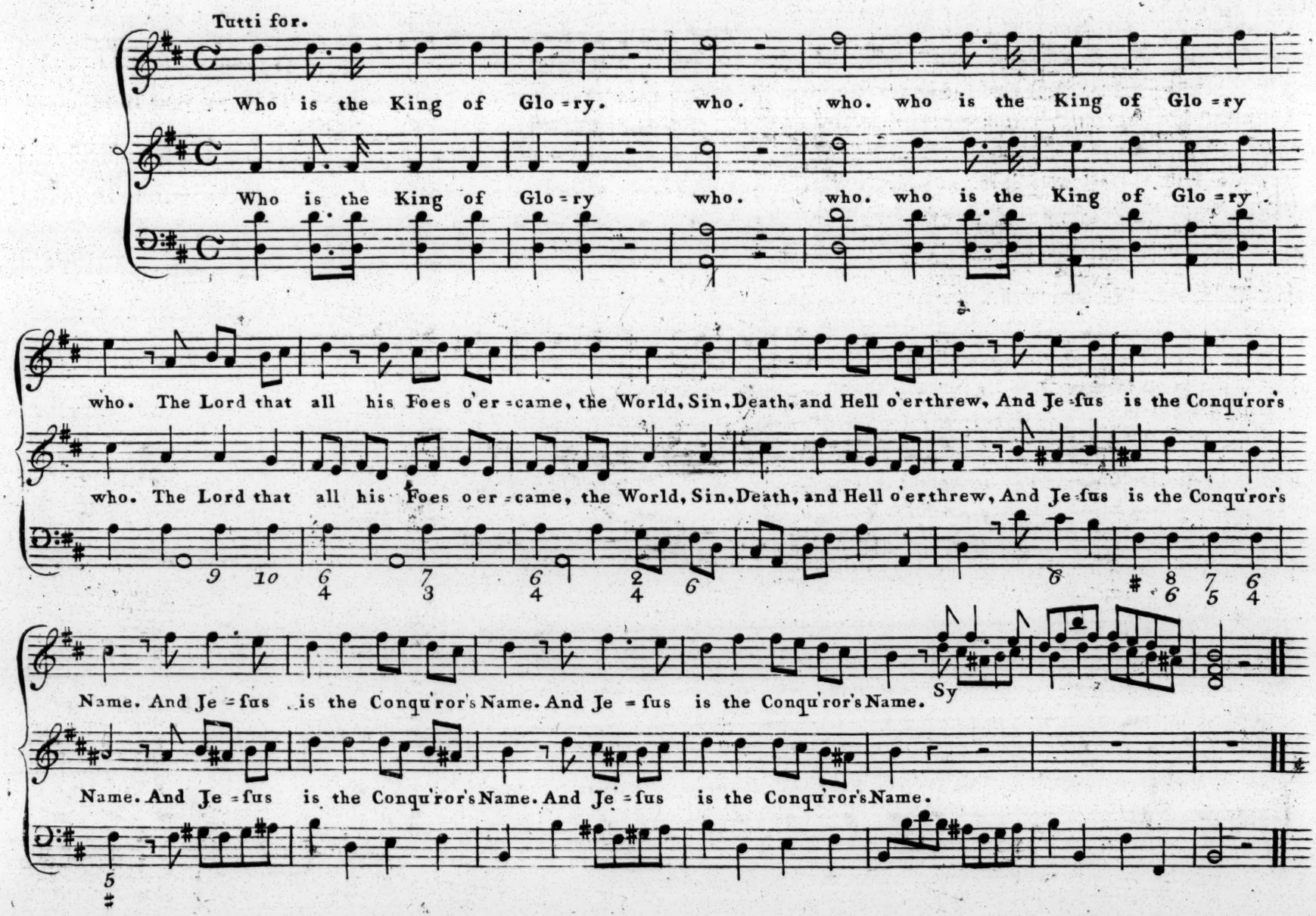



Bright Seraphs learn Im=man=u=el's Name, and try their choiceſt Strains. O, may I bear ſome humble Part in
Bright Seraphs learn Im=man=u=el's Name, and try their choiceſt Strains. O, may I bear ſome humble Part in
Bright Seraphs learn Im=man=u=el's Name, and try their choiceſt Strains. O, may I bear ſome humble Part in
Taſto Solo
Piano
that Im=mor=tal Song. Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
that Im=mor=tal Song. Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
that Im=mor=tal Song. Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
Da Capo forte
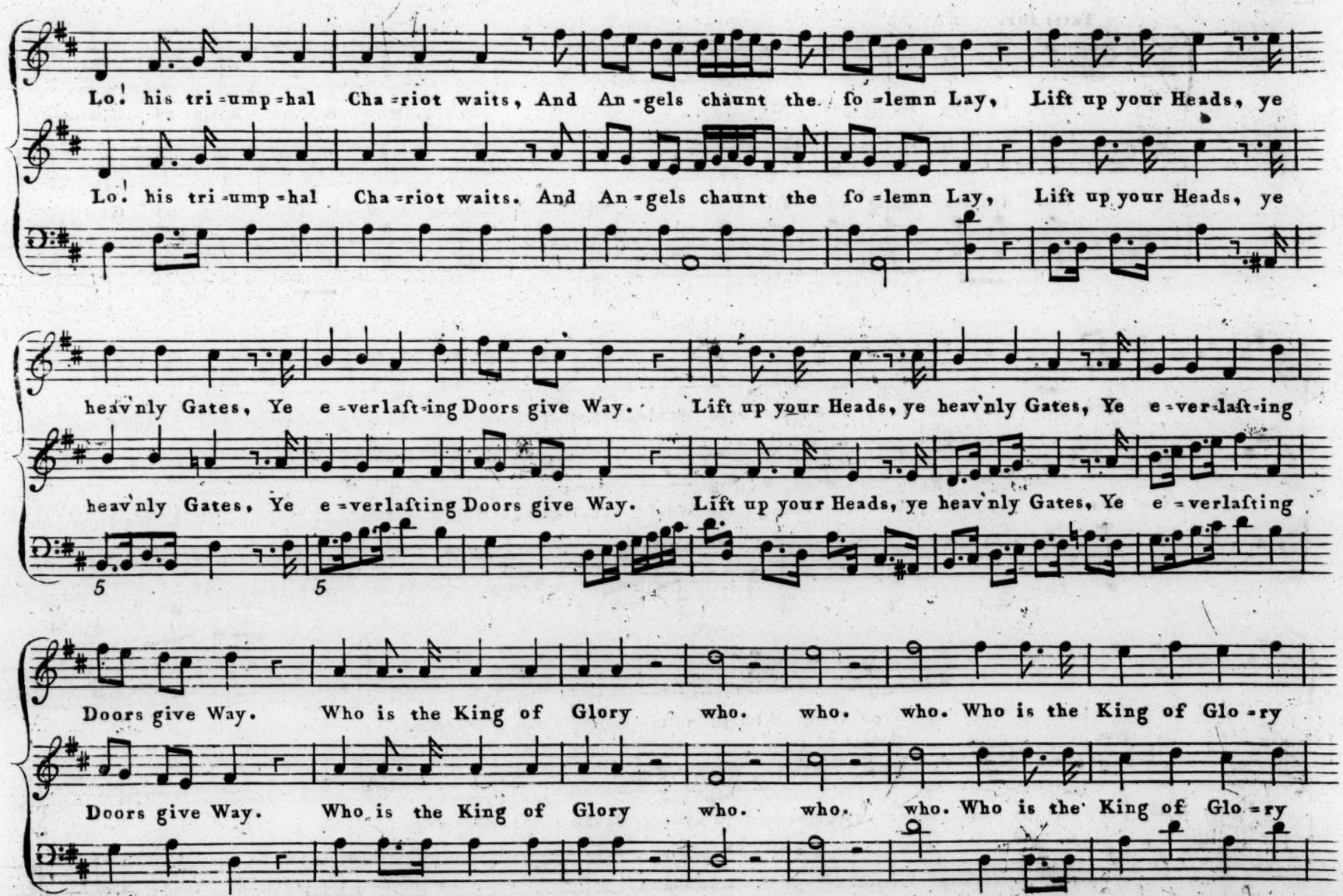
Chefhunt. Set by S.A.
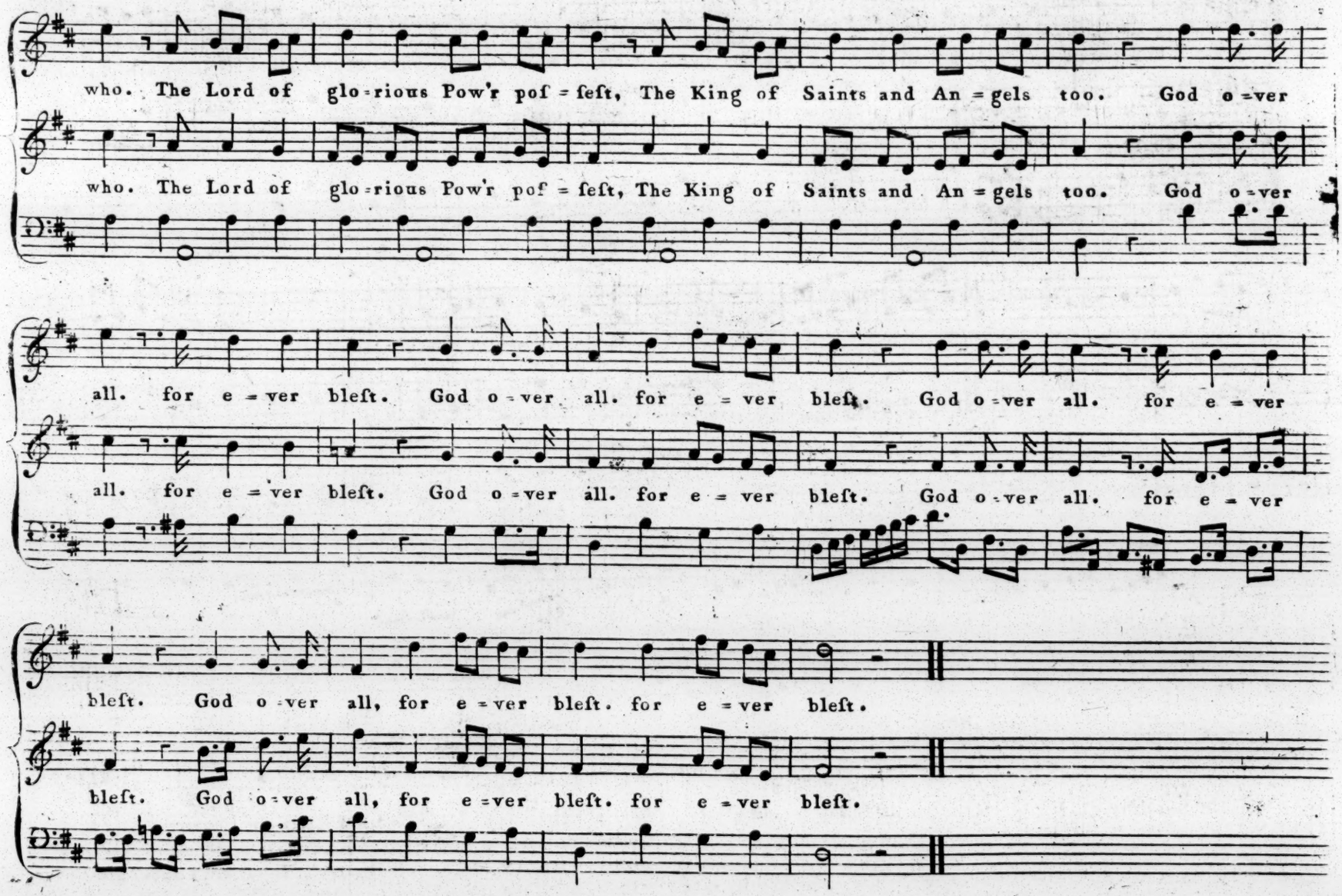



Chariot waits, And An=gels chaunt the ſo=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſt=ing
Chariot waits, And An=gels chaunt the ſo=lemn Lay. Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſt=ing
Doors give Way! Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſt=ing Doors give Way.
Doors give Way! Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſting Doors give Way.
Solo
Sy=
Looſe your
Bars of maſ=ſy Light, And wide un=fold th'e=the=rial Scene; He claims theſe Manſions as his Right, re=


-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! He claims theſe Manſions as his Right, re-ceive the King of Glo-ry
in! re-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! Sy
Looſe your Bars of
maſ-ſy Light, And wide un-fold th'e-the-rial Scene; He claims theſe Manſions as his Right. re-ceive the
King of Glo-ry in! He claims theſe Manſions as his Right, re-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! re-
-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! Sy-
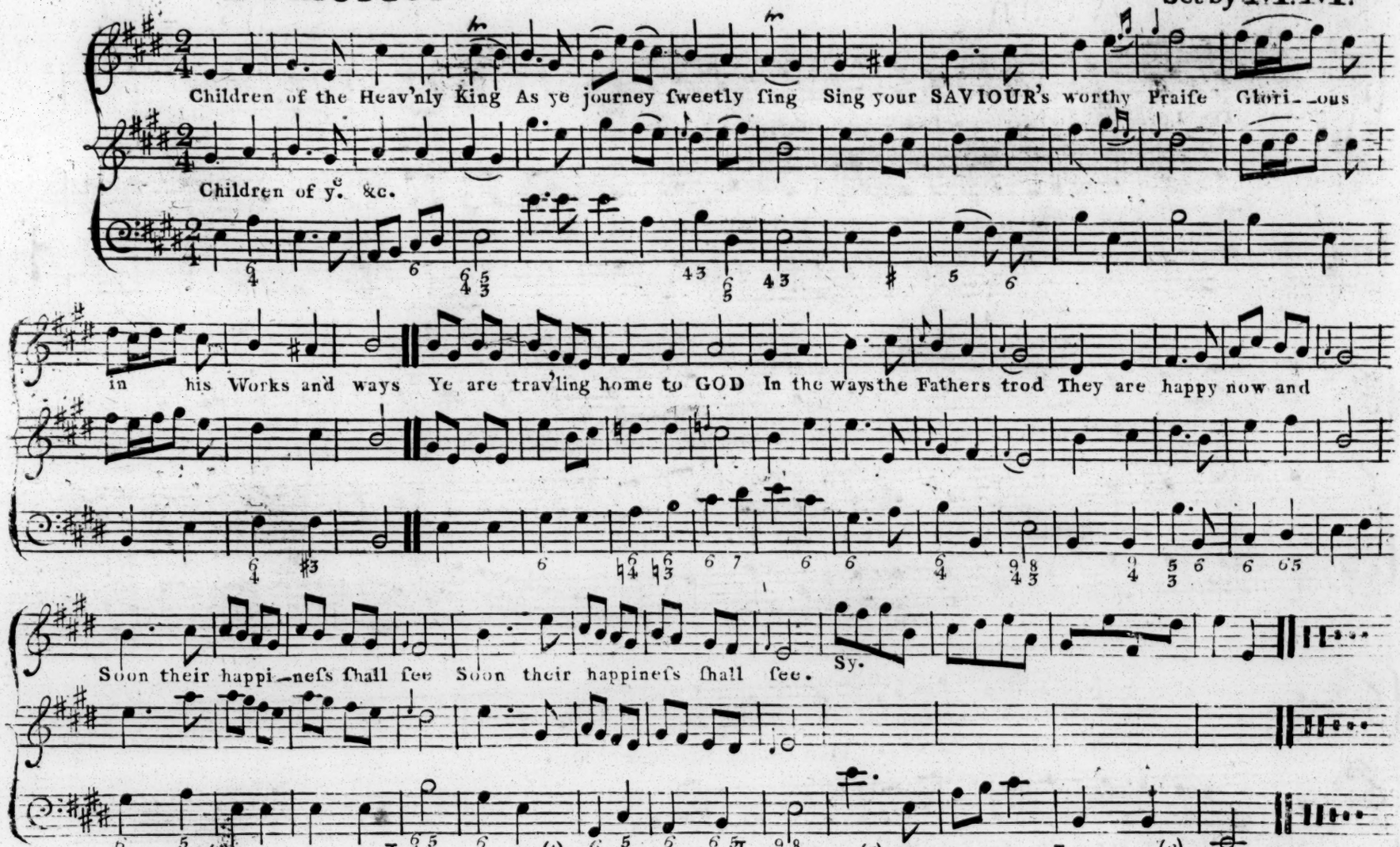

Tutti for.
Who is the King of Glo=ry. who. who. who is the King of Glo=ry
Who is the King of Glo=ry who. who. who is the King of Glo=ry.
who. The Lord that all his Foes o'er=came, the World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew, And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's
who. The Lord that all his Foes o'er=came, the World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew, And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's
Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name.
Sy
Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name.


Lo! his tri=ump=hal Cha=riot waits, And An=gels chaunt the ſo=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye
Lo! his tri=ump=hal Cha=riot waits. And An=gels chaunt the ſo=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye
heav'nly Gates, Ye e=verlaſt=ing Doors give Way. Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, Ye e=ver=laſt=ing
heav'nly Gates, Ye e=verlaſting Doors give Way. Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, Ye e=verlaſting
5
5
Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who. who. who. Who is the King of Glo=ry
Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who. who. who. Who is the King of Glo=ry


who. The Lord of glo=rious Pow'r poſ=ſeſt, The King of Saints and An=gels too. God o=ver
who. The Lord of glo=rious Pow'r poſ=ſeſt, The King of Saints and An=gels too. God o=ver
all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver
all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver
bleſt. God o=ver all, for e=ver bleſt. for e=ver bleſt.
bleſt. God o=ver all, for e=ver bleſt. for e=ver bleſt.

Somerſet

121
Set by M.M.



(3)
O, ye baniſh'd Seed, be glad
CHRIST our Advocate is made,
Us, to ſave, our Fleſh aſſumes
Brother to our Souls becomes.

(4)
Shout ye little Flock and bleſt,
You on JESU's Throne ſhall reſt,
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

(5)
Fear not Brethren, joyful ſtand
On the Borders of your Land,
JESUS CHRIST, y. Father's SON,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

(6)
LORD obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow Thee.

Croydon

Set by C. L.

pia. for: pia. Sy. Sy.

'Tis Finish'd 'tis finish'd 'Tis Finish'd the Redeemer said, And meekly meekly bow'd his dy---ing Head,

'Tis finish'd 'Tis Finish'd the Redeemer said, And meekly meekly bow'd his dy---ing Head,

for: Sy. Largo

Whilst we this Sentence scan, Whilst we this Sentence scan, Come Sinners and ob-serve the Word Behold the Conquests

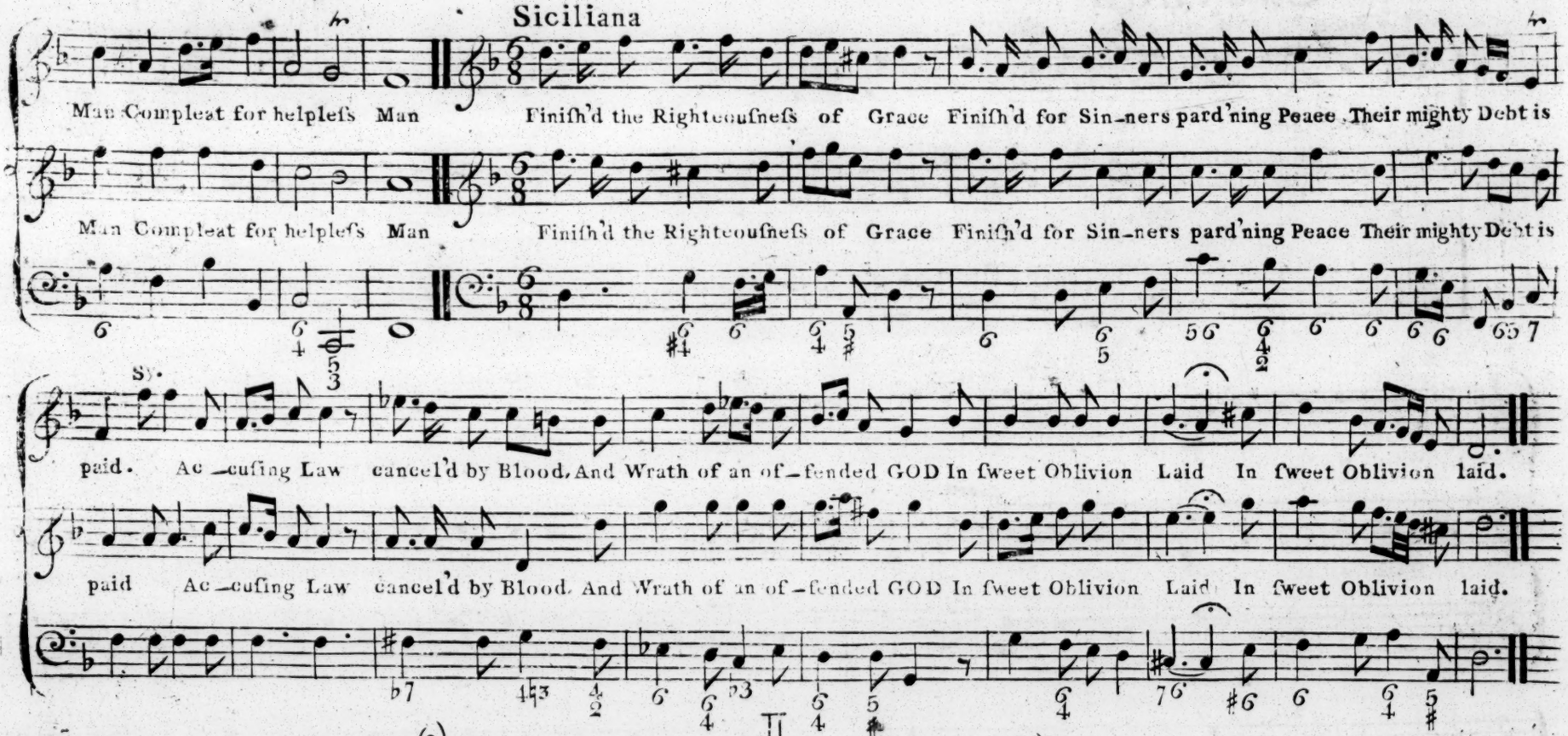
Whilst we this Sentence scan, Whilst we this Sentence scan, Come Sinners and ob-serve the Word Behold the Conquests

Sy.

of our LORD, Behold the Conquests the Conquests of our LORD, Compleat for help-less

of our LORD, Behold the Conquests the Conquests of our LORD, Compleat for help-less

Siciliana



(3)
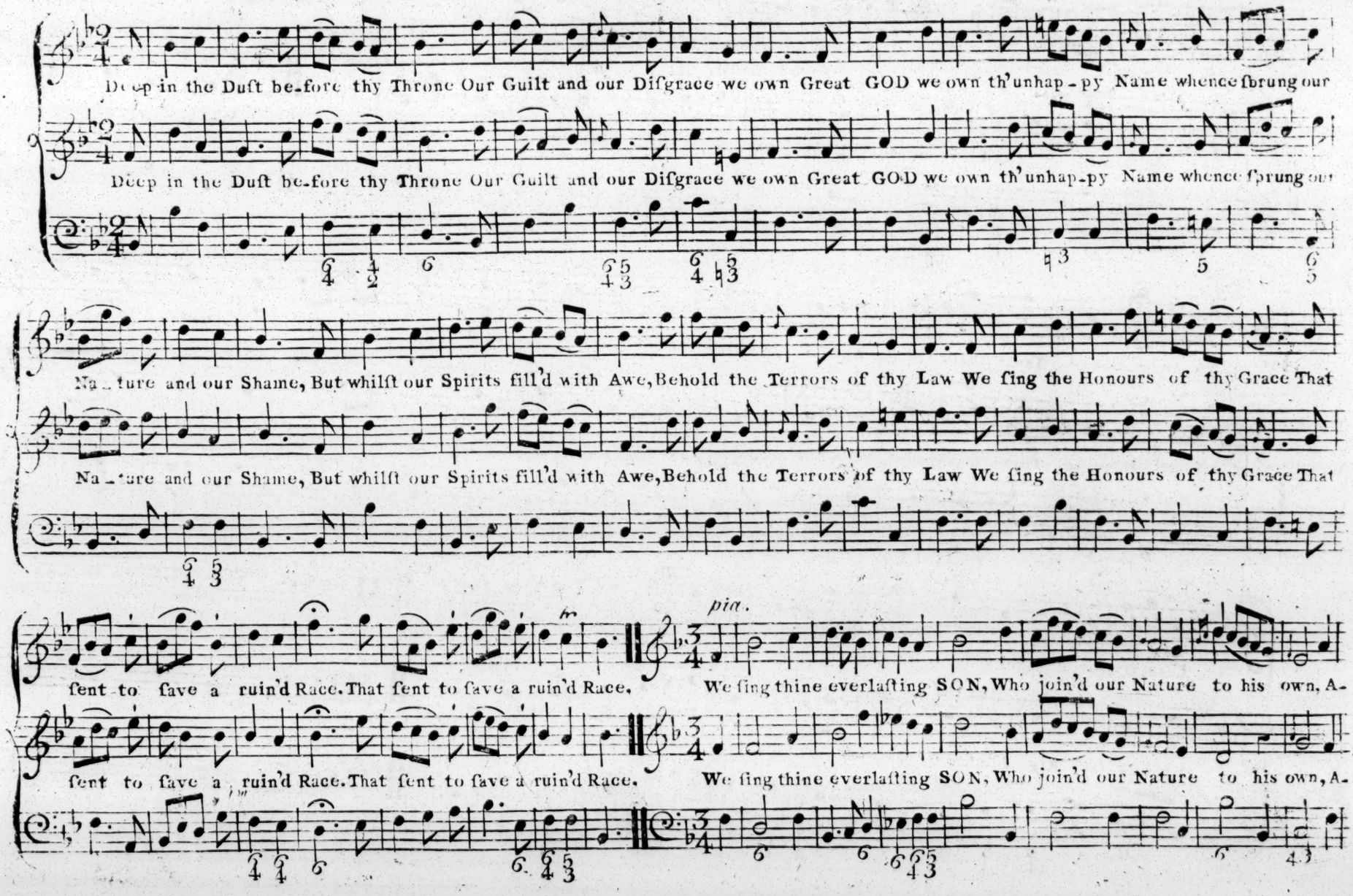
Who now ſhall urge a ſecond Claim,
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a Friend appears,
The Priſon houſe a Whiſper hears,
Looſe him and let him go.
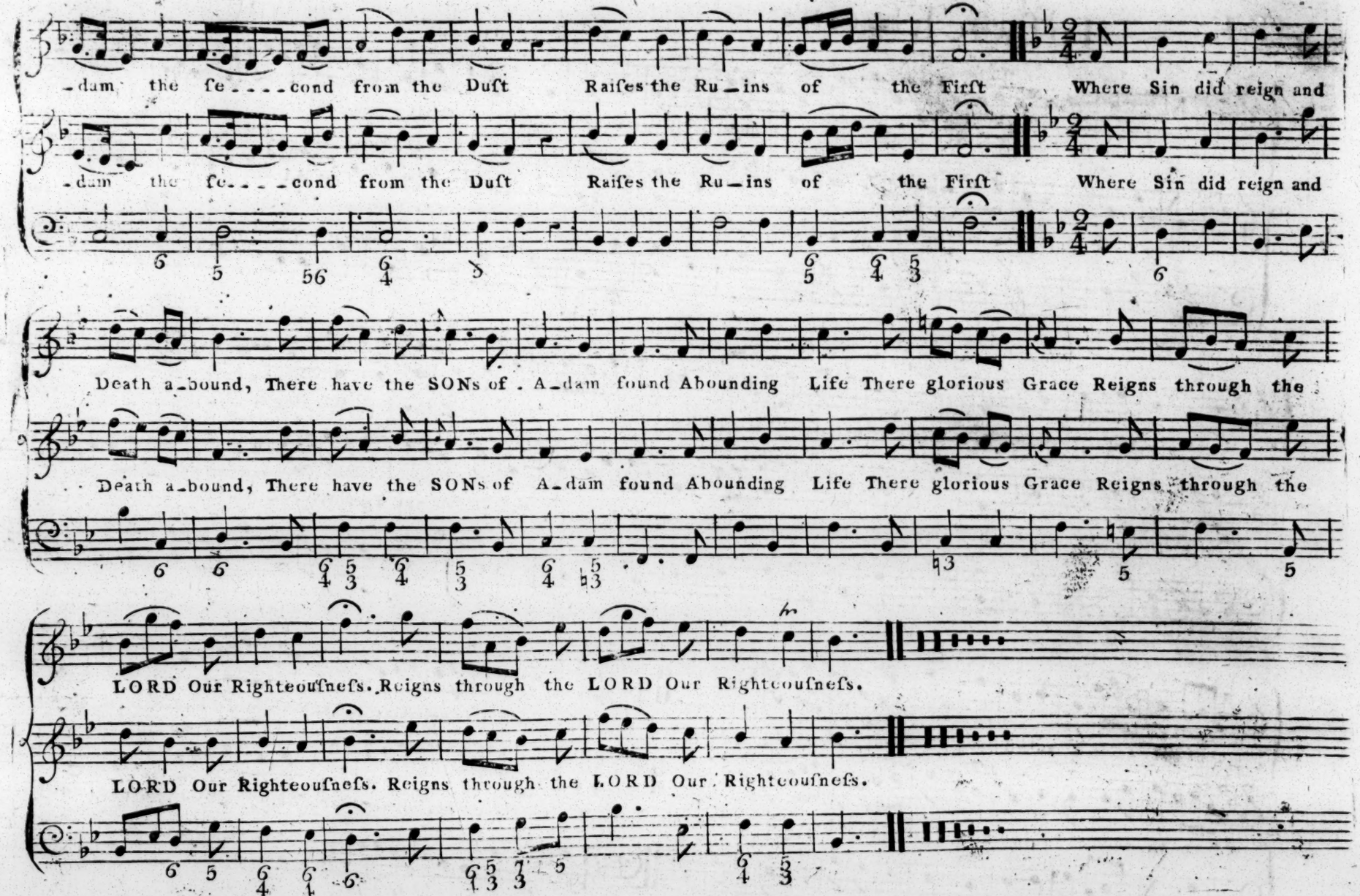
(4)

O Unbelief injurious Bar
Source of tormenting fruitleſs Fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply
Where er thy loud Objection fall,
'Tis finiſh'd ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry Cry.

Ipſwich
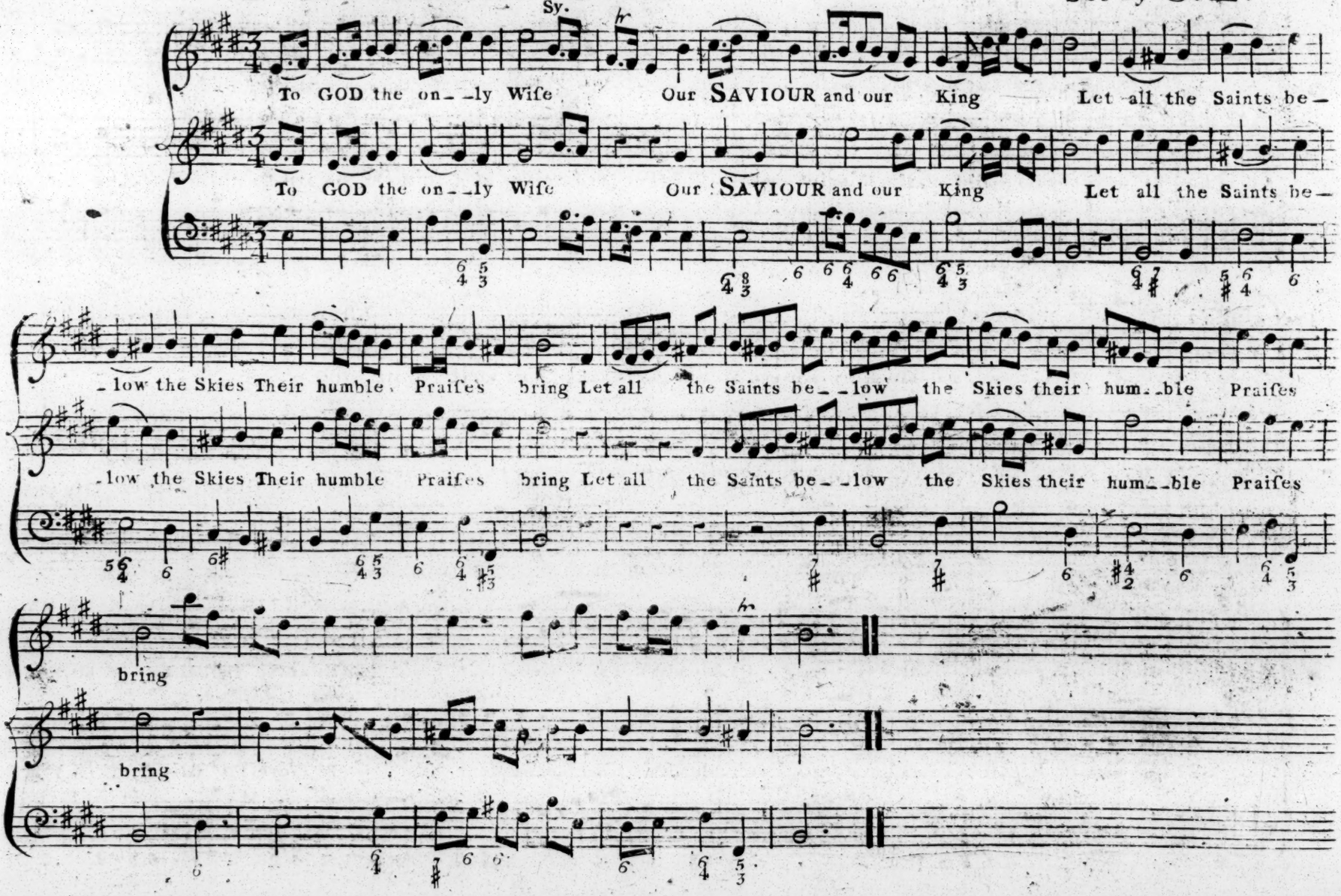
Set by M. M.



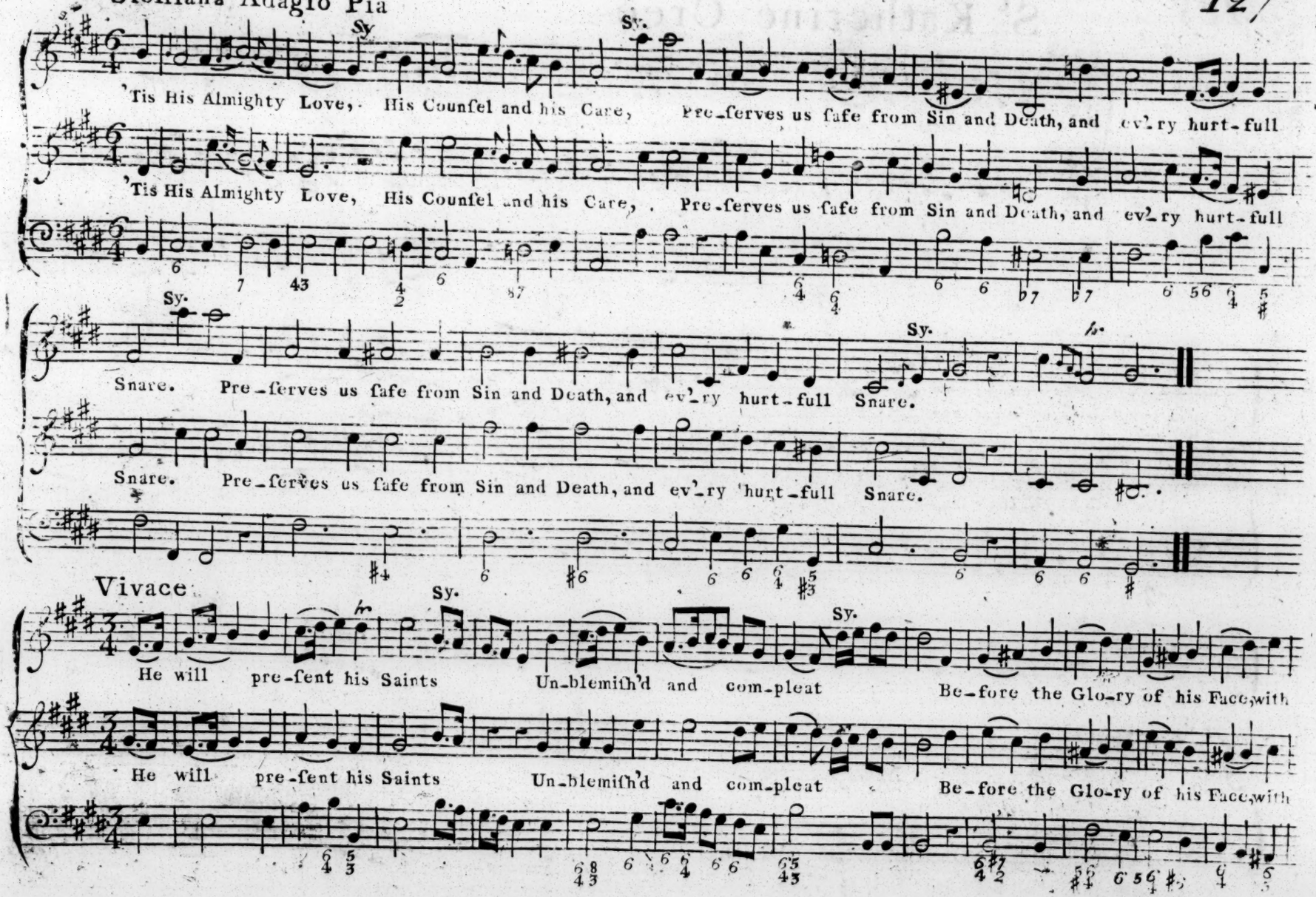

-dam the fe - - - - cond from the Duſt Raiſes the Ru - ins of the Firſt Where Sin did reign and
-dam the fe - - - - cond from the Duſt Raiſes the Ru - ins of the Firſt Where Sin did reign and
Death a - bound, There have the SONs of . A - dam found Abounding Life There glorious Grace Reigns through the
Death a - bound, There have the SONs of A - dam found Abounding Life There glorious Grace Reigns through the
LORD Our Righteouſneſs. Reigns through the LORD Our Righteouſneſs.
LORD Our Righteouſneſs. Reigns through the LORD Our Righteouſneſs.
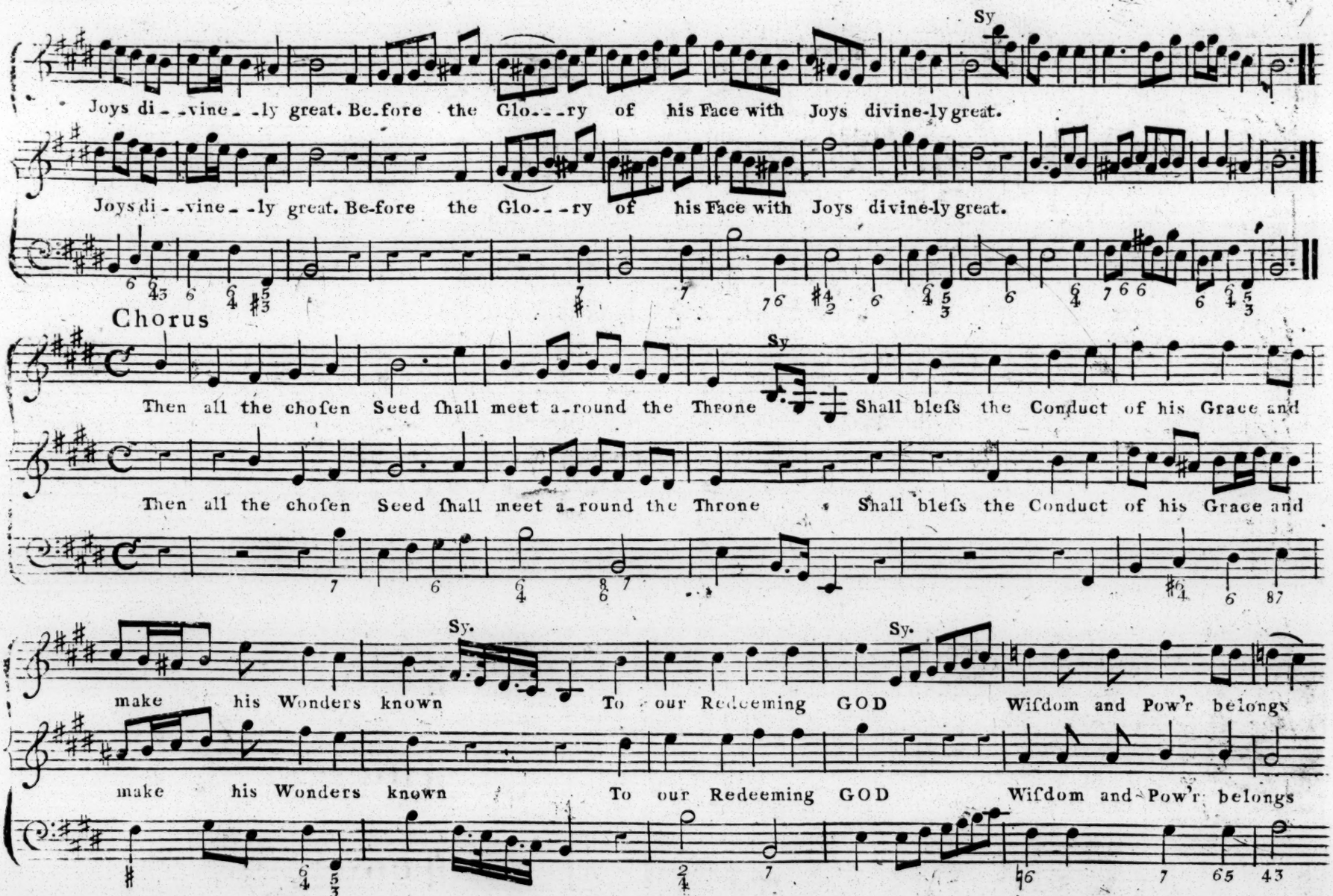
S.t Kathcrine Cree
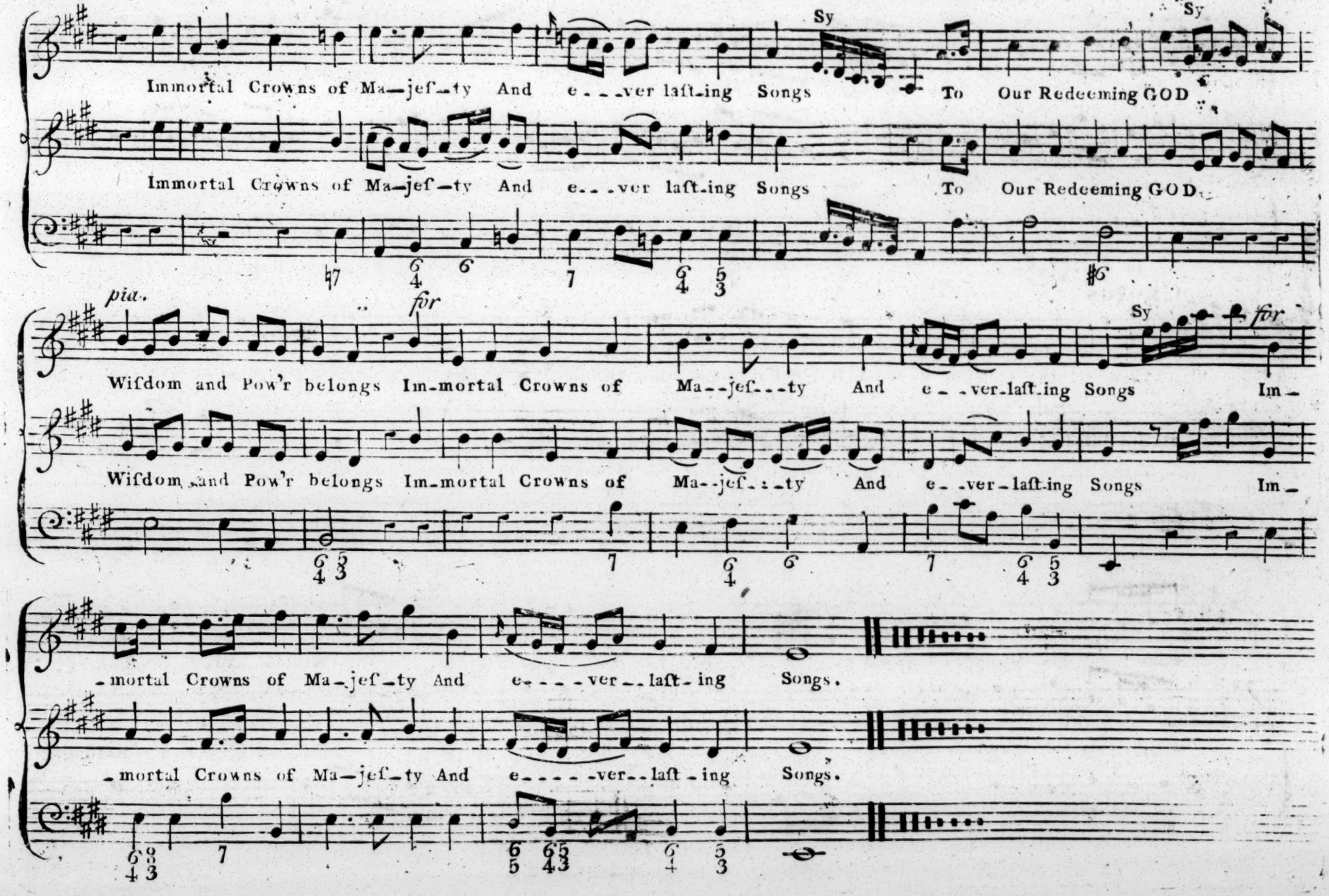
Set by C. L.



Siciliana Adagio Pia




Sy
Joys di--vine--ly great. Be-fore the Glo---ry of his Face with Joys divine-ly great.
Joys di--vine--ly great. Be-fore the Glo---ry of his Face with Joys divine-ly great.
Chorus
Sy
Then all the chosen Seed shall meet a-round the Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace and
Then all the chosen Seed shall meet a-round the Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace and
Sy.
Sy.
make his Wonders known To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom and Pow'r belongs
make his Wonders known To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom and Pow'r belongs


Sy
Sy
Immortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e...ver laſt-ing Songs To Our Redeeming GOD
Immortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e...ver laſt-ing Songs To Our Redeeming GOD
pia.
for
Sy
for
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs Im-mortal Crowns of Ma--jef---ty And e..ver-laſt-ing Songs Im-
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs Im-mortal Crowns of Ma--jef---ty And e..ver-laſt-ing Songs Im-
-mortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e....ver--laſt-ing Songs.
-mortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e....ver--laſt-ing Songs.

Litchfield

Set by M. M.

Sotto Voce dolce

Maestoso

To GOD To GOD the on ly wife, Our SAVIOUR and our King, Let all the Saints be-low the

To GOD To GOD the on ly wife, Our SAVIOUR and our King, Let all the Saints be-low the

for

pia. Dolce

Skies their hum-ble Praiſes bring. Their hum-ble Praiſes bring. Let all the Saints be--low the Skies Their

Skies their hum-ble Praiſes bring. Their hum-ble Praiſes bring. Let all the Saints be--low the Skies Their

for
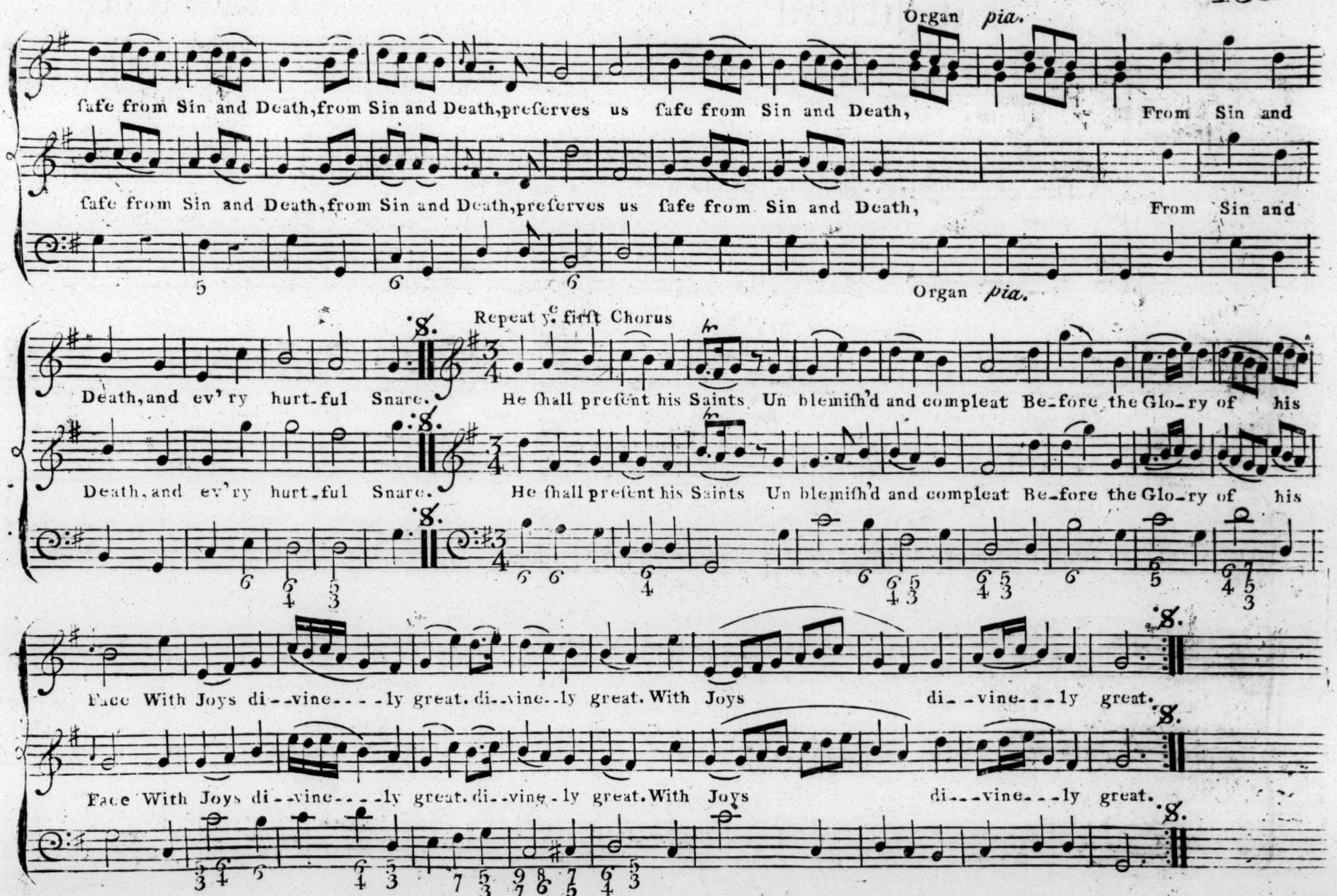
hum-ble Praiſes bring. Their hum-ble Praiſes bring.
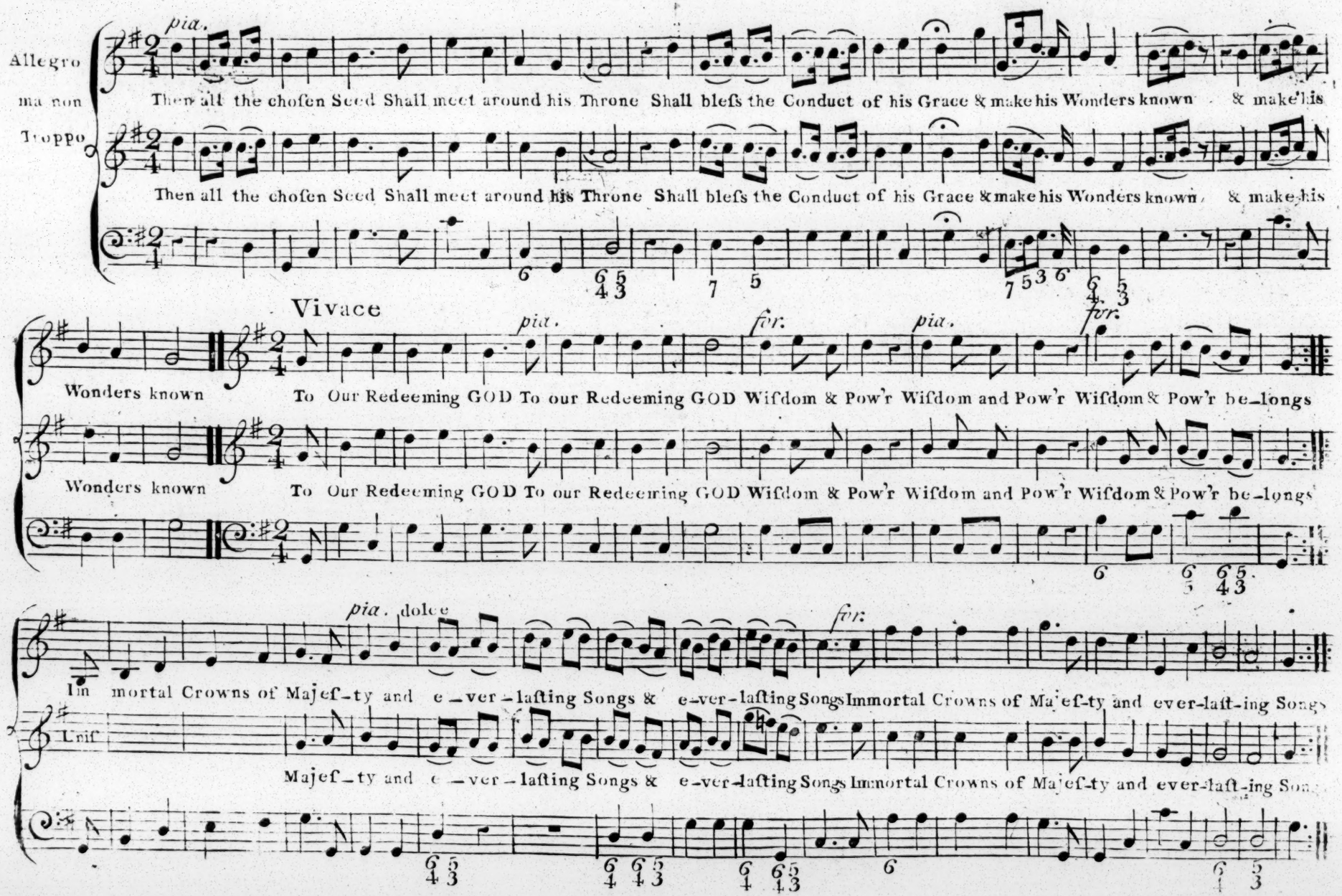
Andante *pia.*

'Tis His Almighty Love, His Counſel and his Care, Preſerves us

hum-ble Praiſes bring. Their hum-ble Praiſes bring.
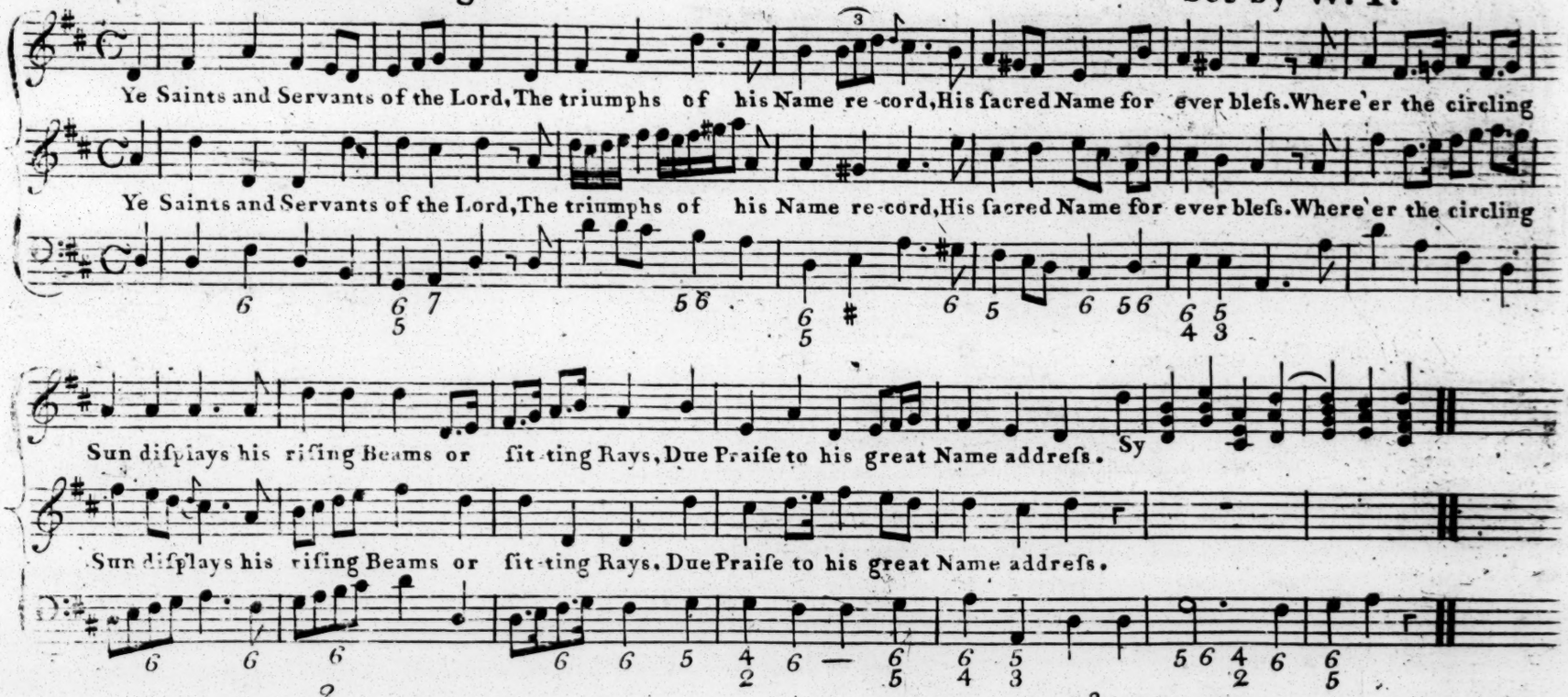
'Tis His Almighty Love, His Counſel and his Care, Preſerves us


Organ pia.
safe from Sin and Death, from Sin and Death, preserves us safe from Sin and Death, From Sin and
safe from Sin and Death, from Sin and Death, preserves us safe from Sin and Death, From Sin and
Organ pia.
Repeat y.e first Chorus
Death, and ev'ry hurt-ful Snare. He shall present his Saints Un blemish'd and compleat Be-fore the Glo-ry of his
Death, and ev'ry hurt-ful Snare. He shall present his Saints Un blemish'd and compleat Be-fore the Glo-ry of his
Face With Joys di--vine----ly great. di--vine--ly great. With Joys di--vine---ly great.
Face With Joys di--vine----ly great. di--vine-ly great. With Joys di---vine---ly great.


Allegro
ma non
Troppo
pia.
Then all the chosen Seed Shall meet around his Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace & make his Wonders known & make his
Then all the chosen Seed Shall meet around his Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace & make his Wonders known & make his
Vivace
pia.
for.
pia.
for.
Wonders known To Our Redeeming GOD To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom & Pow'r Wisdom and Pow'r Wisdom & Pow'r be-longs
Wonders known To Our Redeeming GOD To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom & Pow'r Wisdom and Pow'r Wisdom & Pow'r be-longs
pia. dolce
for.
Im mortal Crowns of Majes-ty and e-ver-lasting Songs & e-ver-lasting Songs Immortal Crowns of Majes-ty and ever-last-ing Songs
Unis
Majes-ty and e-ver-lasting Songs & e-ver-lasting Songs Immortal Crowns of Majes-ty and ever-last-ing Songs

Exeter. Andante Allegro

Set by W. I.



2

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are,
With Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

3
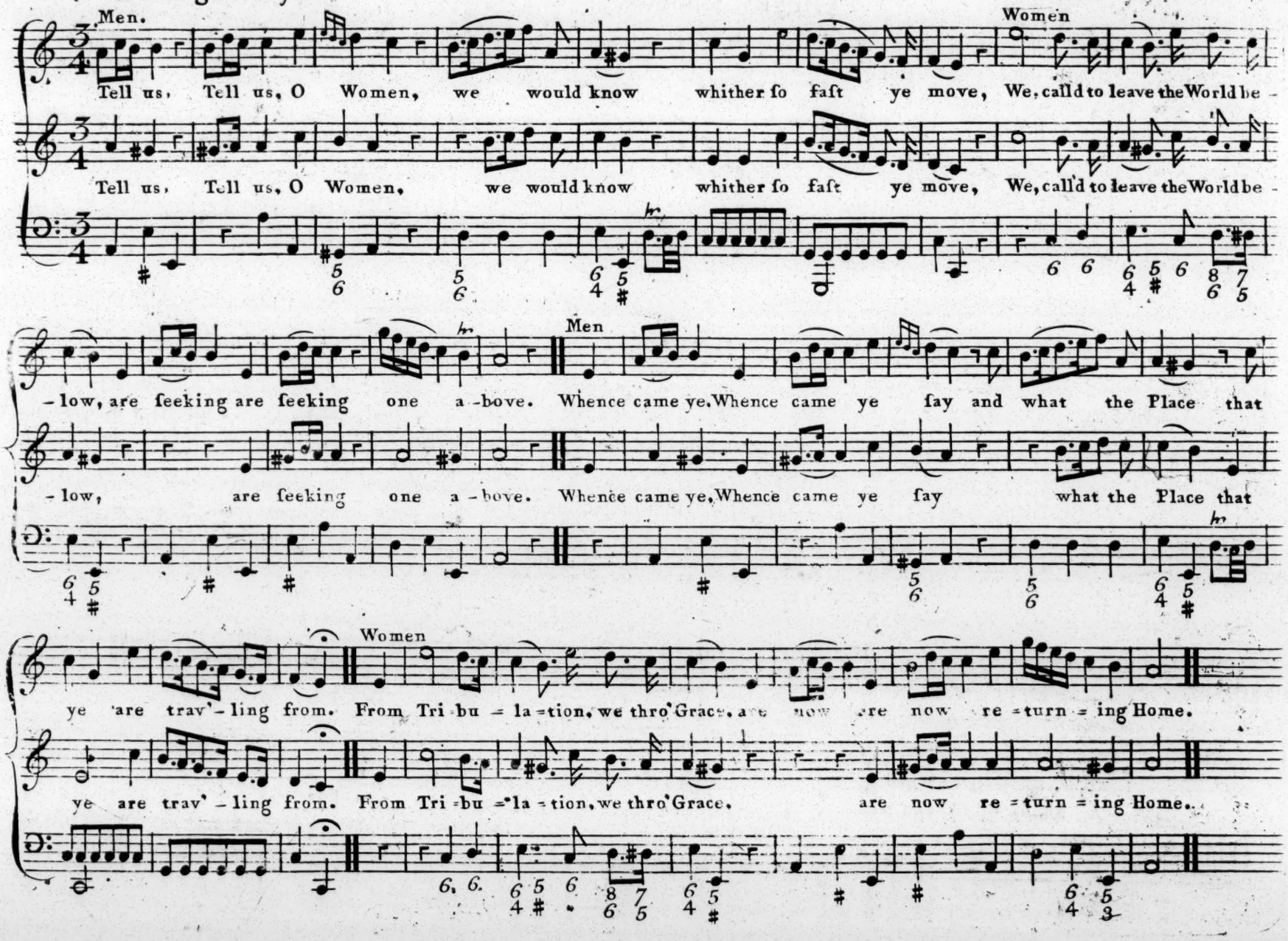
Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

4

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant Host
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore.
Be Glory as in Ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When Earth and Heav'n shall be no more.

Dialogue Hymn

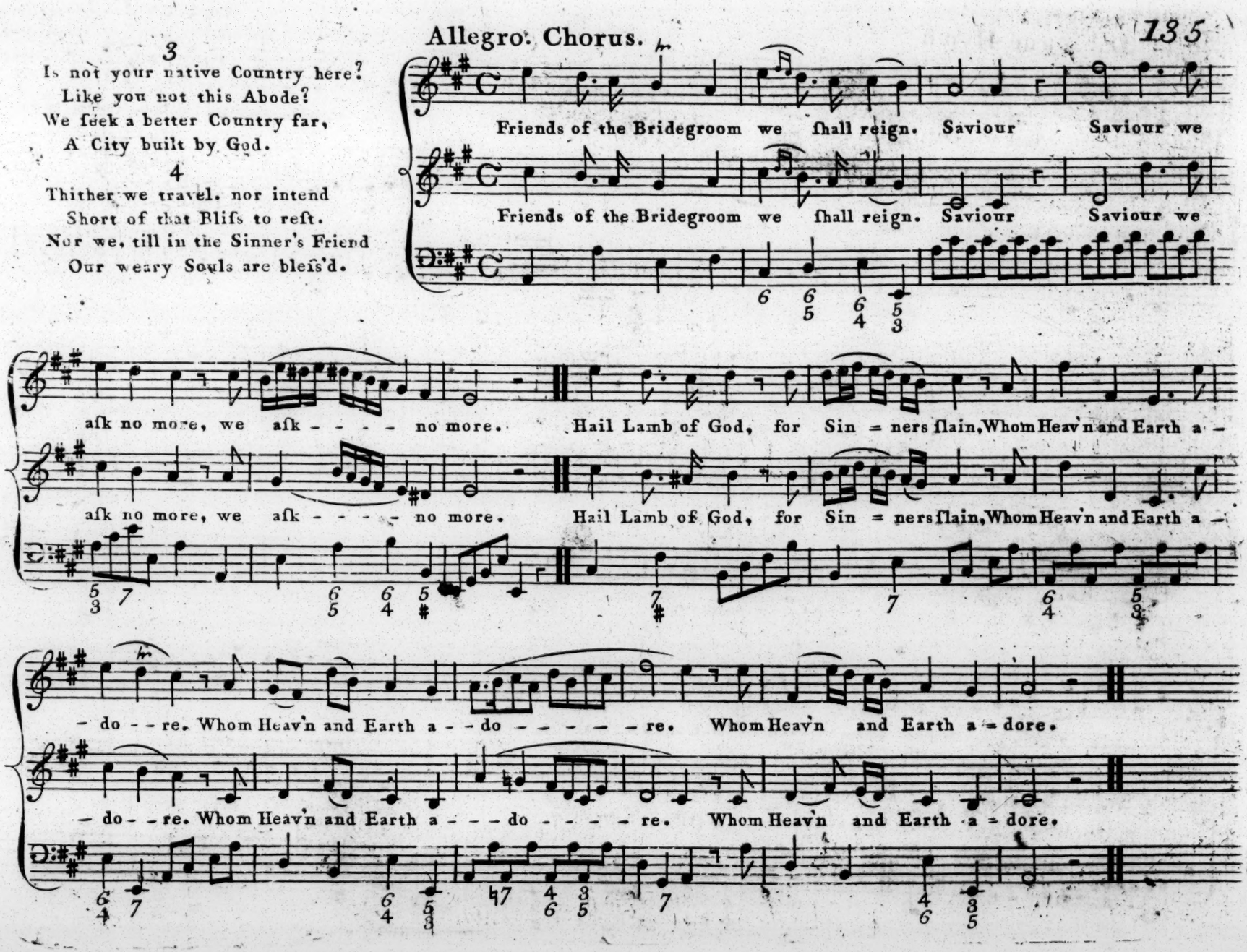
Set by C. B.



3
Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this Abode?
We ſeek a better Country far,
A City built by God.

4
Thither we travel. nor intend
Short of that Bliſs to reſt.
Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are bleſs'd.

Allegro. Chorus.



Amesbury.

Set by S. A.

Come let us a=new our Journey pur=sue, roll round with the Year, roll round with the Year. And never stand still till our

Come let us a=new our Journey pur=sue, roll round with the Year, roll round with the Year. And never stand still till our

Master appear, And never stand still till our Master appear.

Sy.

His a=do=ra=ble Will let us

Master appear. And never stand still till our Master appear.

His a=do=ra=ble Will let us

gladly fulfil, and our Talents improve, our Talents improve, By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. By the

gladly fulfil, and our Talents improve, our Talents improve, By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. By the

Tasto solo

Sy.

Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love.
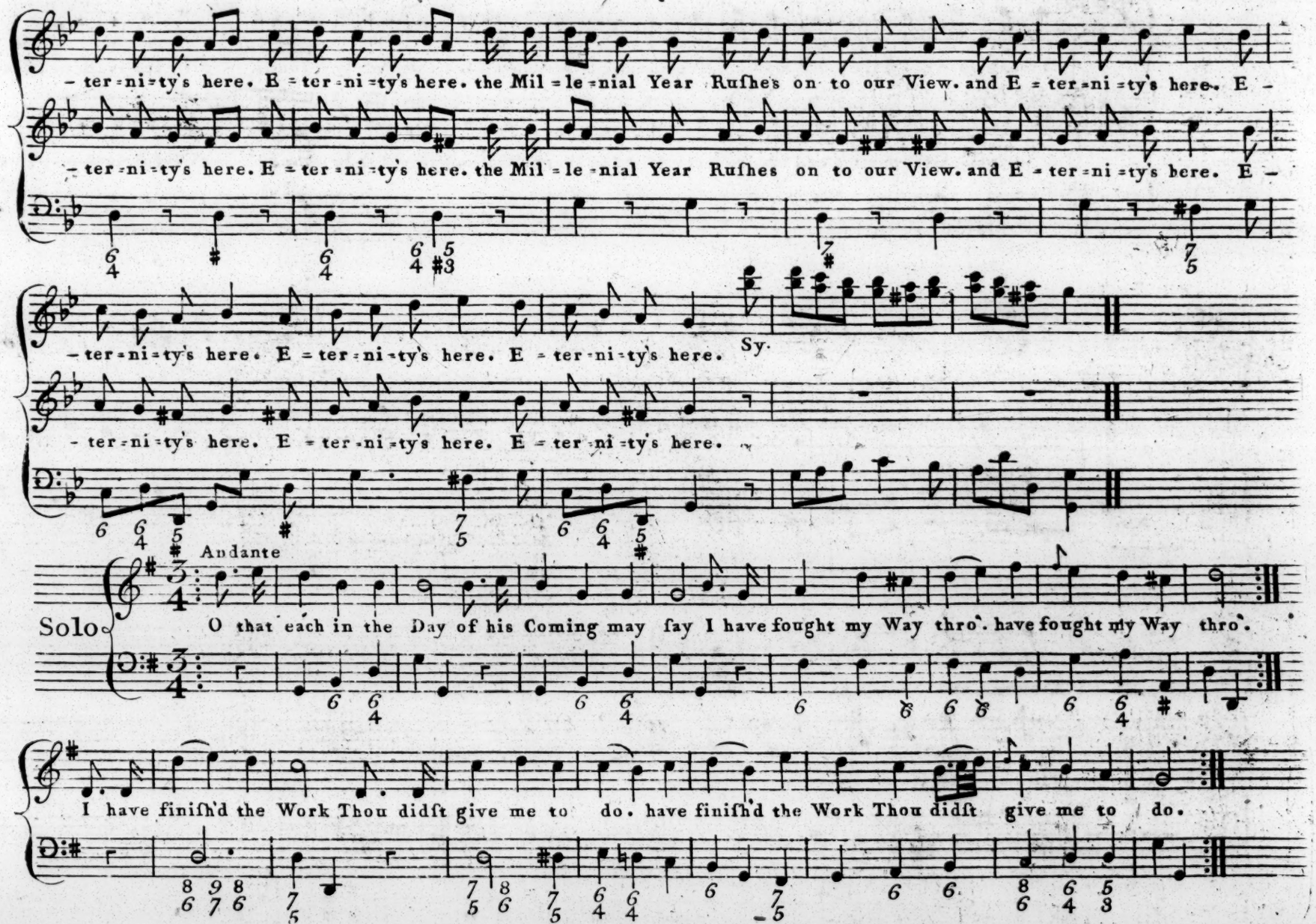
Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love.
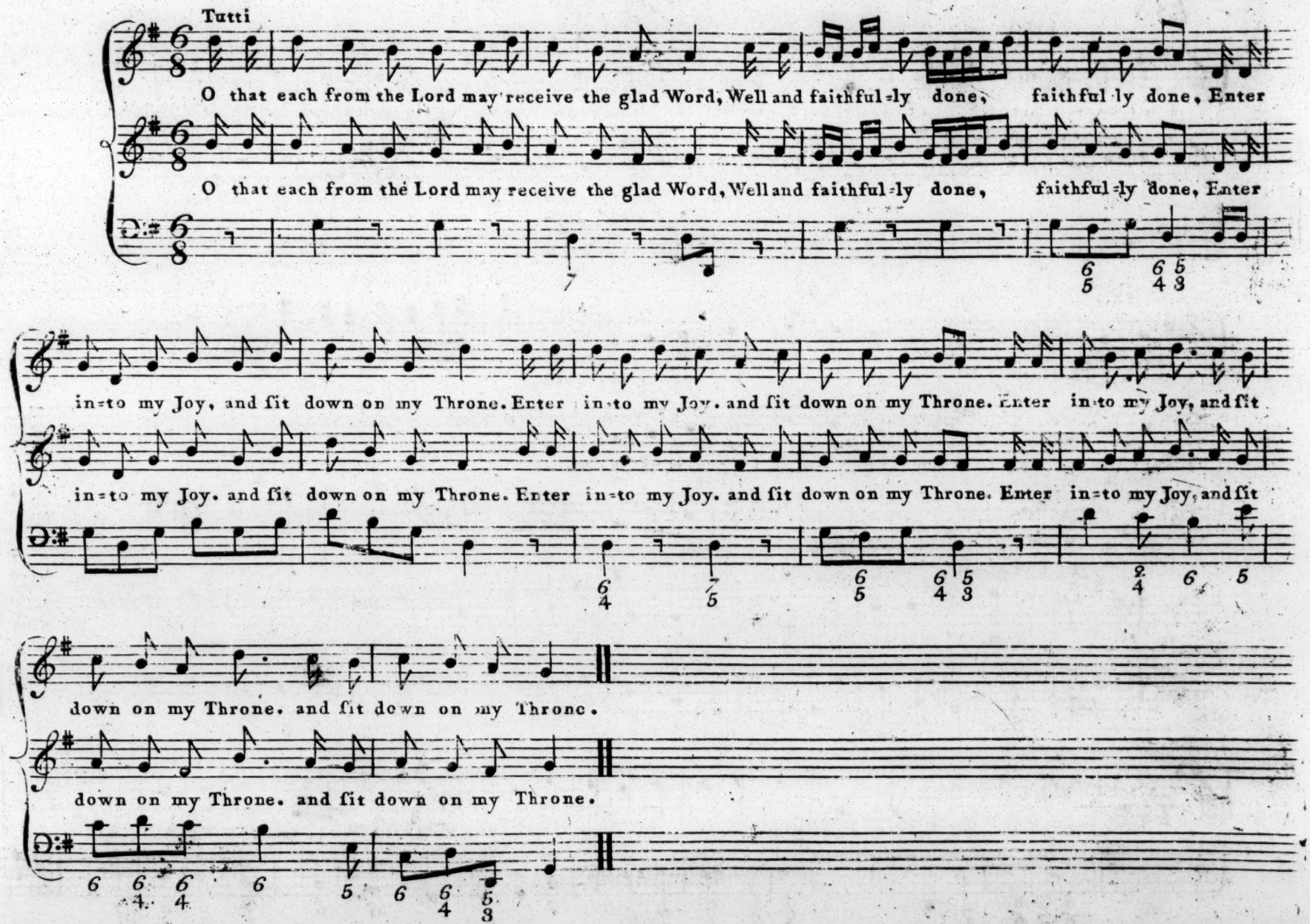
Our Life is a Dream, Our Time, as a Stream, glides ſwiftly a-way, glides ſwiftly a-way, and the fu-gi-tive Moment re-

Our Life is a Dream, Our Time, as a Stream, glides ſwiftly a-way, glides ſwiftly a-way, and the fu-gi-tive Moment re-

-fu-ſes to ſtay. The Ar-row is flown. The Moment is gone. the Mil-le-nial Year. Ruſhes on to our View, and E-
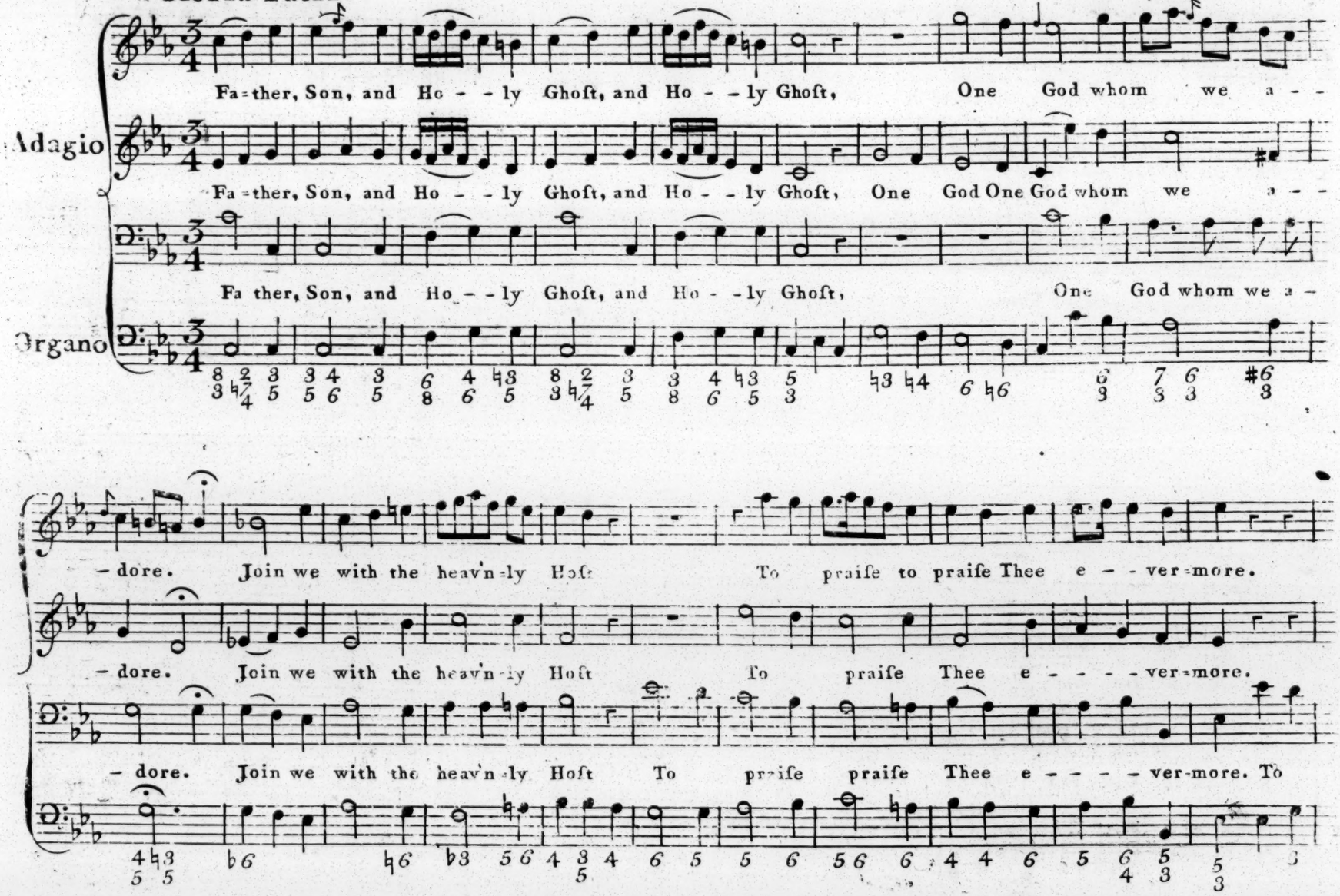
-fu-ſes to ſtay. The Ar-row is flown. The Moment is gone. the Mil-le-nial Year. Ruſhes on to our View, and E-
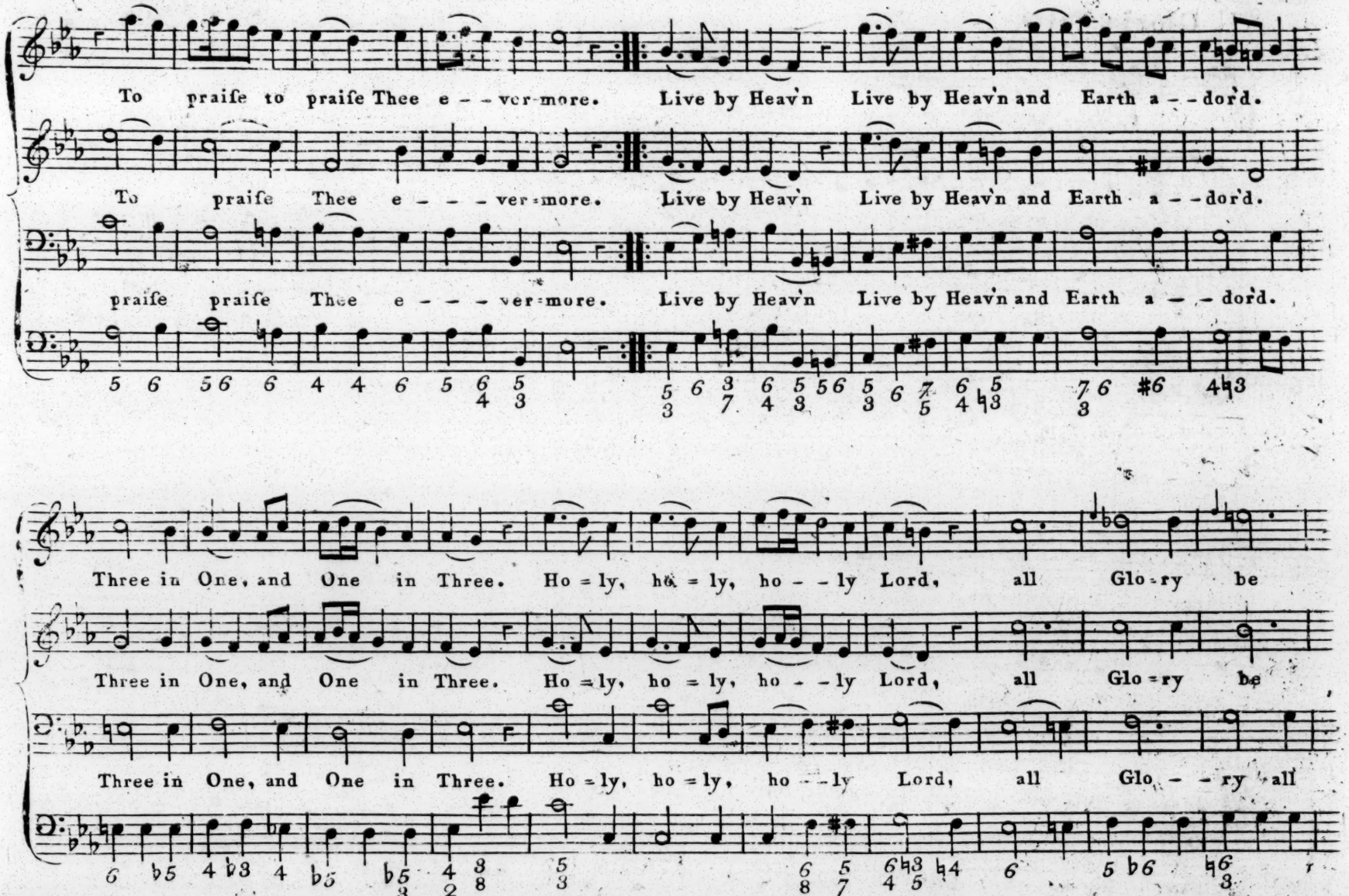

- ter = ni = ty's here. E = ter = ni = ty's here. the Mil = le = nial Year Rufhes on to our View. and E = ter = ni = ty's here. E -
- ter = ni = ty's here. E = ter = ni = ty's here. the Mil = le = nial Year Rufhes on to our View. and E = ter = ni = ty's here. E -
- ter = ni = ty's here. E = ter = ni = ty's here. E = ter = ni = ty's here.
Sy.
- ter = ni = ty's here. E = ter = ni = ty's here. E = ter = ni = ty's here.
Andante
Solo.
O that each in the Day of his Coming may fay I have fought my Way thro'. have fought my Way thro'.
I have finifh'd the Work Thou didft give me to do. have finifh'd the Work Thou didft give me to do.
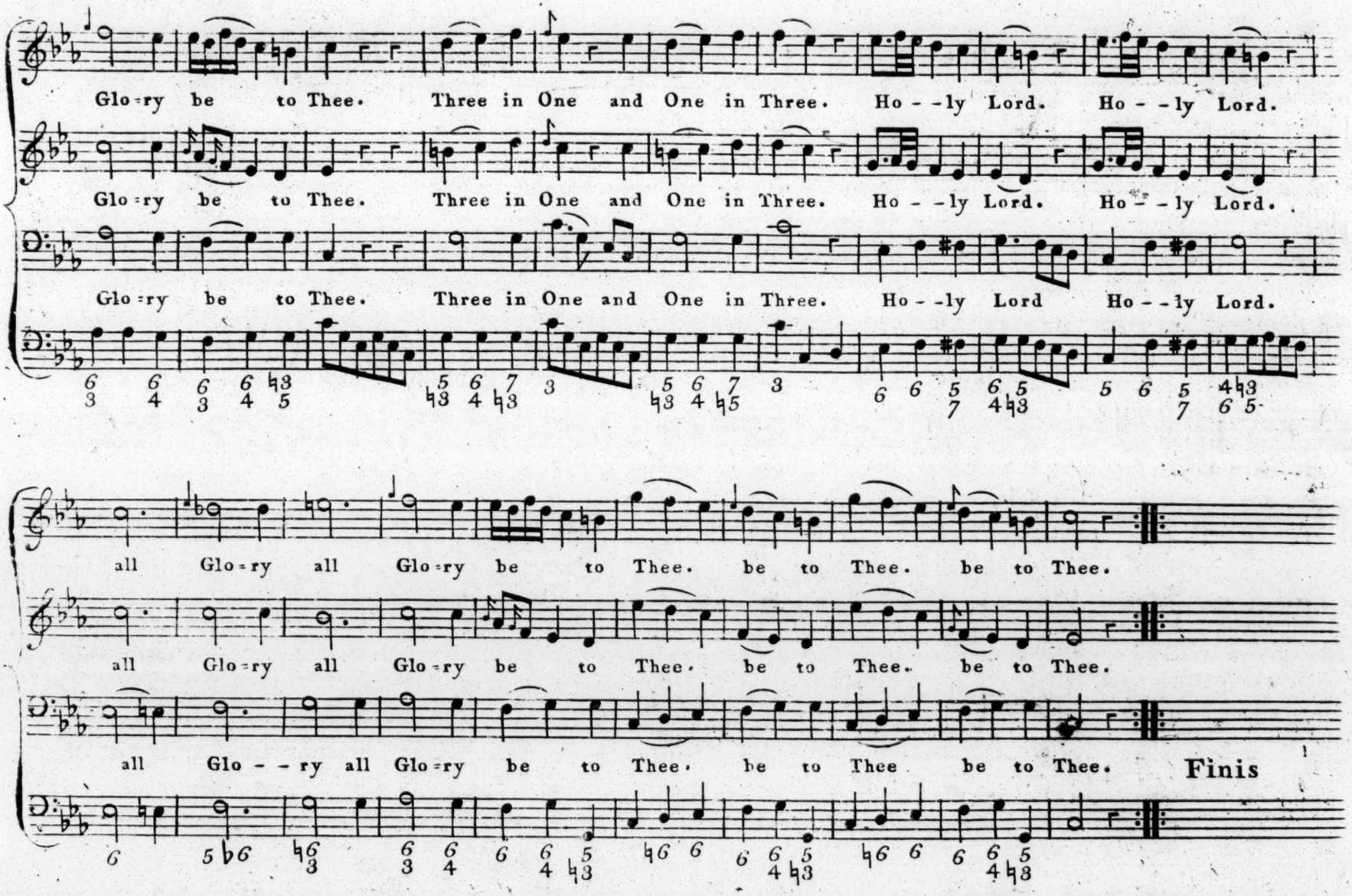

Tutti
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad Word, Well and faithful=ly done, faithful=ly done, Enter
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad Word, Well and faithful=ly done, faithful=ly done, Enter
in=to my Joy, and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in=to my Joy. and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in=to my Joy, and ſit
in=to my Joy. and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in=to my Joy. and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in=to my Joy, and ſit
down on my Throne. and ſit down on my Throne.
down on my Throne. and ſit down on my Throne.

Gloria Patri.

Set by F. A.
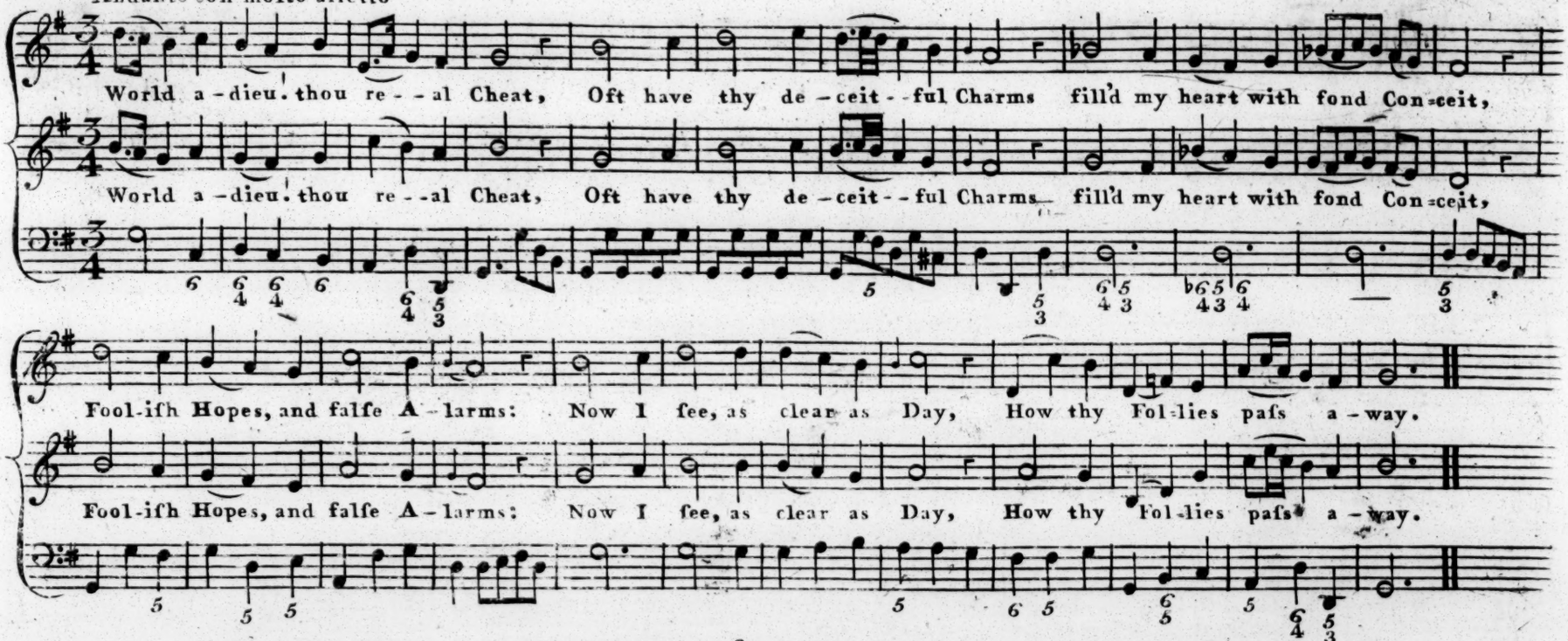



To praiſe to praiſe Thee e - - ver-more. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth a - - dor'd.
To praiſe Thee e - - - ver-more. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth a - - dor'd.
praiſe praiſe Thee e - - - ver-more. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth a - - dor'd.
Three in One, and One in Three. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - - ly Lord, all Glo-ry be
Three in One, and One in Three. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - - ly Lord, all Glo-ry be
Three in One, and One in Three. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - - ly Lord, all Glo - - ry all


Glo=ry be to Thee. Three in One and One in Three. Ho--ly Lord. Ho--ly Lord.
Glo=ry be to Thee. Three in One and One in Three. Ho--ly Lord. Ho--ly Lord.
Glo=ry be to Thee. Three in One and One in Three. Ho--ly Lord Ho--ly Lord.
all Glo=ry all Glo=ry be to Thee. be to Thee. be to Thee.
all Glo=ry all Glo=ry be to Thee. be to Thee. be to Thee.
all Glo--ry all Glo=ry be to Thee. be to Thee be to Thee. Finis

Bloxham

Andante con molto affetto

Set by M. M.



2

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
Falſe thy Promiſes renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for Heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt Love

3

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain Guſt,
If the leaſt Miſchance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Duſt:
Wordly Honours end in Gall
Riſe To-day—To morow fall.

4

Fooliſh Vanity— Farewel—
More inconſtant than the Wave,
Where thy ſoothing Fancies dwell,
Pureſt Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST ſhall ſet me free.

5
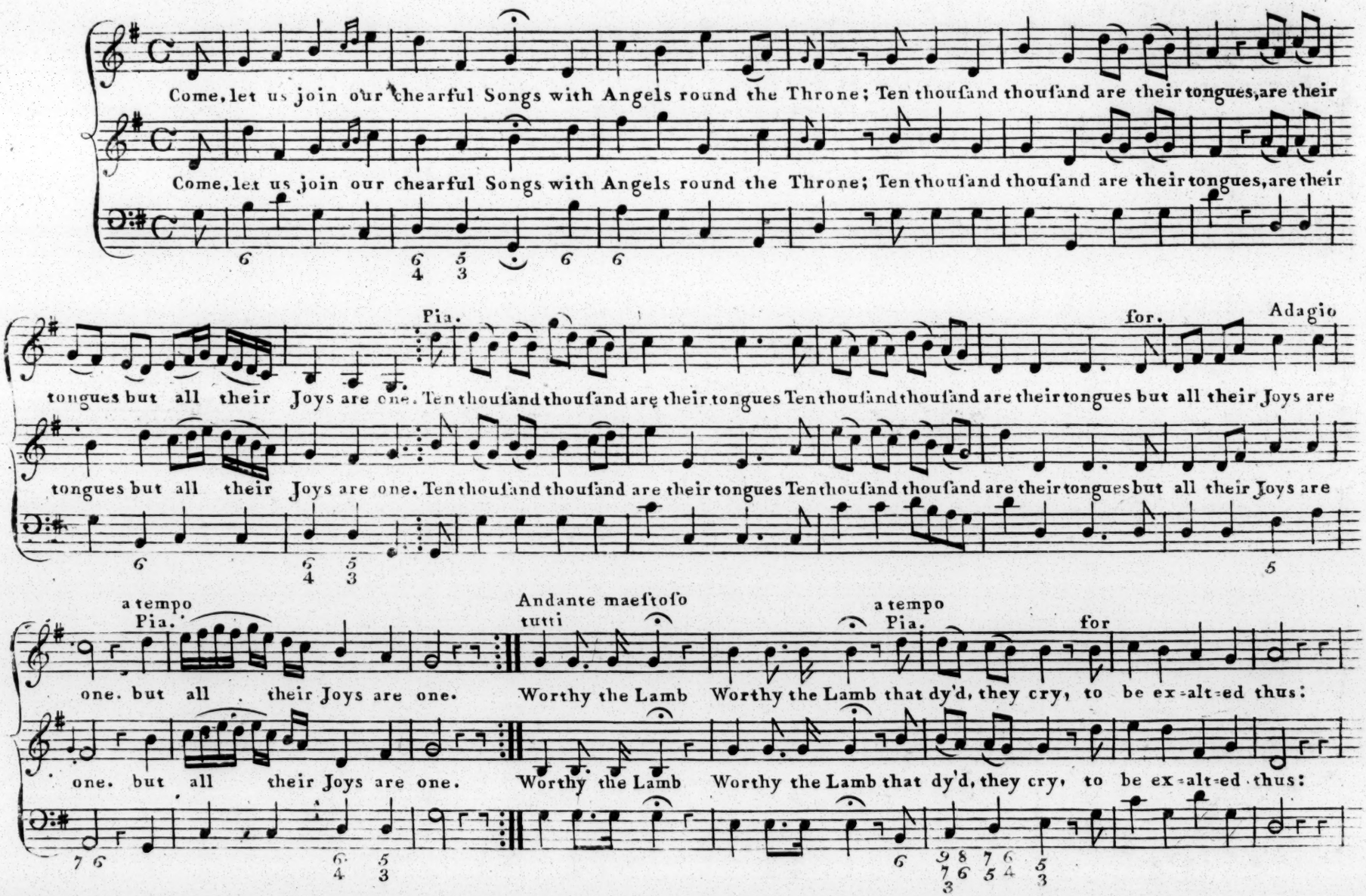
Let not LORD! my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys
Since, in Thee alone, I find
Solid and ſubſtantial Joys;
Joys that never overpaſt,
Thro' Eternity ſhall laſt.

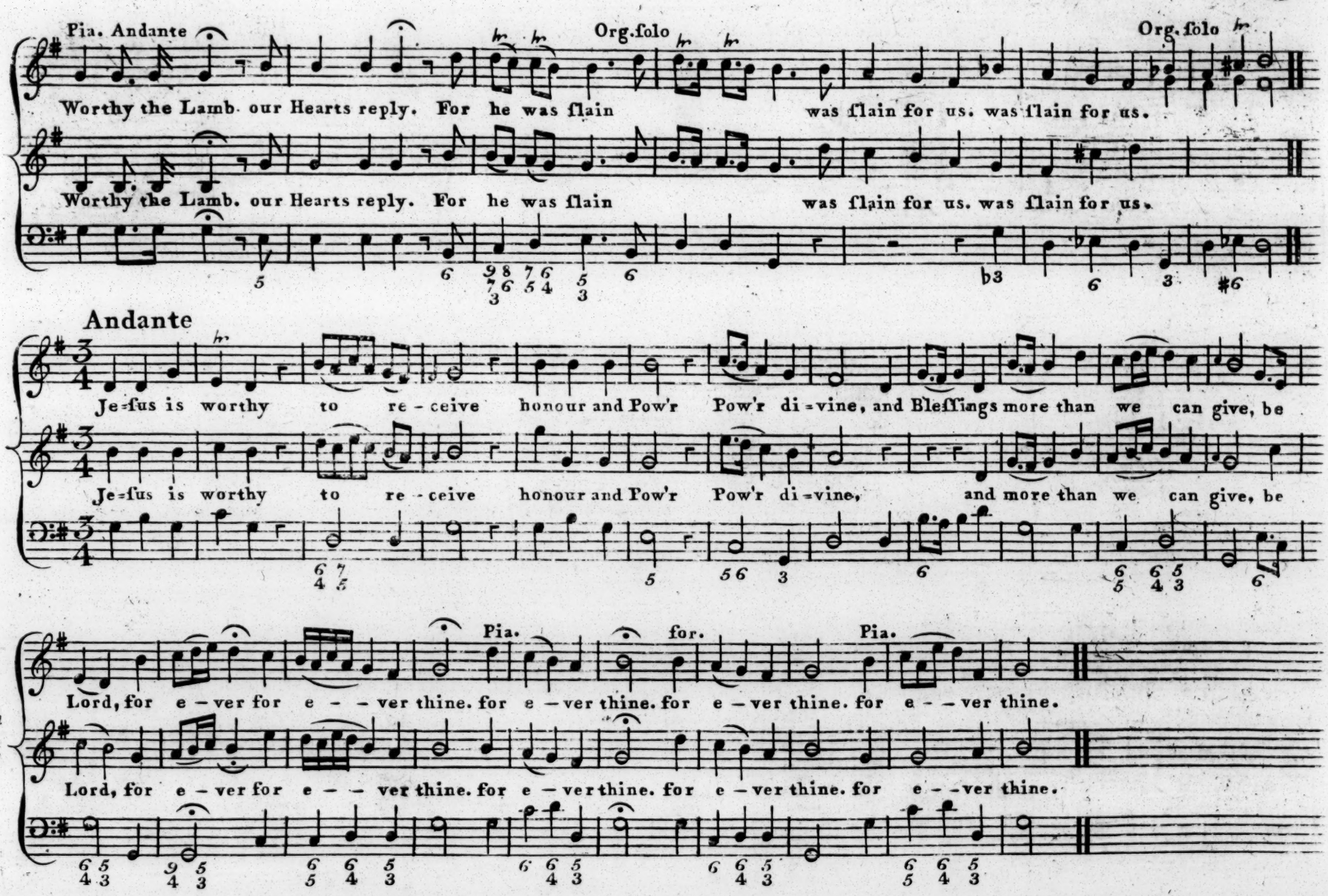
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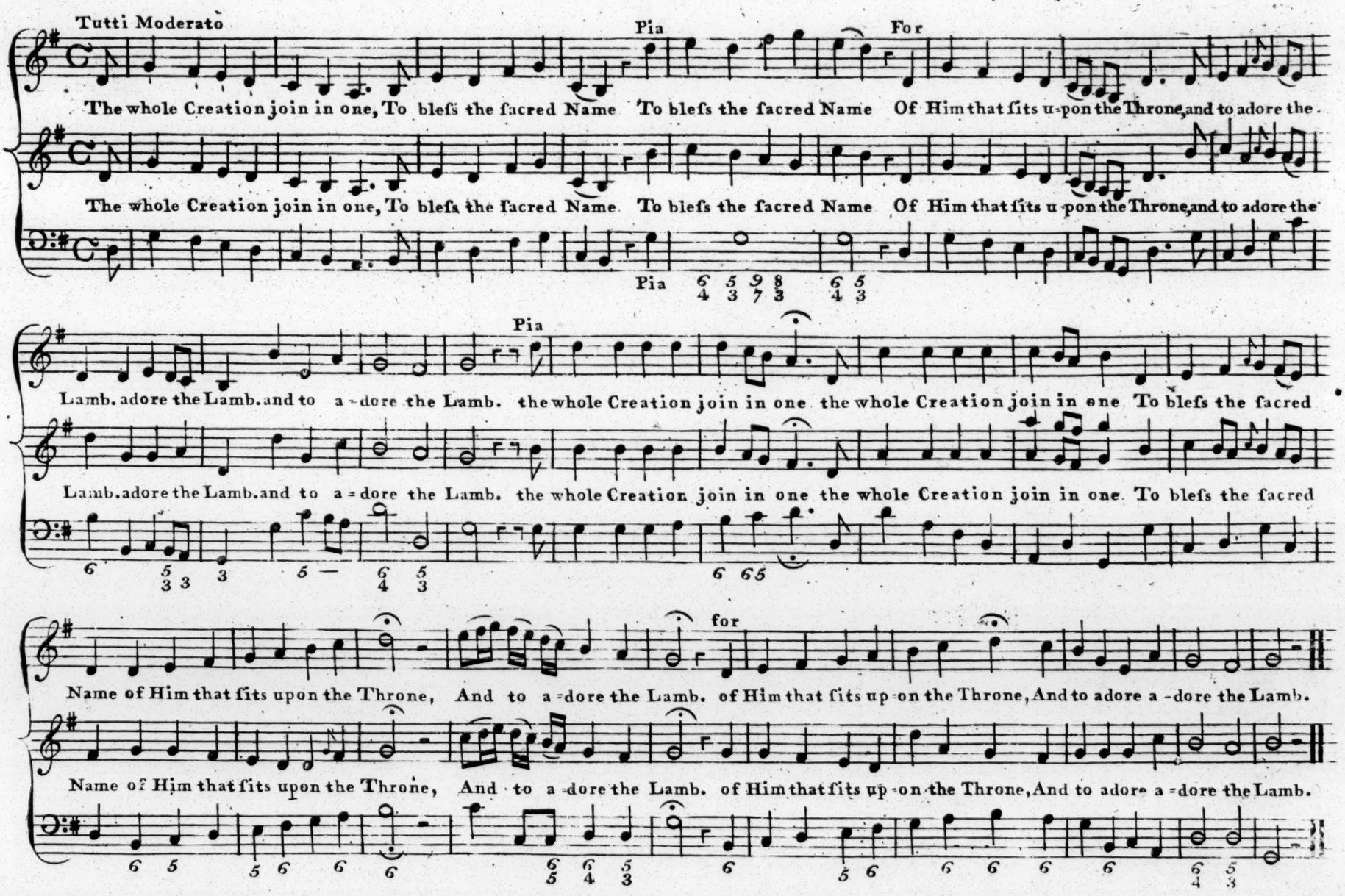
LORD! how happy is a Heart
After Thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer it's Deſires:
It ſhall ſee the glorious Scene
Of thine everlaſting Reign.

Epsom

Set by M.M.




Pia. Andante
Org. solo
Org. solo
Worthy the Lamb. our Hearts reply. For he was slain was slain for us. was slain for us.
Worthy the Lamb. our Hearts reply. For he was slain was slain for us. was slain for us.
Andante
Je=sus is worthy to re=ceive honour and Pow'r Pow'r di=vine, and Blessings more than we can give, be
Je=sus is worthy to re=ceive honour and Pow'r Pow'r di=vine, and more than we can give, be
Pia.
for.
Pia.
Lord, for e=ver for e=ver thine. for e=ver thine. for e=ver thine. for e=ver thine.
Lord, for e=ver for e=ver thine. for e=ver thine. for e=ver thine. for e=ver thine.


Tutti Moderato
Pia
For
The whole Creation join in one, To bleſs the ſacred Name To bleſs the ſacred Name Of Him that ſits u-pon the Throne, and to adore the.
The whole Creation join in one, To bleſs the ſacred Name To bleſs the ſacred Name Of Him that ſits u-pon the Throne, and to adore the
Pia
Pia
Lamb. adore the Lamb. and to a-dore the Lamb. the whole Creation join in one the whole Creation join in one To bleſs the ſacred
Lamb. adore the Lamb. and to a-dore the Lamb. the whole Creation join in one the whole Creation join in one To bleſs the ſacred
for
Name of Him that ſits upon the Throne, And to a-dore the Lamb. of Him that ſits up-on the Throne, And to adore a-dore the Lamb.
Name of Him that ſits upon the Throne, And to a-dore the Lamb. of Him that ſits up-on the Throne, And to adore a-dore the Lamb.

Brunswick

Set by M. M.

Moderato e Pompoſo

Pia.

Come, let us all u=nite to praiſe the Saviour of Mankind Our thankful Hearts, in ſo=lemn Lays, Be with our Voi=ces

Come, let us all u=nite to praiſe the Saviour of Mankind Our thankful Hearts, in ſo=lemn Lays, Be with our Voi=ces

for Pia. for

join'd. Our thankful Hearts, in Solemn Lays, Our thankful Hearts, in Solemn praiſe Be with our Voi=ces join'd. Our

join'd. Our thankful Hearts, in Solemn Lays, Our thankful Hearts. in Solemn praiſe Be with our Voi=ces join'd. Our

Organ

thankful Hearts, in Solemn praiſe Be with our Voi=ces join'd.

thankful Hearts, in Solemn praiſe Be with our Voi=ces join'd.

Andante di molto

Sotto voce

But how ſhall Duſt his Worth de=clare, When An=gels try in vain, Their Fa=ces veil when they ap=pear be=fore the

But how ſhall Duſt his Worth de=clare, When An=gels try in vain, Their Fa=ces veil when they ap=pear be=fore the

Son of Man! when they ap=pear be=fore the Son of Man!

Organ Andante Piano

Son of Man! when they ap=pear be=fore the Son of Man!
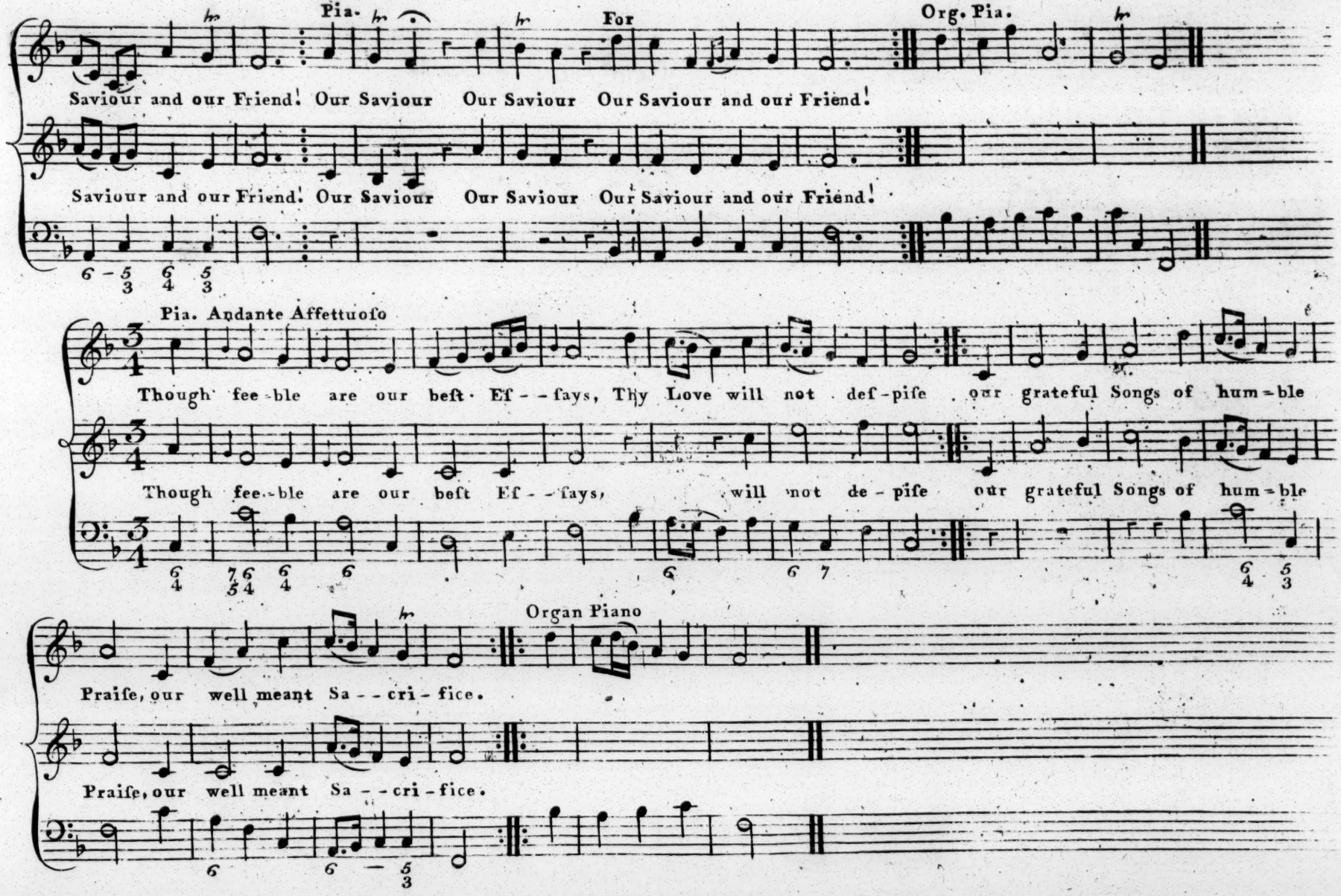
Tutti

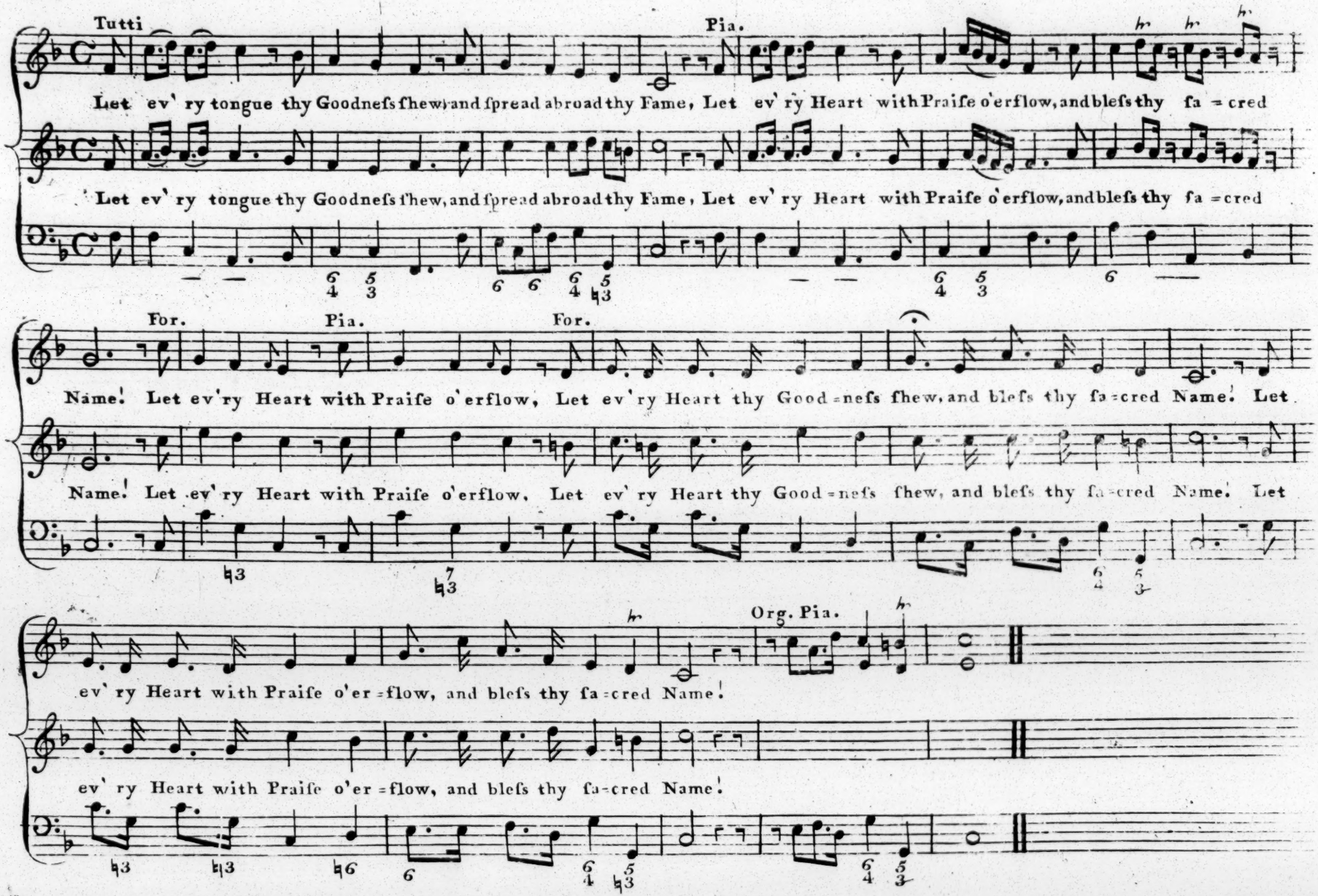
Adagio
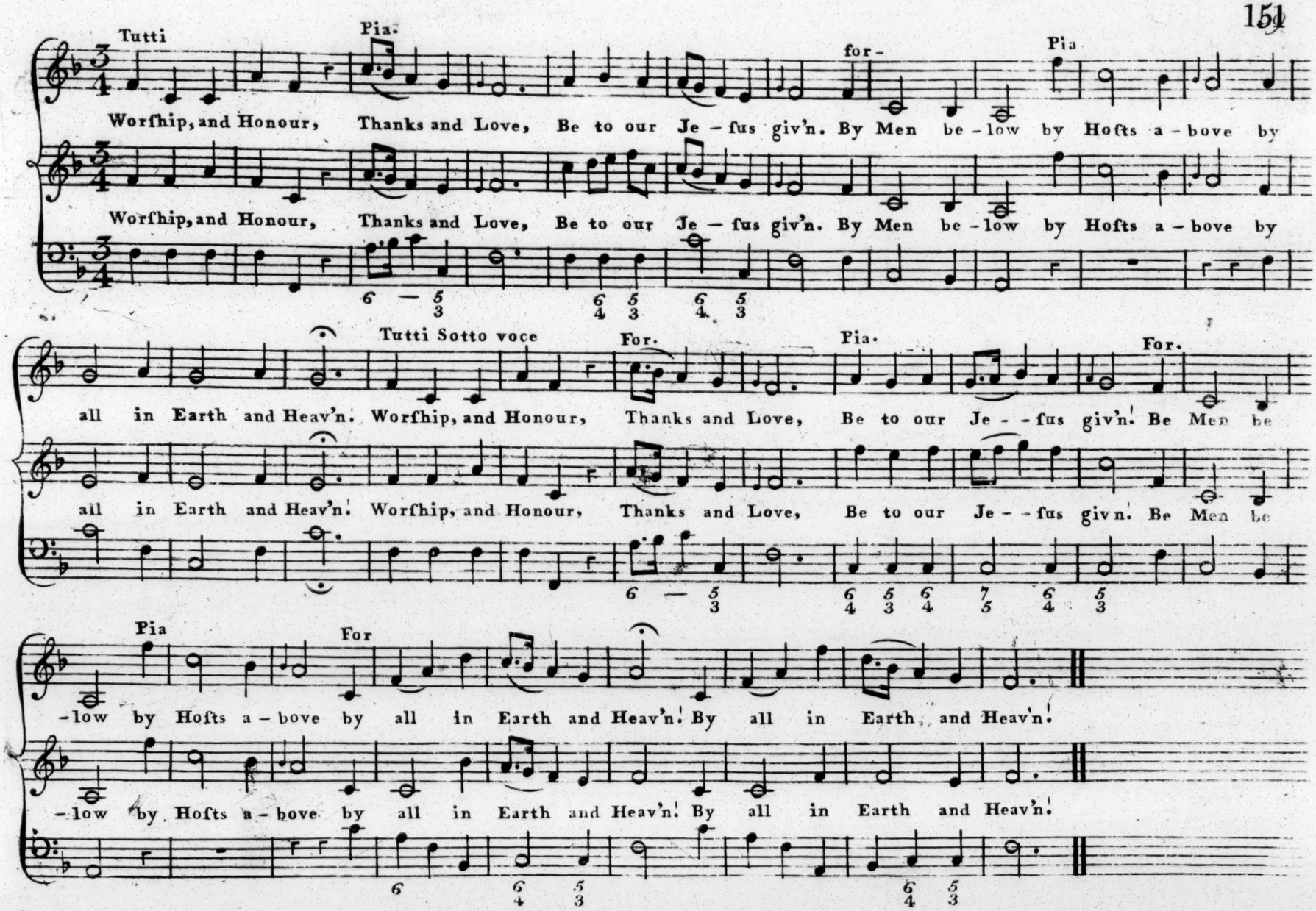
Andante

O Lord O Lord we cannot ſi=lent be, By Love we are conſtrain'd to of=fer our beſt Thanks to Thee our

O Lord O Lord we cannot ſi=lent be, By Love we are conſtrain'd to of=fer our beſt Thanks to Thee our


Pia.
For
Org. Pia.
Saviour and our Friend! Our Saviour Our Saviour Our Saviour and our Friend!
Saviour and our Friend! Our Saviour Our Saviour Our Saviour and our Friend!
Pia. Andante Affettuoso
Though fee-ble are our beſt Ef--fays, Thy Love will not deſ-piſe our grateful Songs of hum-ble
Though fee-ble are our beſt Ef--fays, will not de-piſe our grateful Songs of hum-ble
Organ Piano
Praiſe, our well meant Sa--cri-fice.
Praiſe, our well meant Sa--cri-fice.


Tutti
Pia.
Let ev' ry tongue thy Goodneſs ſhew, and ſpread abroad thy Fame, Let ev' ry Heart with Praiſe o'erflow, and bleſs thy ſa = cred
Let ev' ry tongue thy Goodneſs ſhew, and ſpread abroad thy Fame, Let ev' ry Heart with Praiſe o'erflow, and bleſs thy ſa = cred
For.
Pia.
For.
Name! Let ev'ry Heart with Praiſe o'erflow, Let ev'ry Heart thy Good = neſs ſhew, and bleſs thy ſa = cred Name! Let
Name! Let ev' ry Heart with Praiſe o'erflow, Let ev' ry Heart thy Good = neſs ſhew, and bleſs thy ſa = cred Name! Let
Org. Pia.
ev' ry Heart with Praiſe o'er = flow, and bleſs thy ſa = cred Name!
ev' ry Heart with Praiſe o'er = flow, and bleſs thy ſa = cred Name!


Tutti
Pia.
for-
Pia
Worſhip, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Je - ſus giv'n. By Men be - low by Hoſts a - bove by
Worſhip, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Je - ſus giv'n. By Men be - low by Hoſts a - bove by
Tutti Sotto voce
For.
Pia.
For.
all in Earth and Heav'n. Worſhip, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Je - - ſus giv'n! Be Men be
all in Earth and Heav'n! Worſhip, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Je - - ſus giv'n. Be Men be
Pia
For
- low by Hoſts a - bove by all in Earth and Heav'n! By all in Earth, and Heav'n!
- low by Hoſts a - bove by all in Earth and Heav'n! By all in Earth and Heav'n!

Bath.

The words by the Revd Mr Shirley.

Set by M.M.

Affettuoso

Dear Ob=ject of our Strong de=ſire How long pro=trac=ted is thy Day. when burſting forth in vi=vid Fire thy

Dear Ob=ject of our Strong de=ſire How long pro=trac=ted is thy Day. when burſting forth in vi=vid Fire thy

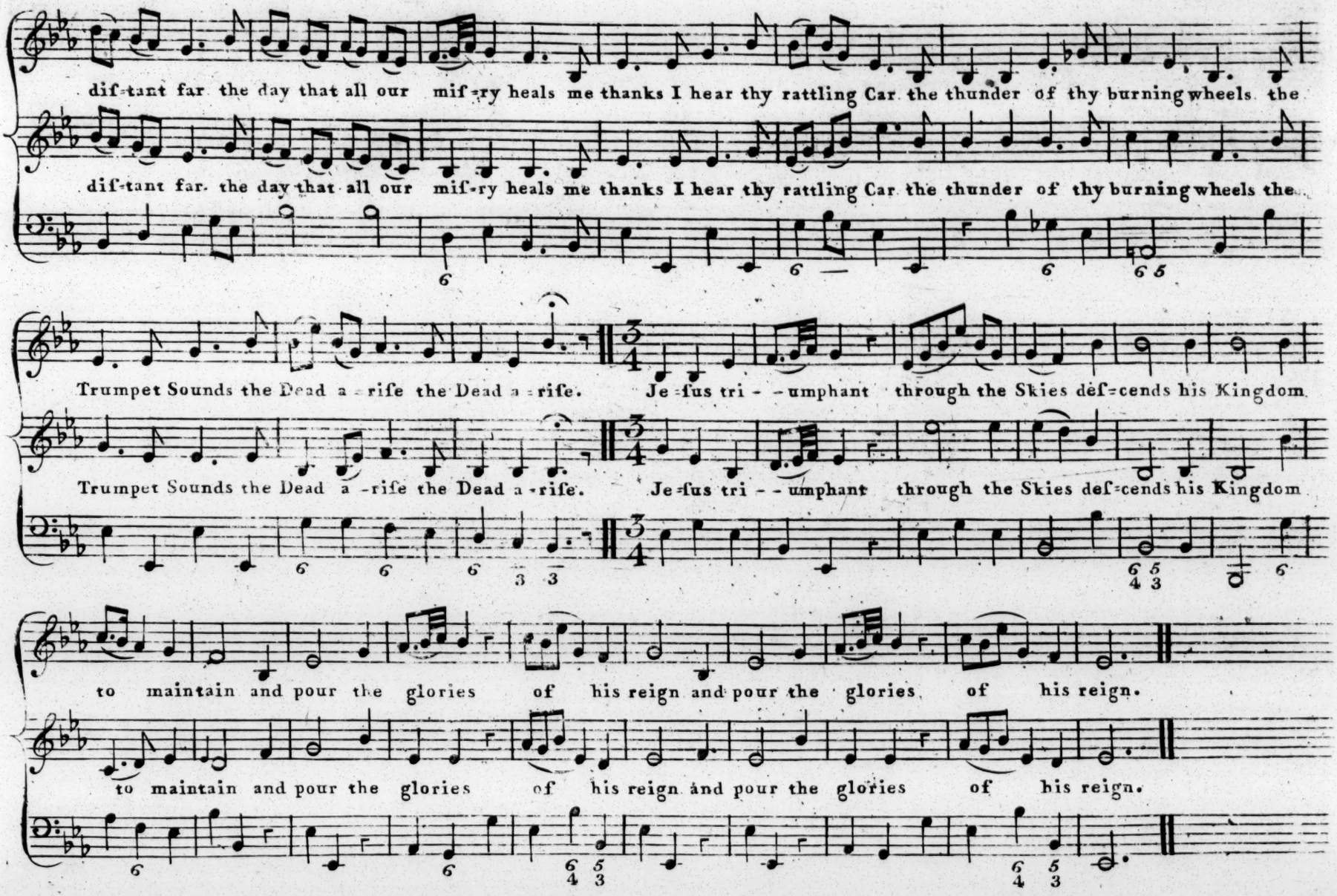
teeming glories thoult diſ=play, with various ills en=com=paſs'd round main=tain=ing Still diſ--pu--ted

teeming glories thoult diſ=play, with various ills en=com=paſs'd round main=tain=ing Still diſ--pu--ted

Vivace

ground. Lo! patience waits a Si=lent Maid by hope in a Zure Robe ar=ray'd. She waits for ſure not

ground. a Si=lent Maid by hope in a Zure Robe ar=ray'd. She waits for ſure not


dif=tant far the day that all our mif=ry heals me thanks I hear thy rattling Car the thunder of thy burning wheels the
dif=tant far the day that all our mif=ry heals me thanks I hear thy rattling Car the thunder of thy burning wheels the
Trumpet Sounds the Dead a=rife the Dead a=rife. Je=ſus tri - - umphant through the Skies deſ=cends his Kingdom
Trumpet Sounds the Dead a=rife the Dead a=rife. Je=ſus tri - - umphant through the Skies deſ=cends his Kingdom
to maintain and pour the glories of his reign and pour the glories of his reign.
to maintain and pour the glories of his reign and pour the glories of his reign.

Worcester.

Set by M. M.

Andante

In this World of Sin and Sorrow, Compafs'd round with many a Care, From E--ter-ni--ty we borrow Hope, that can ex-

In this World of Sin and Sorrow, Compafs'd round with many a Care, From E - ter-ni--ty we borrow Hope, that can ex-

Org. folo Pia.

Vivace

-clude def-pair: Thee, triumphant God and Saviour, in the Glafs of Faith we fee. O af - fift each faint En-

-clude def-pair: Thee, triumphant God and Saviour, in the Glafs of Faith we fee. O af - fift each faint En-
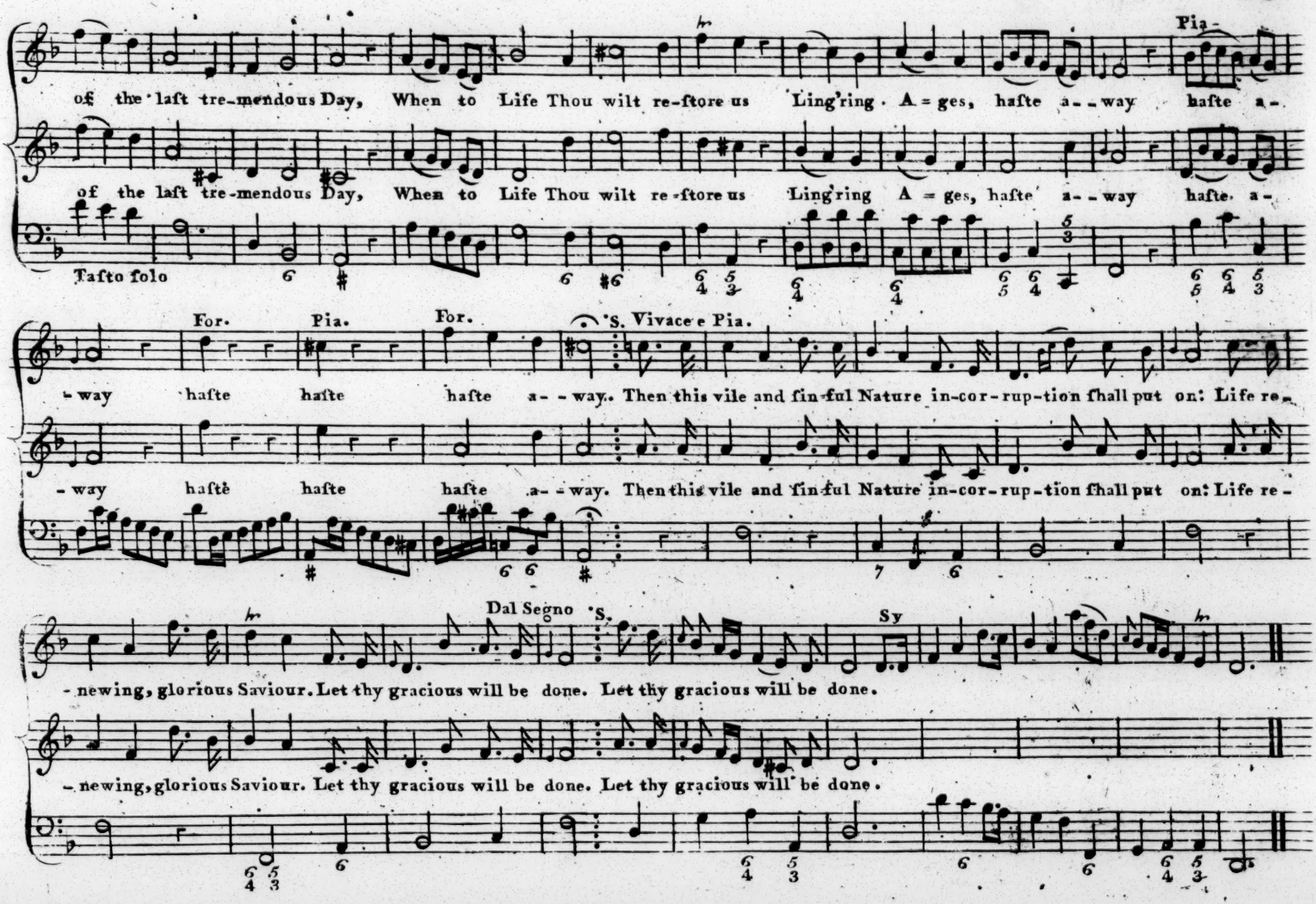
Org. Pia.

For.

Andante

-deavour, raife our earth-born Souls to Thee. Place that awe-ful Scene be-fore us
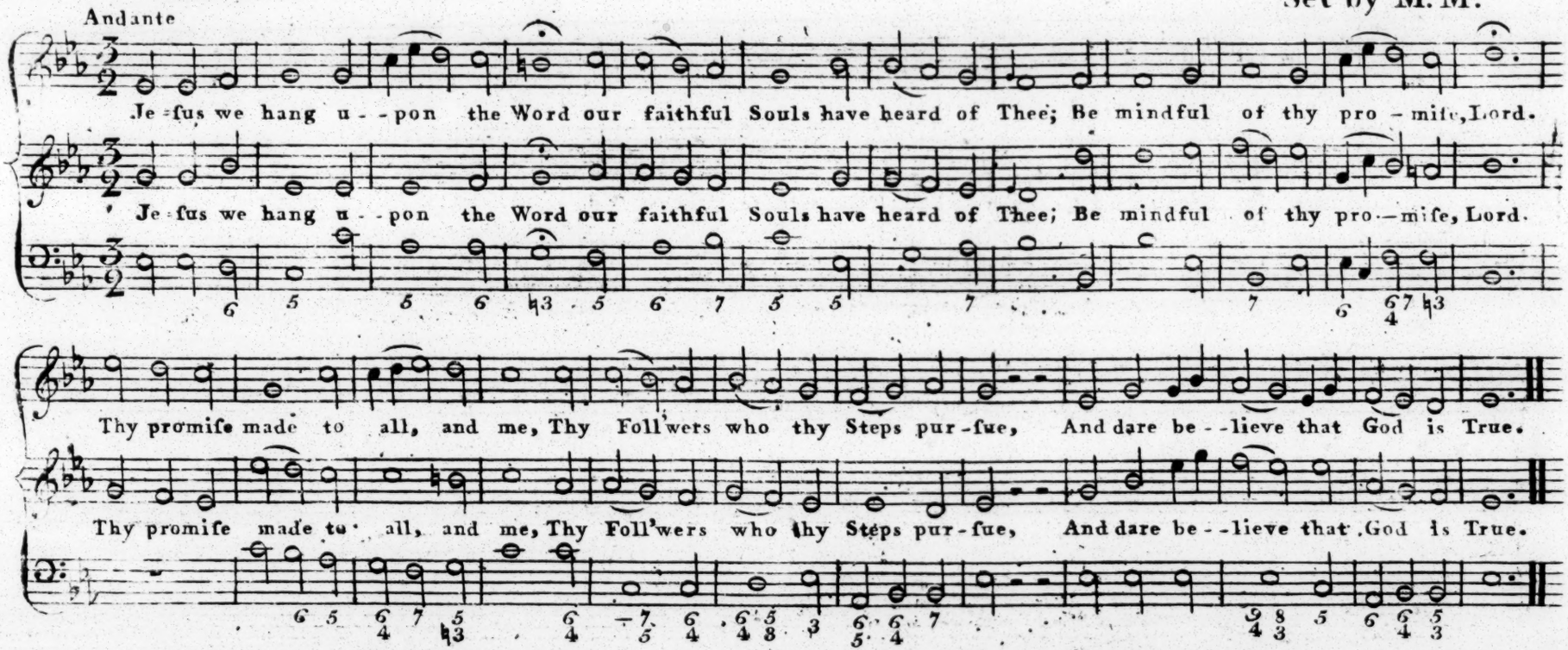
-deavour, raife our earth-born Souls to Thee. Place that awe-ful Scene be-fore us


Pia-
of the laſt tre-mendous Day, When to Life Thou wilt re-ſtore us Ling'ring A = ges, haſte a- - way haſte a-
of the laſt tre-mendous Day, When to Life Thou wilt re-ſtore us Ling'ring A = ges, haſte a- - way haſte a-
Taſto ſolo
For. Pia. For. S. Vivace e Pia.
- way haſte haſte haſte a- - way. Then this vile and ſin-ful Nature in-cor-rup-tion ſhall put on: Life re-
- way haſte haſte haſte a- - way. Then this vile and ſin-ful Nature in-cor-rup-tion ſhall put on: Life re-
Dal Segno S.
Sy
- newing, glorious Saviour. Let thy gracious will be done. Let thy gracious will be done.
- newing, glorious Saviour. Let thy gracious will be done. Let thy gracious will be done.

Morden

Andante

Set by M. M.



2

Thou ſaidſt I will the FATHER pray,
And He the PARACLETE ſhall give,
Shall give him in your Hearts to ſtay,
And never more his Temples leave:
Myſelf will to my Orphans come
And make you mine Eternal Home.

3

Come then dear LORD! Thyſelf reveal,
And let the Promiſe now take place.
Be it according to thy Will
According to thy Word of Grace.
Thy ſorrowful Diſciples chear,
And ſend us down the COMFORTER.

4

He viſits now the troubled Breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad Complaint,
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient Gueſt
But ſoon we droop again, and faint,
Repeat the melancholy Moan
Our Joy is fled our Comfort gone

5

Haſten Him, LORD, into each Heart,
Our ſure inſeparable Guide
O might we meet and never part.
O might He in our Hearts abide.
And keep his Houſe of Praiſe and Pray'r,
And reſt and reign for ever There

Alton

Set by M.M.

Andante

Hither ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind, a Sin diſorder'd trembling throng, To you the Goſpel calls, to you Meſ-

Hither ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind, a Sin diſorder'd trembling throng, To you the Goſpel calls, to you Meſ-

Dal Segno 𝄋. Org: Solo

Andante piu.

-ſi-ahs bleſsings all belong:

Reaſons and Vir-tue's boaſting Sons de-rive no

-ſi-ahs bleſsings all belong:

Reaſons and Vir-tue's boaſting Sons de-rive no
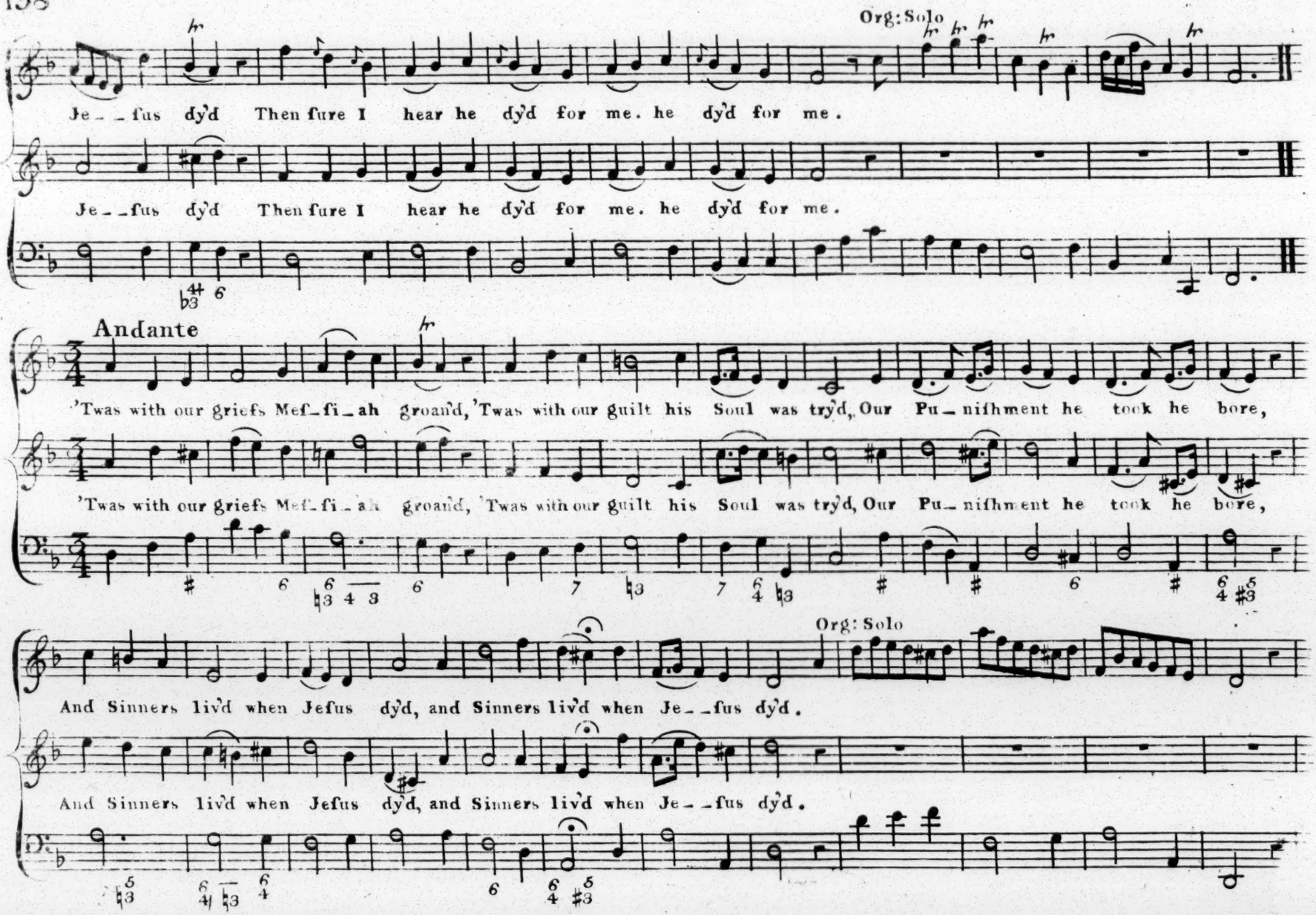
for:

bleſsing from his Tree, For Sinners only Jeſus dy'd, Then ſure I hear he dy'd for me. For Sinners only

bleſsing from his Tree,

Then ſure I hear he dy'd for me. For Sinners only

Volti


Org: Solo
Je_ _ fus dy'd Then fure I hear he dy'd for me. he dy'd for me.
Je_ _fus dy'd Then fure I hear he dy'd for me. he dy'd for me.
Andante
'Twas with our griefs Mef_fi_ah groand, 'Twas with our guilt his Soul was try'd, Our Pu_ nifhment he took he bore,
'Twas with our griefs Mef_fi_ah groand, 'Twas with our guilt his Soul was try'd, Our Pu_ nifhment he took he bore,
Org: Solo
And Sinners liv'd when Jefus dy'd, and Sinners liv'd when Je_ _fus dy'd.
And Sinners liv'd when Jefus dy'd, and Sinners liv'd when Je_ _fus dy'd.

Chorus. Vivace

A--wake each Heart a--rife each Soul and join the blifsfull Choirs a--bove, may nothing tune our fu--ture

A--wake each Heart a--rife each Soul and join the blifsfull Choirs a--bove, may nothing tune our fu--ture

pia: *for:* *pia:*

Songs But Heavenly Wifdom Heavenly Love. Heavenly Wifdom Heavenly Love. May nothing tune our

Songs But Heavenly Wifdom Heavenly Love. Heavenly Wifdom Heavenly Love. May nothing tune our

Tutti

fu--ture Songs but Heavenly Wifdom Heavenly Love. But Heavnly Wifdom Heavenly Love.

fu--ture Songs but Heavenly Wifdom Heavenly Love. But Heavnly Wifdom Heavenly Love.

Surry

Set by M.M.

O GOD how endleſs is thy Love, Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new, And Morning Mercies from a--bove, Gent-

O GOD how endleſs is thy Love, Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new, And Morning Mercies from a--bove, Gent-

-ly dif-till like ear-ly dew. Gently diſtill like ear--ly dew.
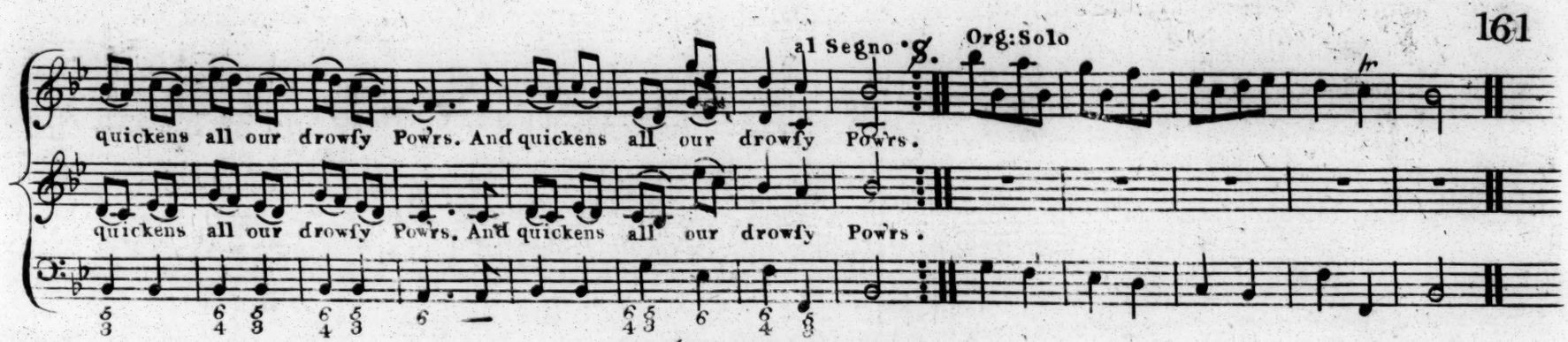
Org: Solo

-ly dif-till like ear-ly dew. Gently diſtill like ear--ly dew.

Piano Sempre

Thou ſpreadſt the Curtain of the Night, Great Guardian of our ſleeping hours, Thy ſov'reign Word reſtores the light, And

Thou ſpreadſt the Curtain of the Night, Great Guardian of our ſleeping hours, Thy ſov'reign Word reſtores the light, And



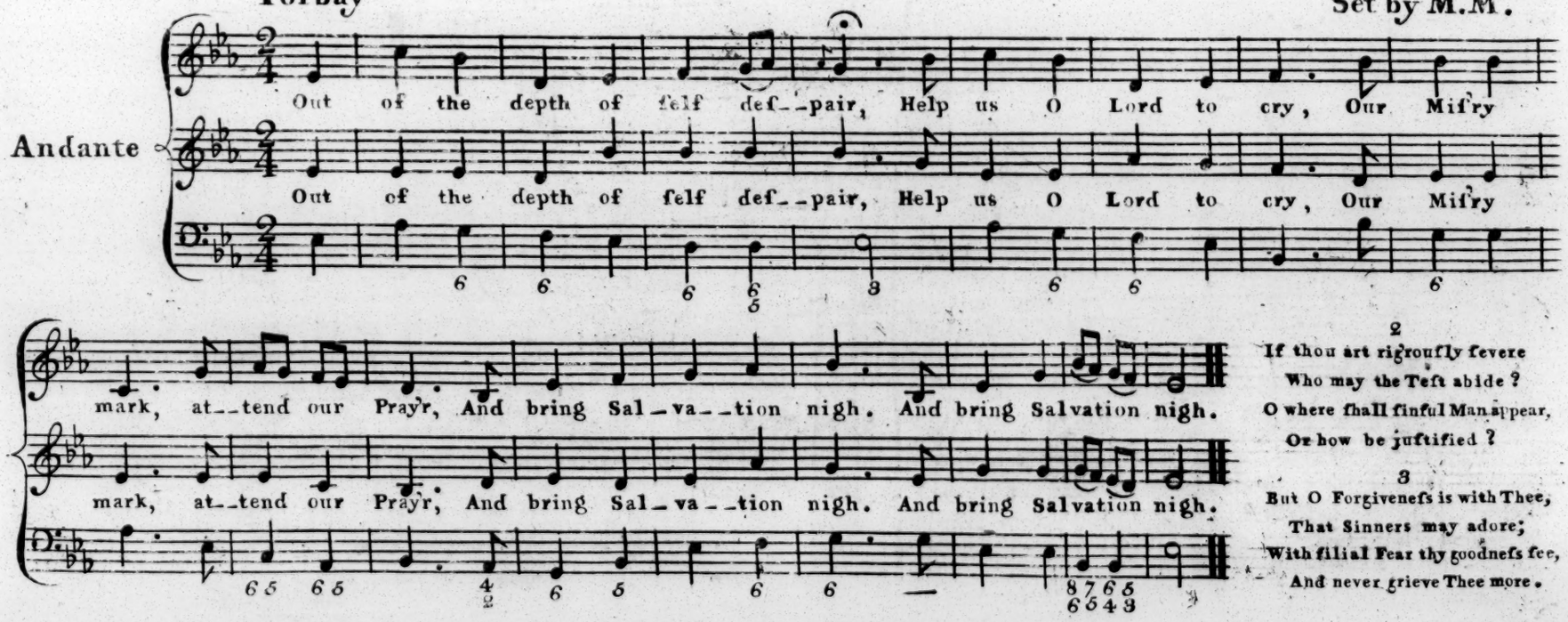
(Repeat the firſt Air.)

We yield our Powrs to thy command,
To thee we conſecrate our days:
Perpetual Bleſsings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

Torbay

Set by M.M.

Andante



2

If thou art rigrouſly ſevere
Who may the Teſt abide?
O where ſhall ſinful Man appear,
Or how be juſtified?

3

But O Forgiveneſs is with Thee,
That Sinners may adore;
With filial Fear thy goodneſs ſee,
And never grieve Thee more.

Bennington.

Set by M.M.

Moderato.

Hail thou once de_ſpiſed Jeſus, Hail thou Ga_li_le_an King, Who didſt ſuffer to re_leaſe us, Who didst

Hail thou once de_ſpiſed Jeſus, Hail thou Ga_li_le_an King, Who didſt ſuffer to re_leaſe us, Who didst
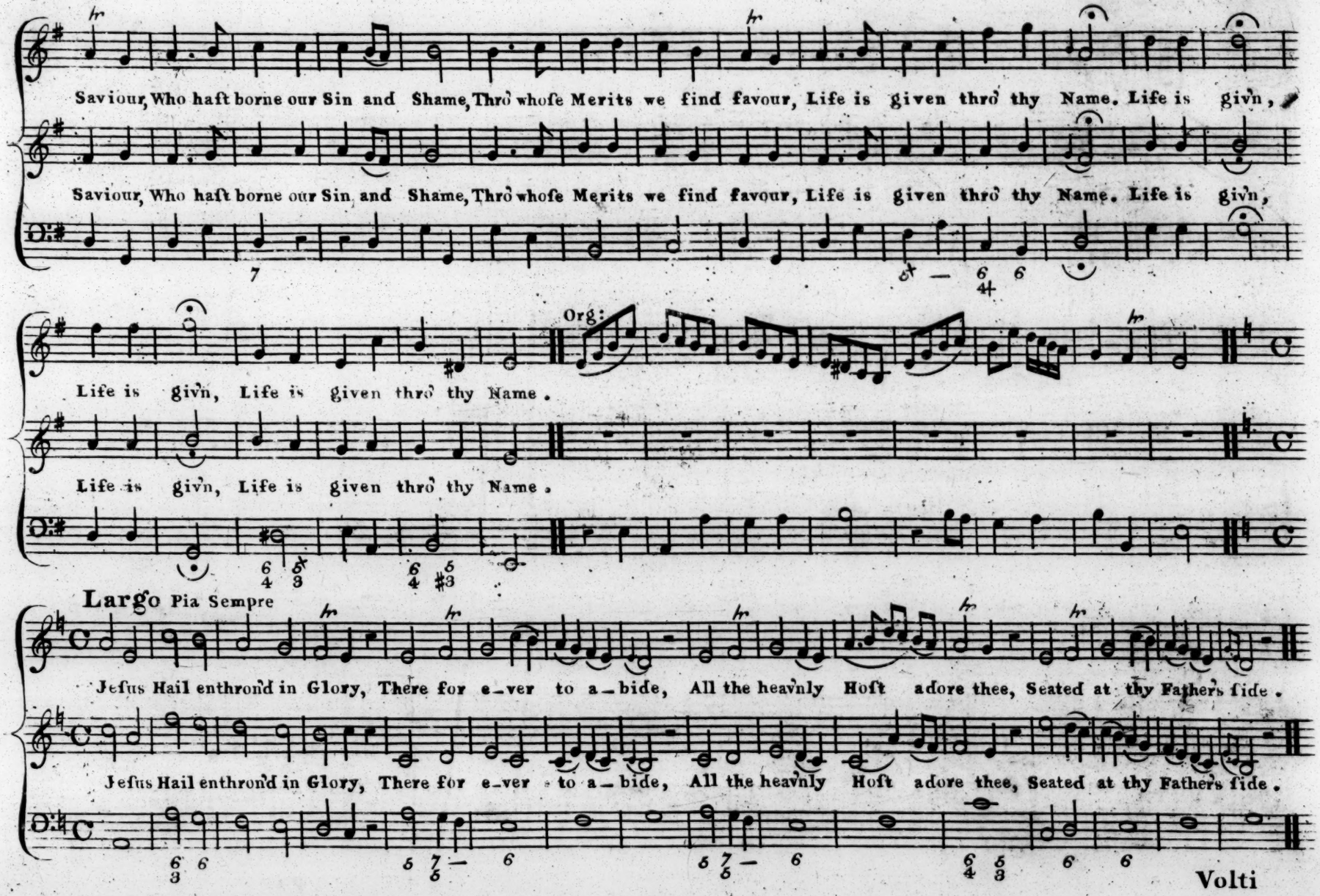
free Sal_vation bring: Hail thou glorious GOD and Saviour, thou haſt borne our Sin and Shame, Thro' whoſe Merit we find favour,
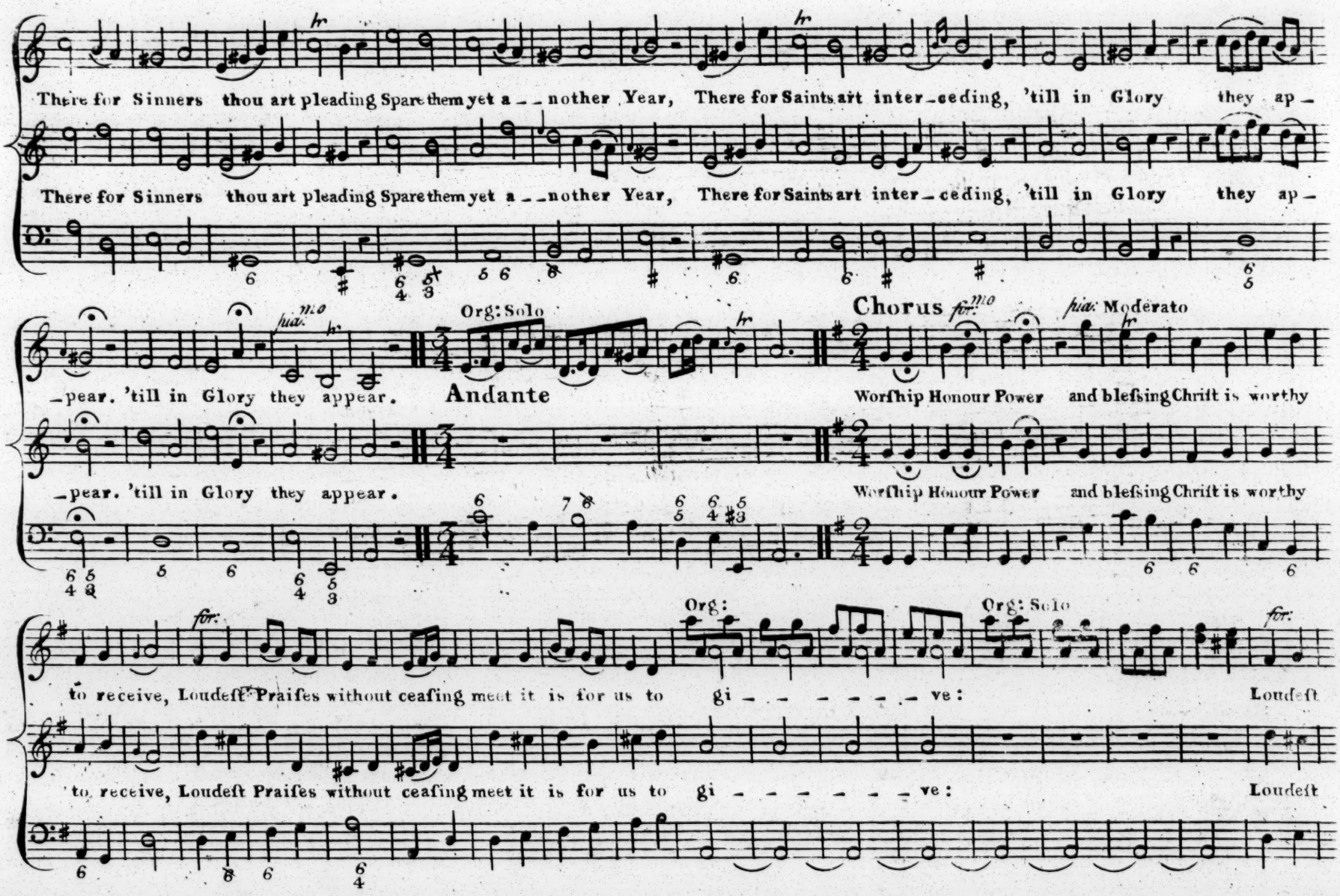
free Sal_vation bring: Hail thou glorious GOD and Saviour, thou haſt borne our Sin and Shame, Thro' whoſe Merit we find favour,

pia: for: pia:

Life is given thro' thy Name. Life is givn, Life is givn, Life is given thro' thy Name. Hail thou glorious GOD and

Life is given thro' thy Name. Life is givn, Life is givn, Life is given thro' thy Name. Hail thou glorious GOD and


Saviour, Who haſt borne our Sin and Shame, Thro whoſe Merits we find favour, Life is given thro thy Name. Life is givn,
Saviour, Who haſt borne our Sin and Shame, Thro whoſe Merits we find favour, Life is given thro thy Name. Life is givn,
Org:
Life is givn, Life is given thro thy Name.
Life is givn, Life is given thro thy Name.
Largo Pia Sempre
Jeſus Hail enthron'd in Glory, There for e-ver to a-bide, All the heavnly Hoſt adore thee, Seated at thy Fathers ſide.
Jeſus Hail enthron'd in Glory, There for e-ver to a-bide, All the heavnly Hoſt adore thee, Seated at thy Fathers ſide.
Volti


There for Sinners thou art pleading Spare them yet a - - nother Year, There for Saints art inter - ceding, 'till in Glory they ap -
There for Sinners thou art pleading Spare them yet a - - nother Year, There for Saints art inter - ceding, 'till in Glory they ap -
- pear. 'till in Glory they appear.
Org: Solo
Andante
Chorus
Worship Honour Power and bleſsing Chriſt is worthy
- pear. 'till in Glory they appear.
Worship Honour Power and bleſsing Chriſt is worthy
Org:
Org: Solo
to receive, Loudeſt Praiſes without ceaſing meet it is for us to gi - - - - - - - ve: Loudeſt
to receive, Loudeſt Praiſes without ceaſing meet it is for us to gi - - - - - - - ve: Loudeſt

Org:

Praiſes without ceaſing meet it is for us to give.

Praiſes without ceaſing meet it is for us to give.

pia:

Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your ſweeteſt nobleſt lays; Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Im-manuel's Praiſe.
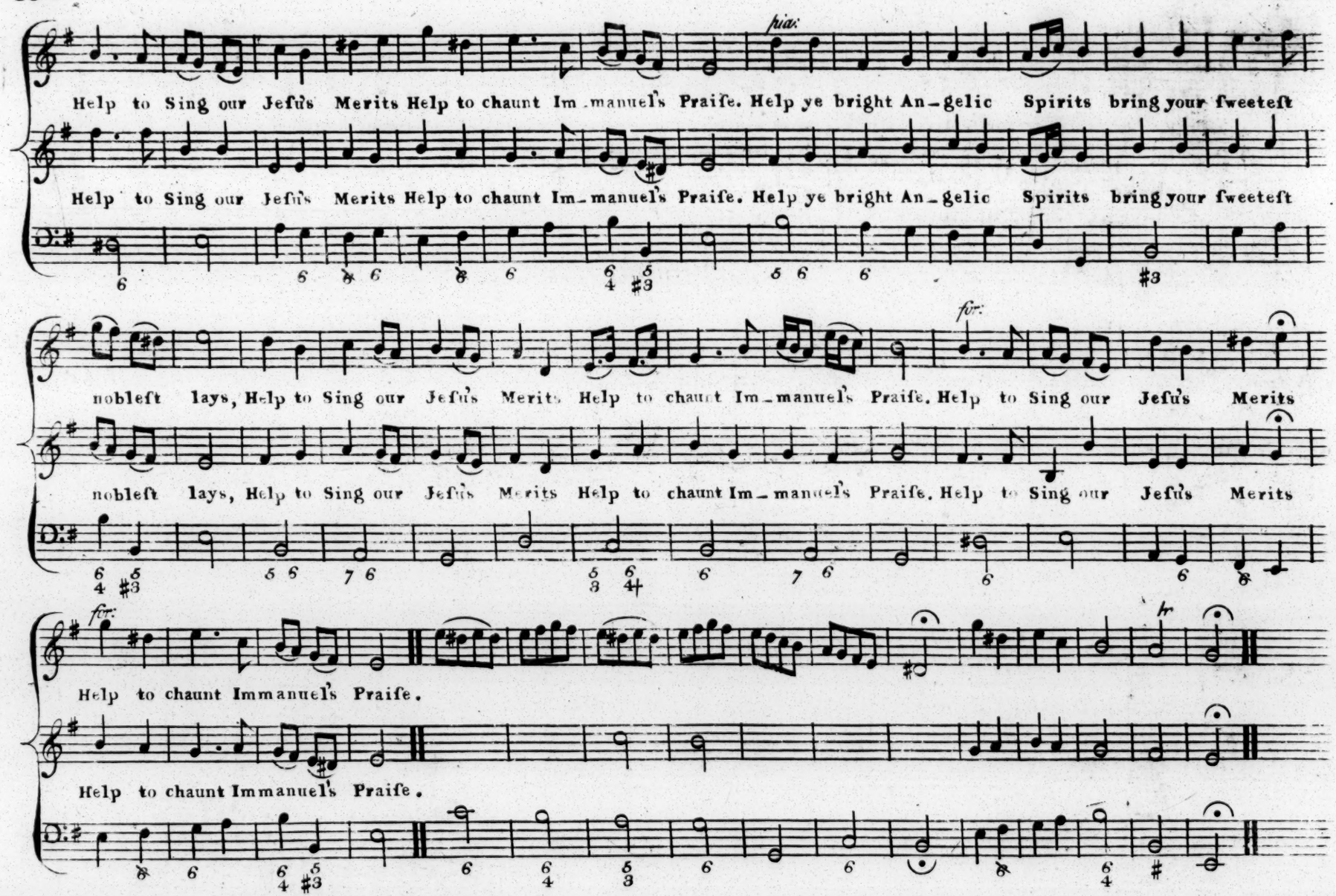
Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your ſweeteſt nobleſt lays; Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Im-manuel's Praiſe.

for: *pia:*

Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Immanuel's Praiſe. Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your ſweeteſt nobleſt lays;

Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Immanuel's Praiſe. Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your ſweeteſt nobleſt lays;

Volti


pia:
Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Im_manuel's Praiſe. Help ye bright An_gelic Spirits bring your ſweeteſt
Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Im_manuel's Praiſe. Help ye bright An_gelic Spirits bring your ſweeteſt
for:
nobleſt lays, Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Im_manuel's Praiſe. Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits
nobleſt lays, Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits Help to chaunt Im_manuel's Praiſe. Help to Sing our Jeſu's Merits
for:
tr
Help to chaunt Immanuel's Praiſe.
Help to chaunt Immanuel's Praiſe.

Leinster.

Set by M. M.

Ho ev'ry one that Thirſts draw nigh, 'tis GOD invites the Fall--en race, Mercy and free Sal-vation buy, Buy

Ho ev'ry one that Thirſts draw nigh, 'tis GOD invites the Fall--en race, Mercy and free Sal-vation buy, Buy

Wine and Milk and Goſpel Grace: Come to the living Waters come, Sinners o-bey your Makers call Return ye weary wand'rers

Wine and Milk and Goſpel Grace: Come to the living Waters come, Sinners o-bey your Makers call Return ye weary wand'rers

home and find my Grace and find my Grace reach'd out to All. reach'd out to All.

home and find my Grace and find my Grace reach'd out to All. reach'd out to All.

(2)

See from the Rock a Fountain riſe,
For you in healing Streams it rolls
Money ye need not bring nor Price
Ye lab'ring weary Sinſick Souls:
Nothing ye in Exchange ſhall give,
Leave all you have and are behind
Frankly the Gift of GOD receive,
Pardon and Peace in Jeſus find.

lab'ring Frankly the Pardon and Pardon and

Carlisle

Set by M.M.

Andante Affettuoso

Light of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling, Borders on the ſhades of Death, Come, and by thy Loves revealing, Diſsi-

Light of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling, Borders on the ſhades of Death, Come, and by thy Loves revealing, Diſsi-

-pate the Clouds beneath, The new Heav'n and Earth's Cre-a--tor, In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe, Scatt'ring all the Night of

-pate the Clouds beneath, The new Heav'n and Earth's Cre-a--tor, In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe, Scatt'ring all the Night of

Nature, Pouring Eyeſight on our Eyes.

Nature, Pouring Eyeſight on our Eyes.

(2)

Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and Joy thy beams impart,
Chacing all our Fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted Heart:
Come, and manifeſt the favour
GOD hath for the ranſomd race,
Come, thou glorious GOD and Saviour,
Come, and bring the Goſpel Grace!

(3)

Save us in thy great Compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of Salvation,
Give the Pardon of our Sins.
By thine all reſtoring Merit,
Ev'ry burden'd Soul releaſe,
Ev'ry weary wand'ring Spirit,
Guide into thy perfect Peace!

MELTON MOWBRAY. A HYMN for 3 Voices with a Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord,

Compos'd by Cha.s LOCKHART Organist of the Lock HOSPITAL CHAPEL near Hyde Park Corner.
and of St. Catharine Cree Church Leaden Hall Street.

Pr:1.s

Andante Maestoso

Head of the Church trium - - phant, we Joy - ful - - ly a - - dore thee; 'till

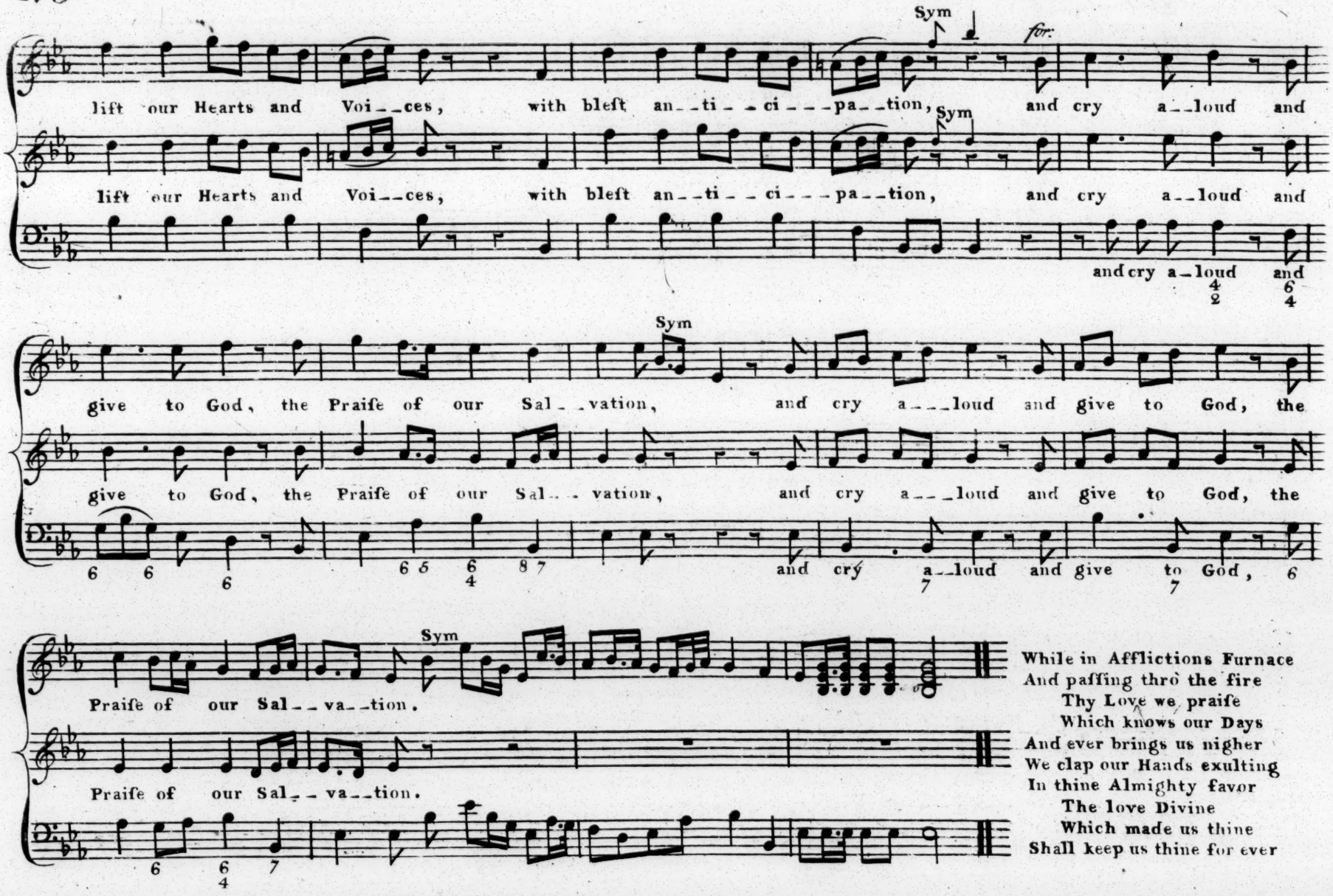
we Joy - ful - - ly a - - dore thee; 'till

thou ap - pear, thy Mem - - bers here, ſhall ſing like thoſe in glo - - ry: 'till

thou ap - pear, thy Mem - - bers here, ſhall ſing like thoſe in glo - - ry: 'till

thou ap - - pear, thy Mem - - bers here, ſhall ſing like thoſe in glo - - ry: we

thou ap - - pear, thy Mem - - bers here, ſhall ſing like thoſe in glo - - ry: we



While in Afflictions Furnace
And paffing thrô the fire
Thy Love we praife
Which knows our Days
And ever brings us nigher
We clap our Hands exulting
In thine Almighty favor
The love Divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever

All.o moderato

Thou doſt conduct thy People thro' torrents of temptation nor will we fear while thou art near the fire of Tribulation the fire of tri_bu_

Thou doſt conduct thy People thro' torrents of temptation nor will we fear while thou art near the fire of Tribulation the fire of tri_bu_

Sym

_la_tion: the World with Sin and Satan in vain our March oppoſes by Thee we ſhall break thro them all & ſing the Song of
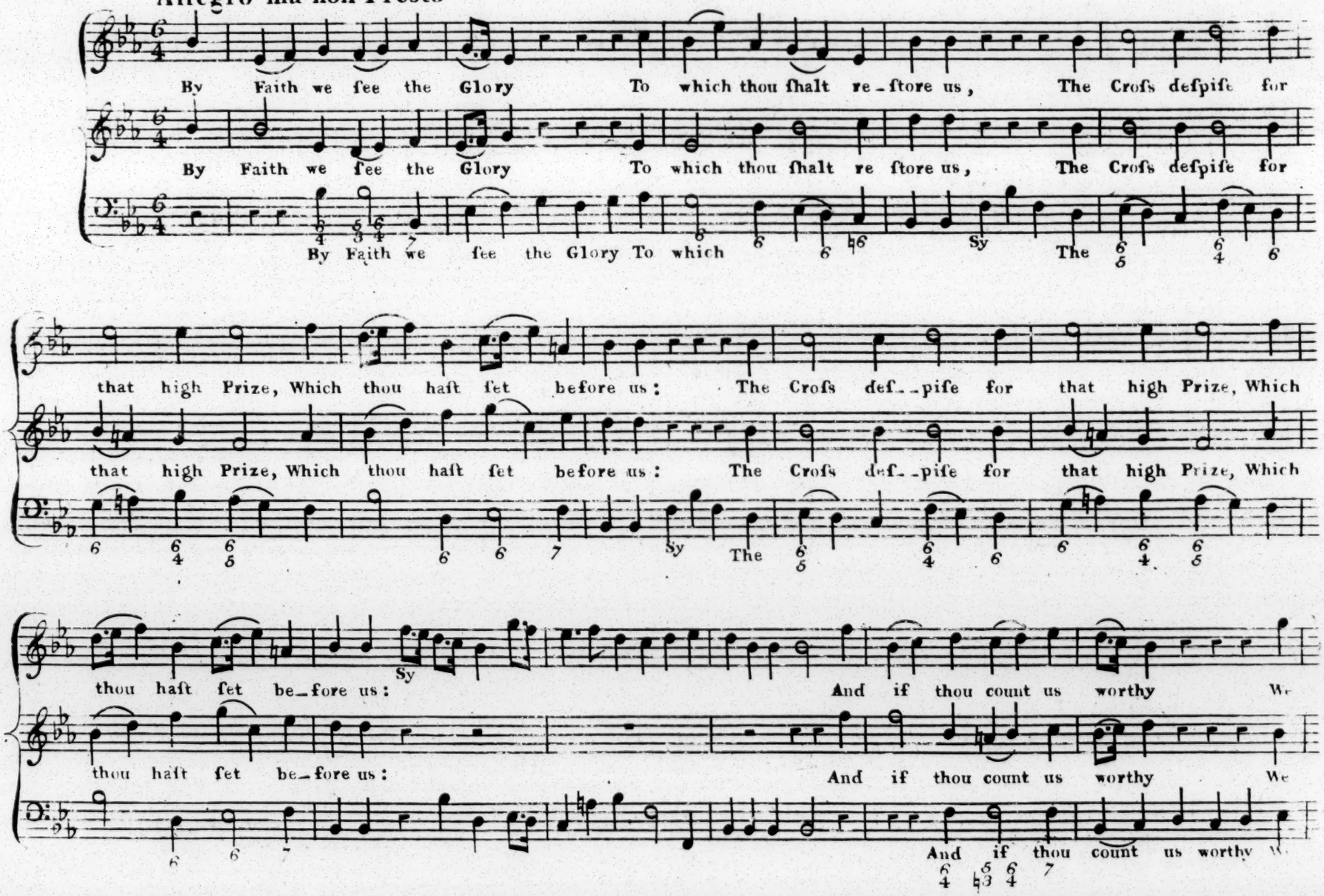
_la_tion: the World with Sin and Satan in vain our March oppoſes by Thee we ſhall break thro them all & ſing the Song of
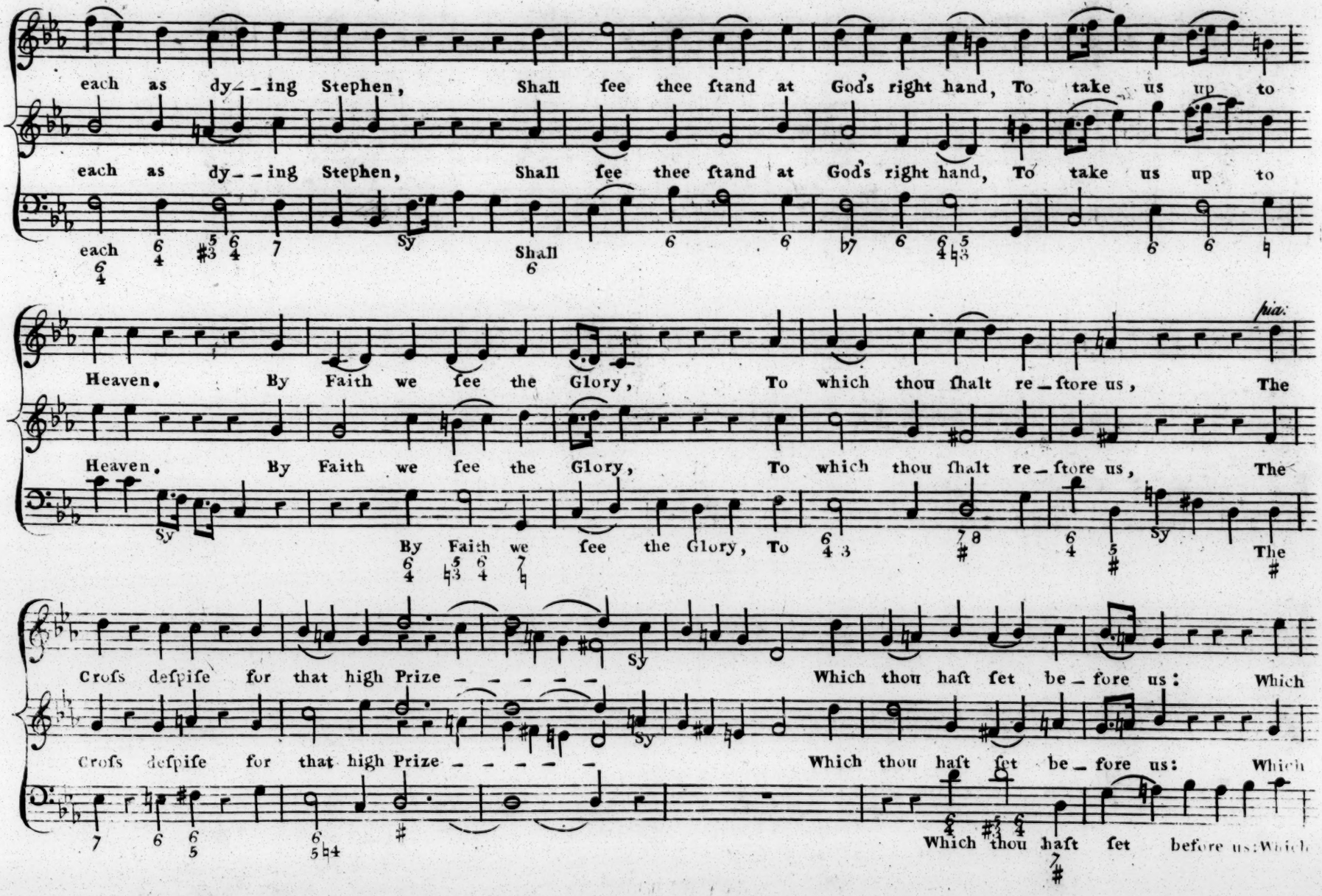
Sym
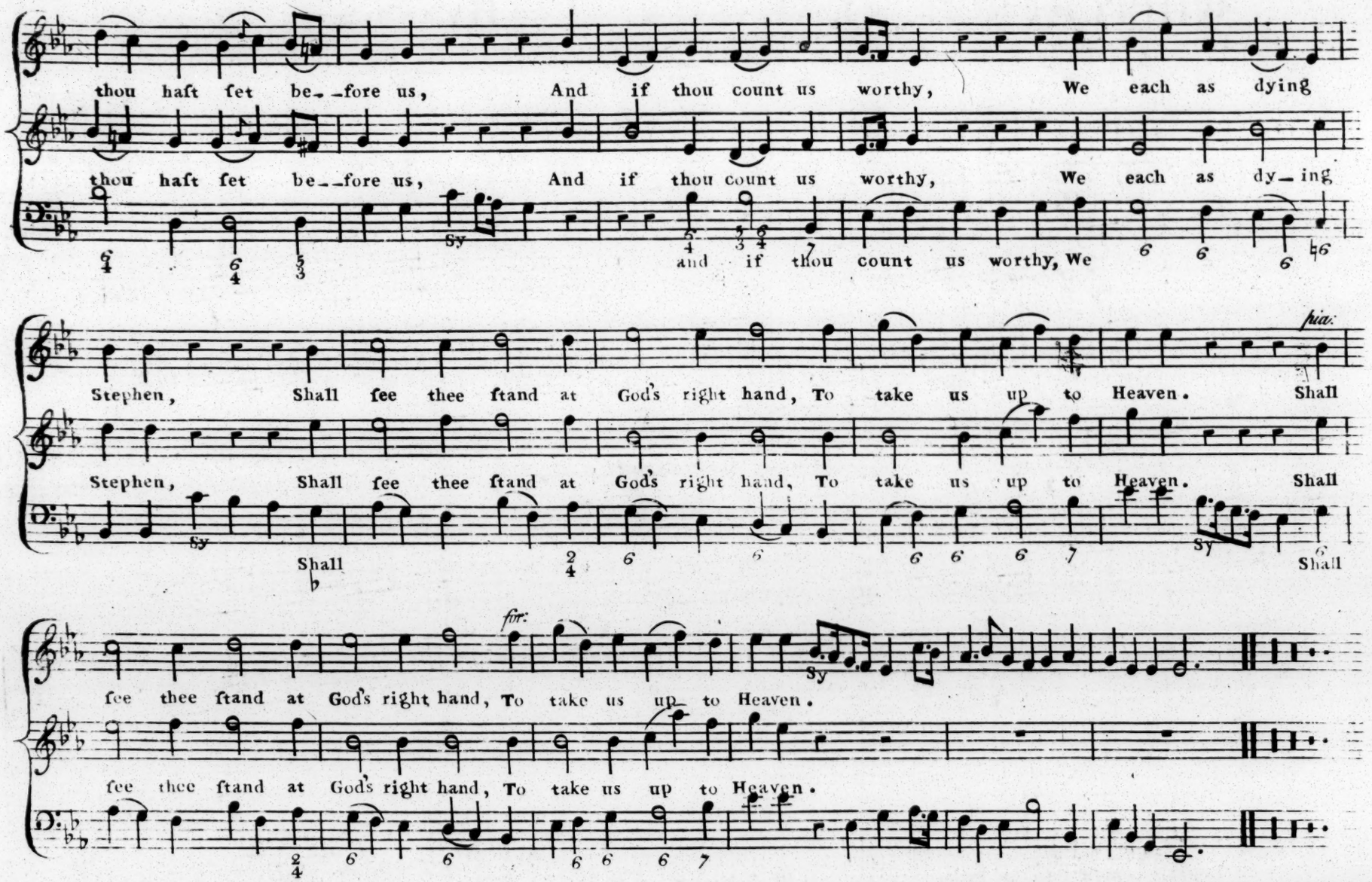
Moſes by thee we ſhall break thro' them all and ſing the Song of Moſes and ſing the Song of Mo_ſes.

Moſes by thee we ſhall break thro' them all and ſing the Song of Moſes and ſing the Song of Mo_ſes.

Allegro ma non Presto




each as dy_ing Stephen, Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand, To take us up to
each as dy_ing Stephen, Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand, To take us up to
Heaven. By Faith we ſee the Glory, To which thou ſhalt re_ſtore us, The
Heaven. By Faith we ſee the Glory, To which thou ſhalt re_ſtore us, The
By Faith we ſee the Glory, To
Croſs deſpiſe for that high Prize
Which thou haſt ſet be_fore us: Which
Croſs deſpiſe for that high Prize
Which thou haſt ſet be_fore us: Which
Which thou haſt ſet before us: Which
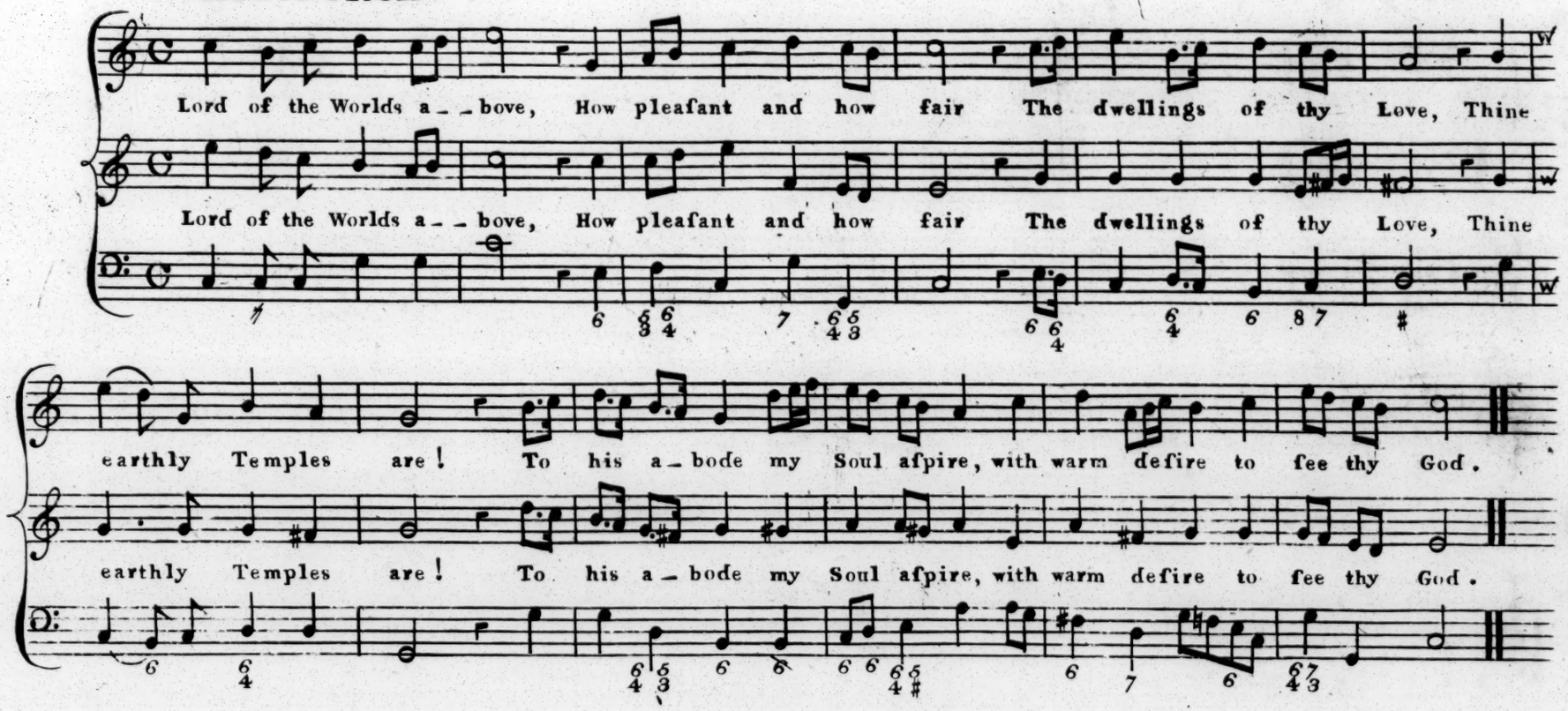

thou haſt ſet be--fore us, And if thou count us worthy, We each as dying
thou haſt ſet be--fore us, And if thou count us worthy, We each as dy-ing
and if thou count us worthy, We
Stephen, Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven. Shall
Stephen, Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven. Shall
Shall
ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven.
ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven.

WHITCHURCH and DALSTON. TWO HYMNS Set to Music for 3 Voices

with a Thorough Bass for the HARPSICHORD. By CHARLES LOCKHART.

WHITCHURCH.

Pr: 1s.



2

O happy Souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there:
They Praiſe Chriſt ſtill, and happy they
That love the way to Zions Hill.
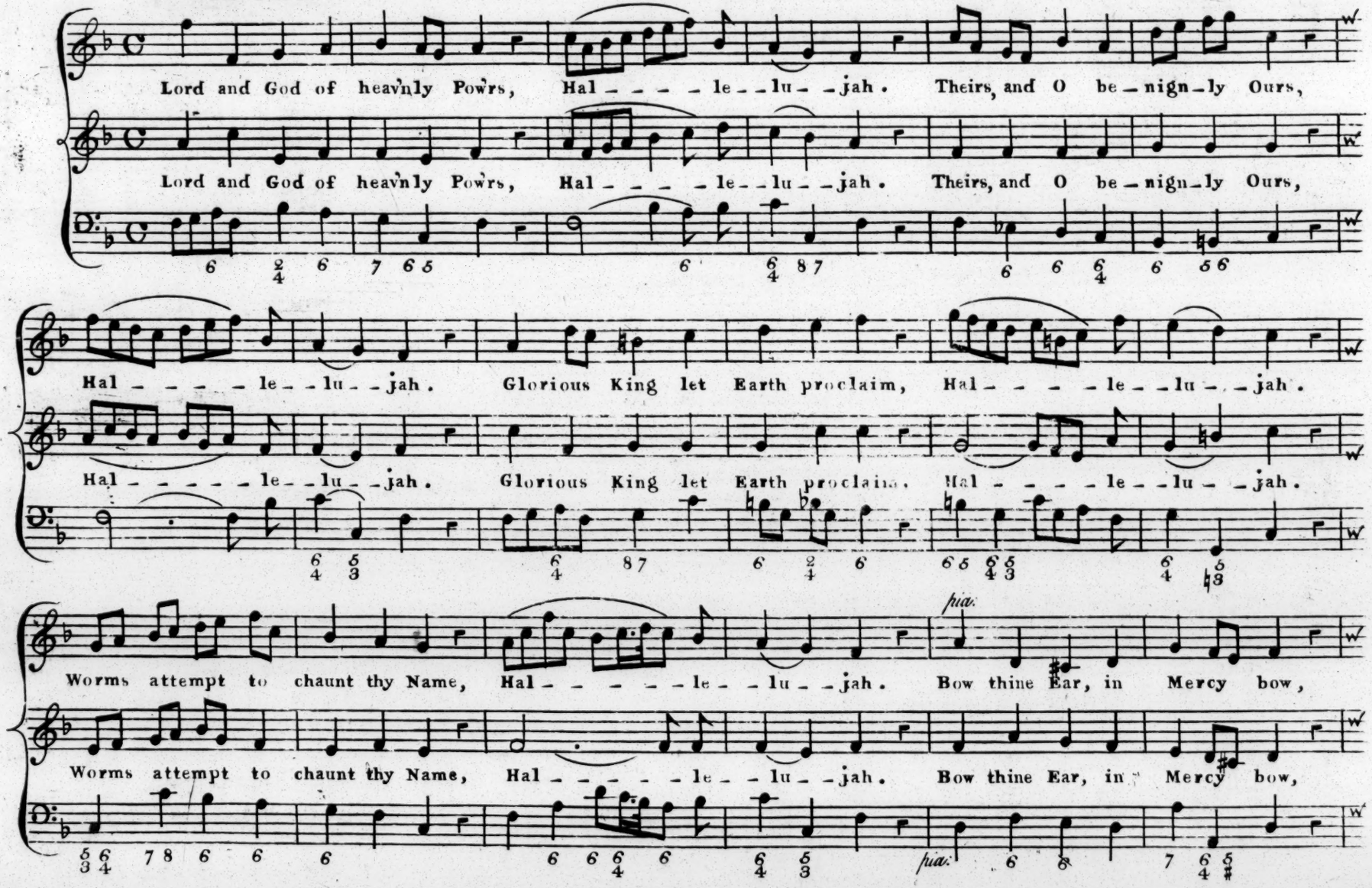
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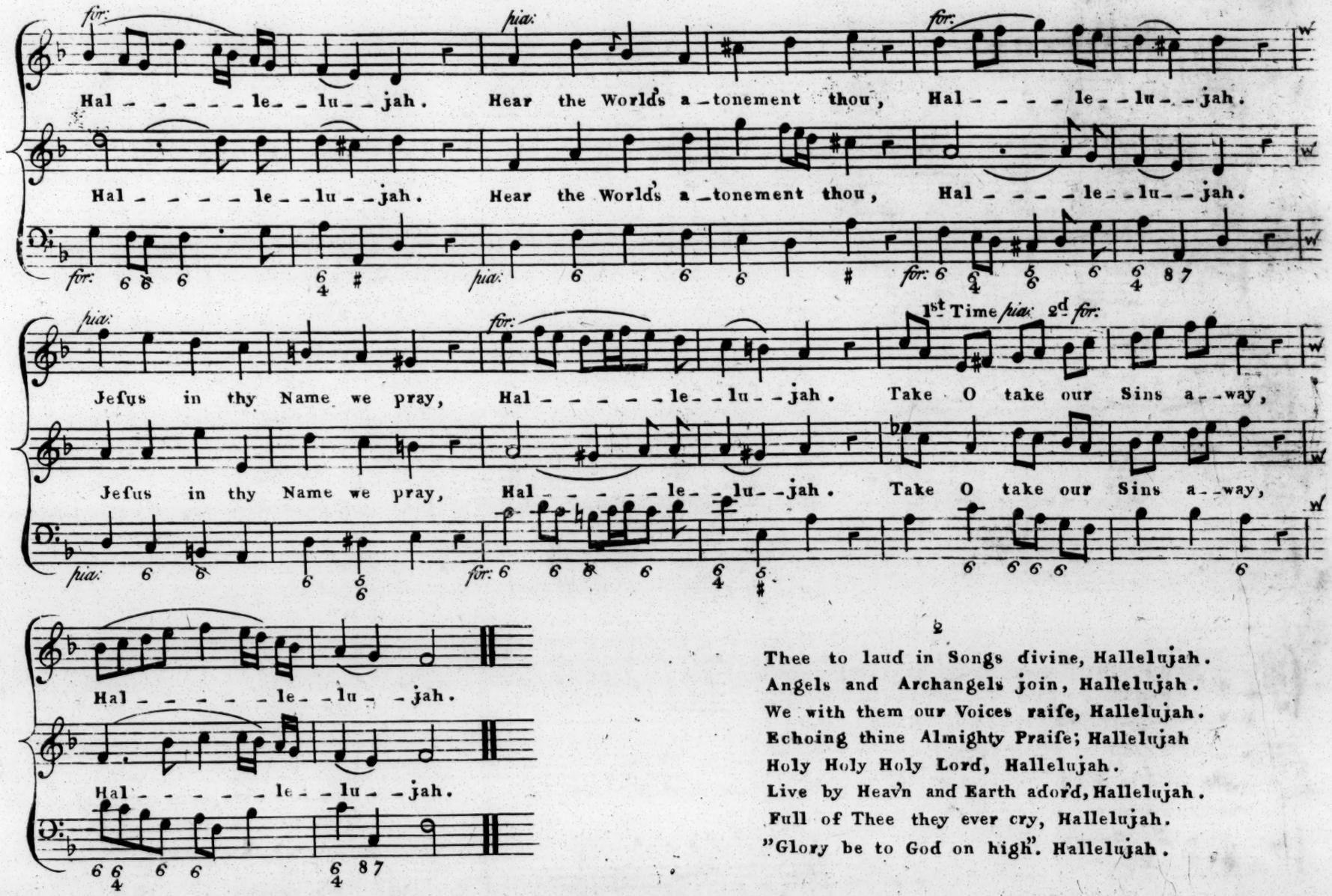
They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heavn appears:
O glorious Seat of God our King!
Lord thither bring our willing Feet.

4

The Lord his People Loves,
His Hand no good withholds,
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From praying humble Souls:
Thrice happy he O God of Hoſts
Whoſe Spirit truſts alone in thee.

DALSTON.


Lord and God of heavnly Powrs, Hal - - - - le - - lu - - jah. Theirs, and O be - nign - ly Ours,
Lord and God of heavnly Powrs, Hal - - - - le - - lu - - jah. Theirs, and O be - nign - ly Ours,
Hal - - - - - le - - lu - - jah. Glorious King let Earth proclaim, Hal - - - - - le - - lu - - jah.
Hal - - - - - le - - lu - - jah. Glorious King let Earth proclaim. Hal - - - - - le - - lu - - jah.
Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name, Hal - - - - - - le - - lu - - jah. Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
pia:
Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name, Hal - - - - - - le - - lu - - jah. Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
pia:

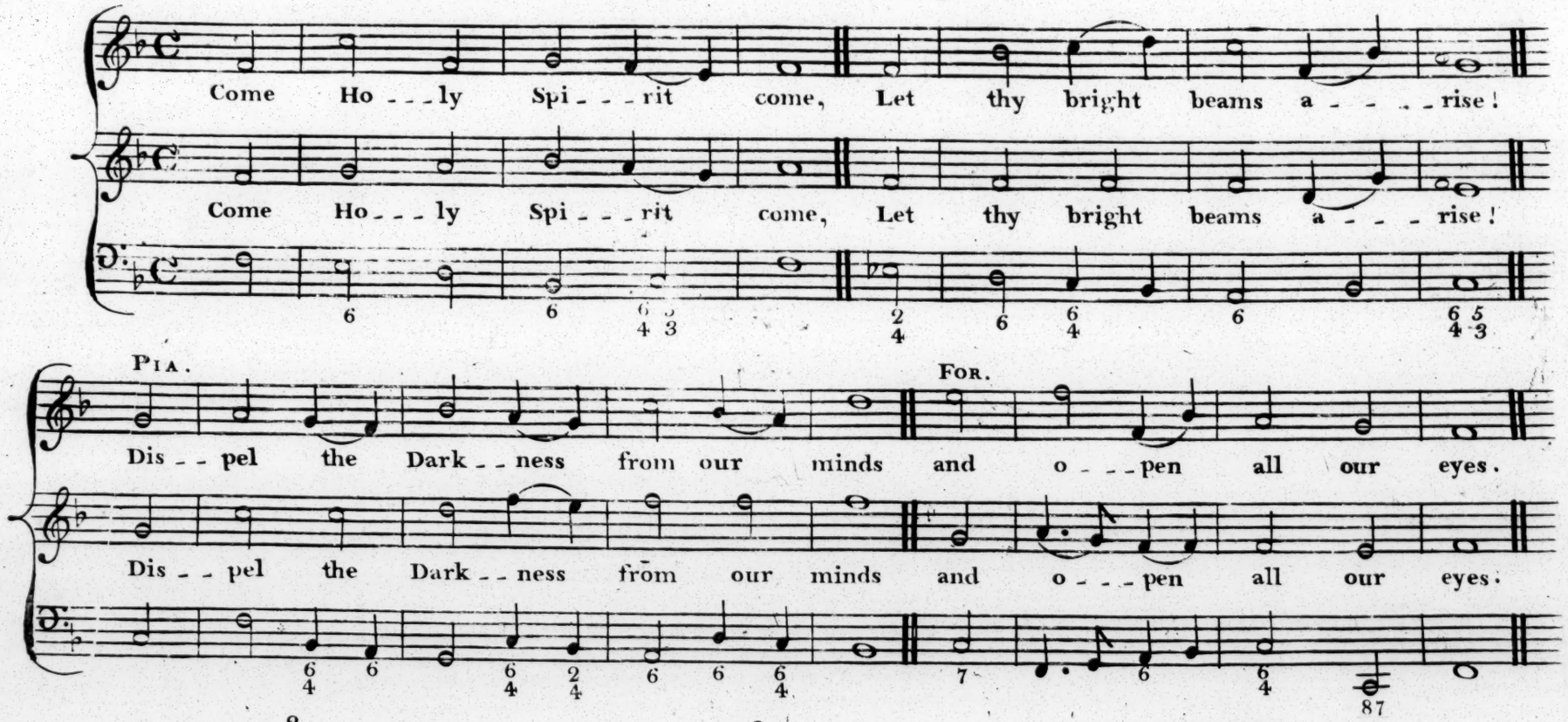


2

Thee to laud in Songs divine, Hallelujah.
Angels and Archangels join, Hallelujah.
We with them our Voices raise, Hallelujah.
Echoing thine Almighty Praise; Hallelujah
Holy Holy Holy Lord, Hallelujah.
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd, Hallelujah.
Full of Thee they ever cry, Hallelujah.
"Glory be to God on high". Hallelujah.

INVOCATION

by M.R LOCKHART



2

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and Fears remove
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying Love.

3

Convince us of our Sin,
Then lead to JESUS blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret Love of GOD.

4

Dwell therefore in our Hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know and praise and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Number VI. Composed by CHARLES LOCKHART, Organist to the Charity.

KETTERING.

Maestoso

O let thy love our hearts con - strain, JE - sus the cru - ci - - - fied;

O let thy love our hearts con - strain, JE - sus the cru - ci - - - fied;

PIA

What hast thou done our Hearts to gain, Languish'd, and groan'd and died,

What hast thou done our Hearts to gain, Languish'd, and groan'd and died,

FOR
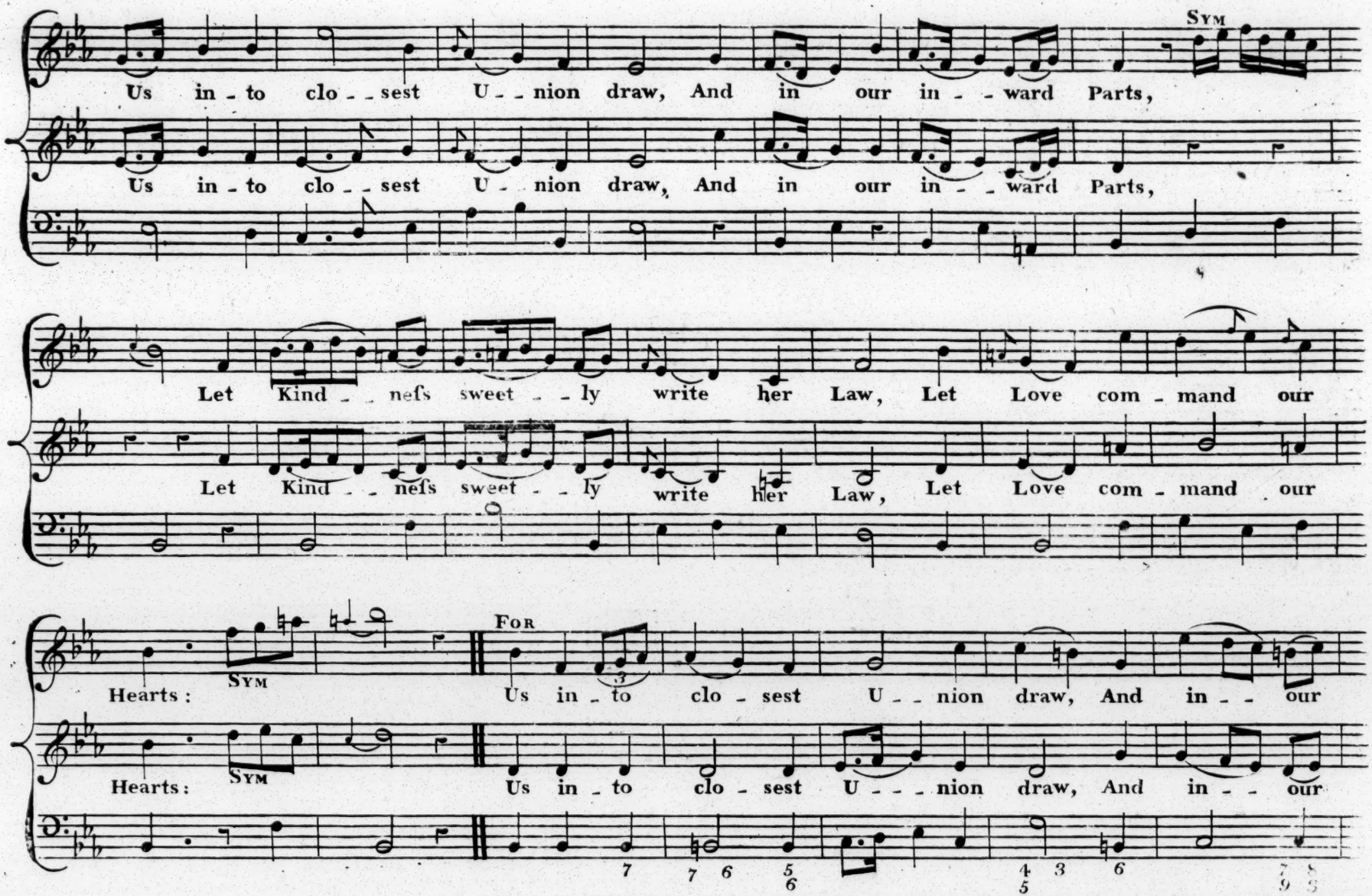
PIA
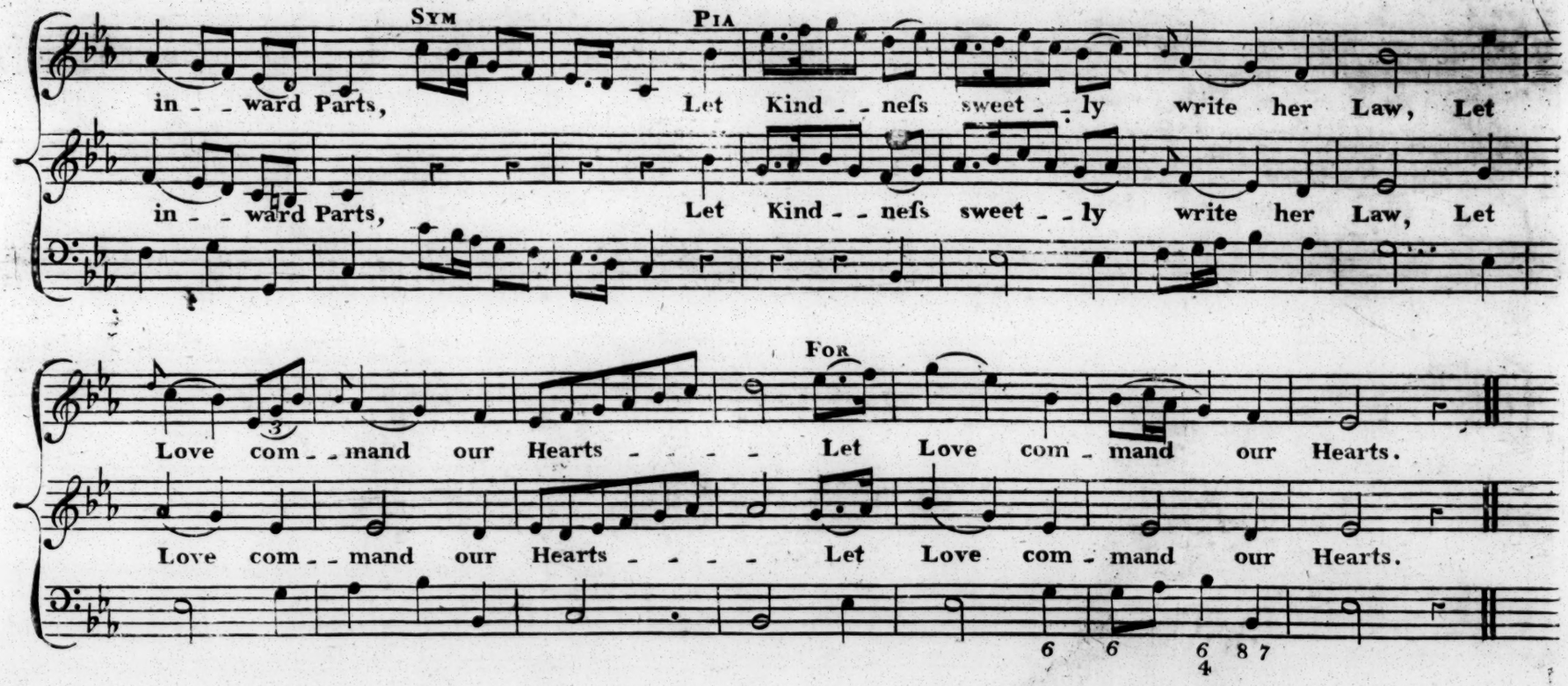
Lan - guish'd and groan'd and died.

Sym

Affettuoso

Lan - guish'd and groan'd and died.


Sym
Us in - to clo - - sest U - - nion draw, And in our in - - ward Parts,
Us in - to clo - - sest U - nion draw, And in our in - - ward Parts,
Let Kind - - nefs sweet - - ly write her Law, Let Love com - mand our
Let Kind - - nefs sweet - - ly write her Law, Let Love com - mand our
Hearts:
Sym
For
Us in - to clo - sest U - - nion draw, And in - - our
Hearts:
Sym
Us in - to clo - sest U - - - nion draw, And in - - our



3

Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesu's Footsteps shine,
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of Charity divine.

4

O let us find the Ancient way
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
"See how these Christians love".

RUSHTON.

Vivace

Pia

O what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faith - - ful and

O what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faith - - ful and

For Sym
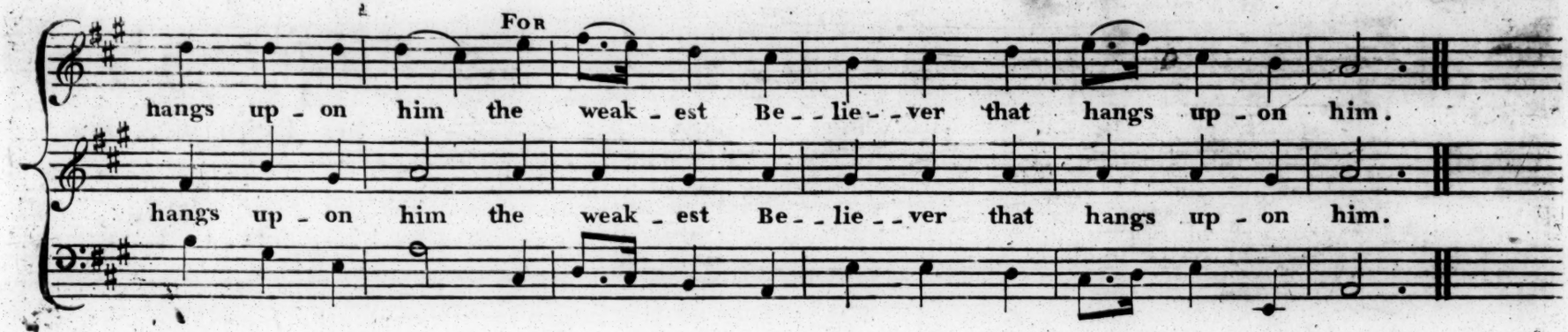
true, so plen - teous in Grace, so plen - teous in Grace; So

true, so plen - teous in Grace, so plen - teous in Grace; So

Pia

strong to de - - li - - ver, so good to re - - deem, The weak - est Be - lie - ver that

strong to de - - li - - ver, so good to re - - deem, The weak - est Be - lie - ver that



2

How happy the Man whose Heart is set free,
The People that can be joyful in Thee,
Their Joy is to walk in the light of thy Face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.

3

Their daily delight shall be in thy Name,
They shall as their Right, thy Righteousnefs claim;
Thy Righteousnefs wearing, and cleans'd by thy Blood
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4

For thou art their Boast, their Glory and Pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad Hour,
My Soul's new-Creation, a Life from the Dead,
The Day of Salvation that lifts up my head.

5

Yea, Lord, I shall see the Bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known,
For Sorrow and Sadnefs I Joy shall receive,
And share in the Gladnefs of all that believe.

BRAMSHOT.

Andante

Pia

Thee we a - dore E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee, How

Thee we a - dore E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee, How

6 6 6 ♯ ♭7 6 5 4 5 3

For

fee - - ble is our Mor - tal Frame What dy - - ing Worms we be, Our
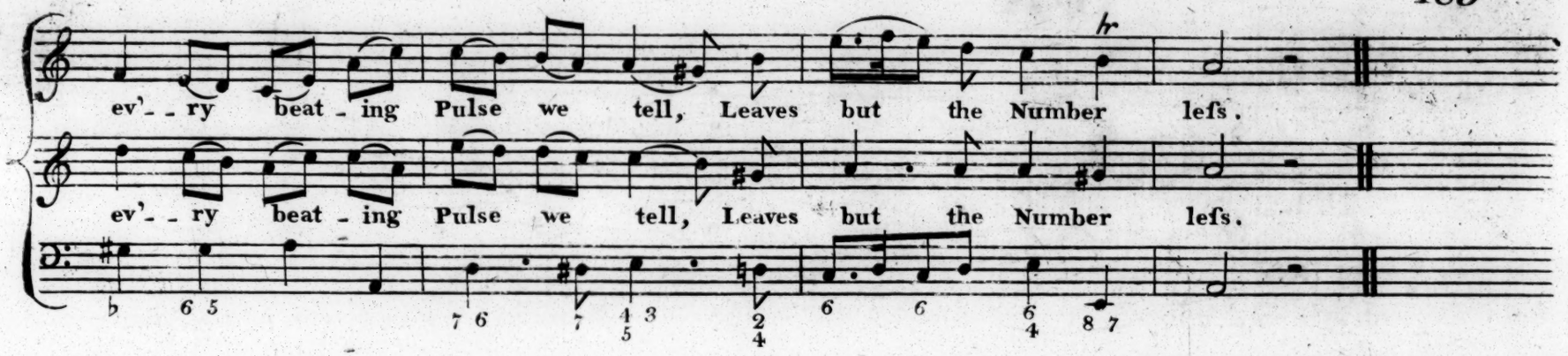
fee - - ble is our Mor - tal Frame What dy - - ing Worms we be, Our

Pia For

wast - - ing Lives grow short - er still, As Months and Days in - - - crease, And

wast - - ing Lives grow short - er still, As Months and Days in - - - crease, And

♭7 ♯ 6 7 8 7 6 4



3

The Year rolls round and steals away
The Breath, that first it gave,
Whate'er we do, wheree'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the Grave.

4

Dangers stand thick thro all the Ground
To push us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diseases wait around,
To hurry Mortals home.

5

Great God, on what a slender Thread
Hang Everlasting Things,
Th' eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings.

6

Infinite Joy and endless Woe
Attend on ev'ry Breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death.

7

Waken O Lord our drowsy Sense,
To walk this dang'rous Road,
And if our Souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.
Waken O Lord our drowsy Sense &c &c

MARGATE.

Tempo di Marcia

O Lord how great's the fa__vour, That we such Sin__ners poor, Can

O Lord how great's the fa__vour, That we such Sin__ners poor, Can
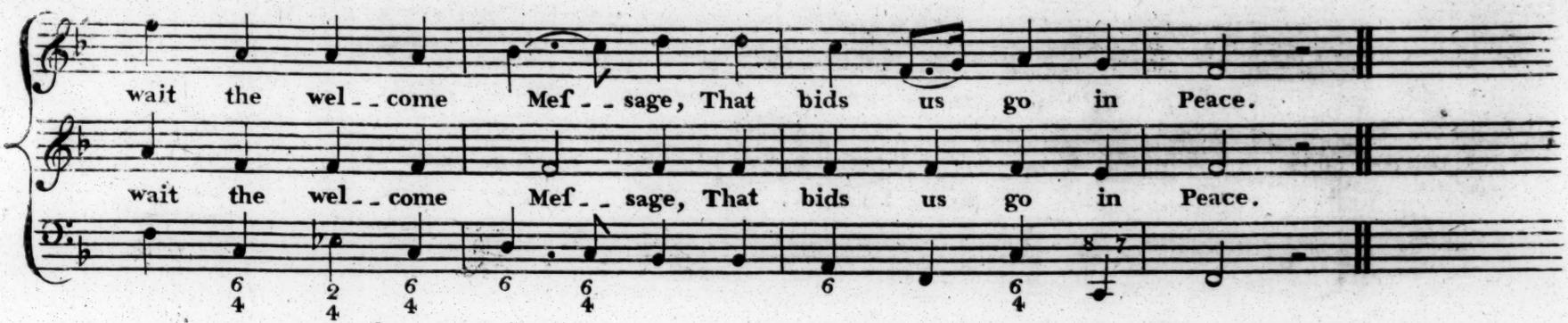
thro' thy Blood's sweet Sa___vour, Ap-proach thy Mer-cy's Door;

thro' thy Blood's sweet Sa___vour, Ap-proach thy Mer-cy's Door;

Pia

And find an o-pen Paf__sage, Un__to the Throne of Grace, There For

And find an o-pen Paf__sage, Un__to the Throne of Grace, There



2

LORD, we are helpleſs Creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid and inly Dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weakneſs,
And all we have is Sin,
Our Hearts are all Uncleaneſs,
A Den of Thieves within.

3

In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford us Aid,
Where ſhall we find Compaſsion,
But in the Church's Head;
JESUS, thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms,
And exercise thy Mercy,
To save us from all harms.
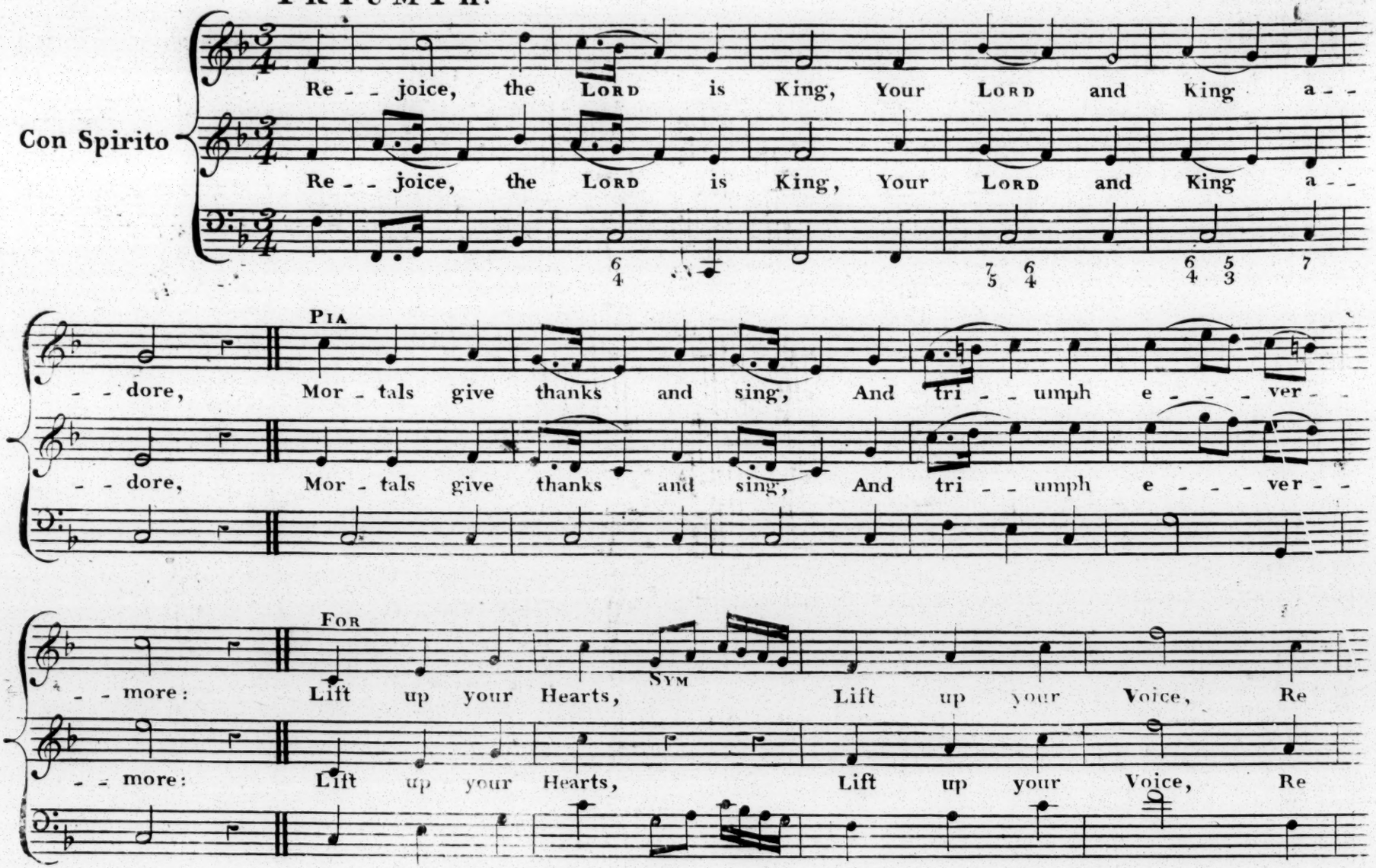
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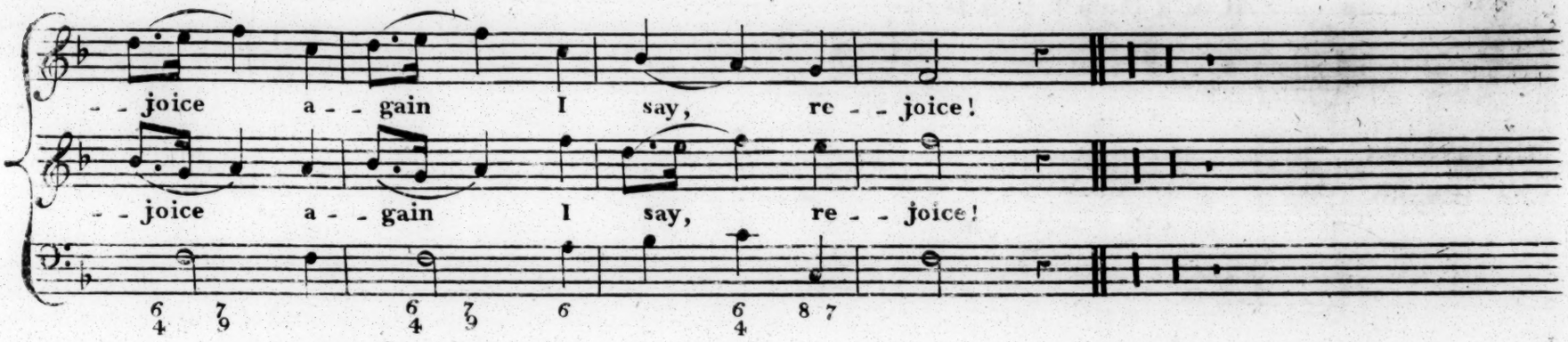
We'll never ceaſe repeating,
Our numberleſs Complaints,
But ever be intreating,
The glorious KING of SAINTS;
'Till we attain the Image,
Of HIM we inly love,
And pay our grateful Homage,
With all the Saints above.

5

Then we with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate,
Th'amazing pleasing Story,
Of JESUS Love ſo great;
In this bleſt Contemplation,
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch Conſolation,
As none below can tell.

TRIUMPH.


Con Spirito
Re - - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - -
Re - - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - -
Pia
- - dore, Mor - tals give thanks and sing, And tri - - umph e - - - ver - -
- - dore, Mor - tals give thanks and sing, And tri - - umph e - - - ver - -
For
- - more: Lift up your Hearts, Sym Lift up your Voice, Re
- - more: Lift up your Hearts, Lift up your Voice, Re



2

JESUS the SAVIOR reigns,
The GOD of Truth and Love;
When HE had purg'd our Stains,
HE took his Seat above:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3

His Kingdom cannot fail,
HE rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4

HE sits at GOD's right hand
'Till all his Foes submit,
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneath his Feet:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
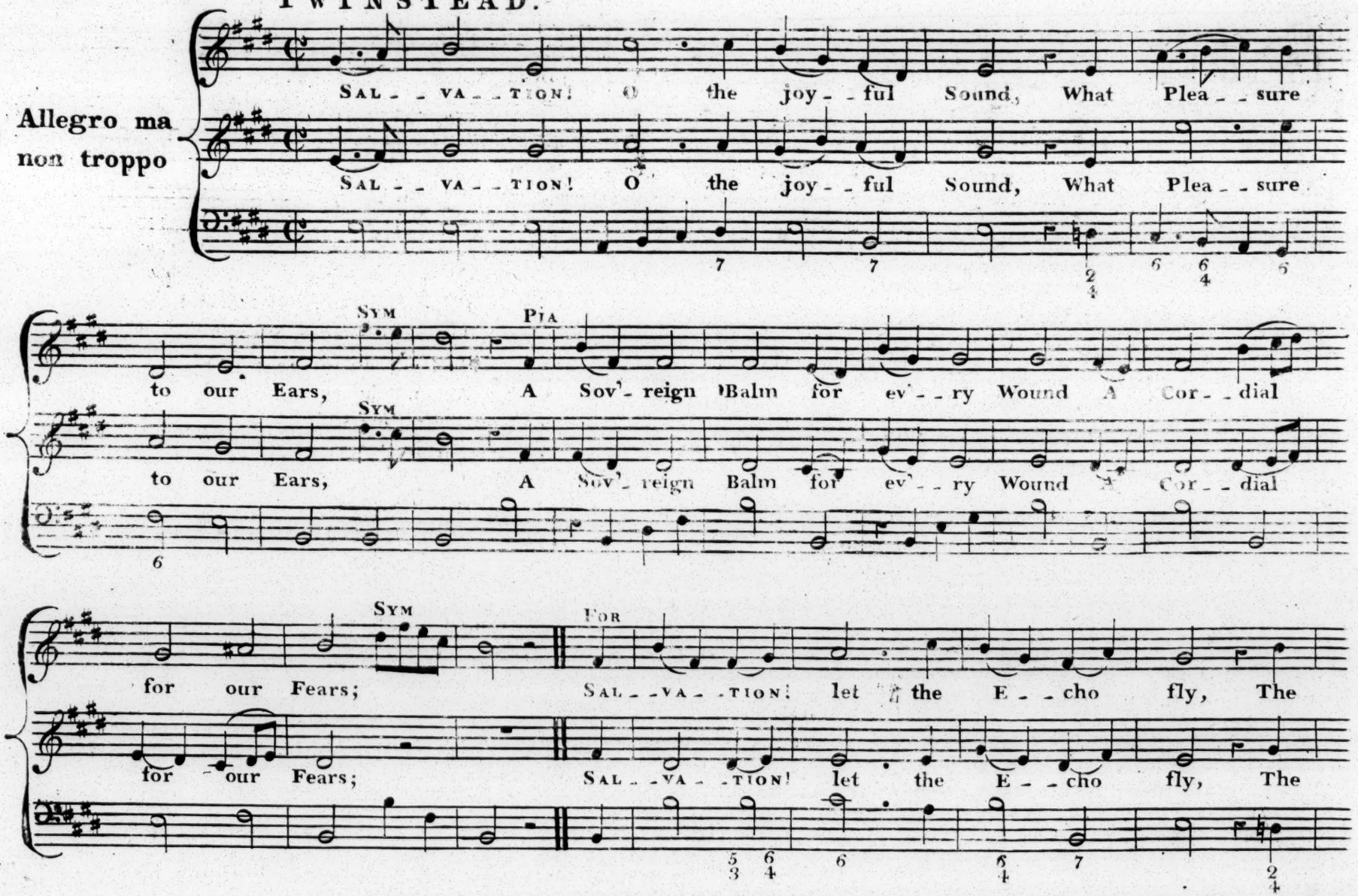
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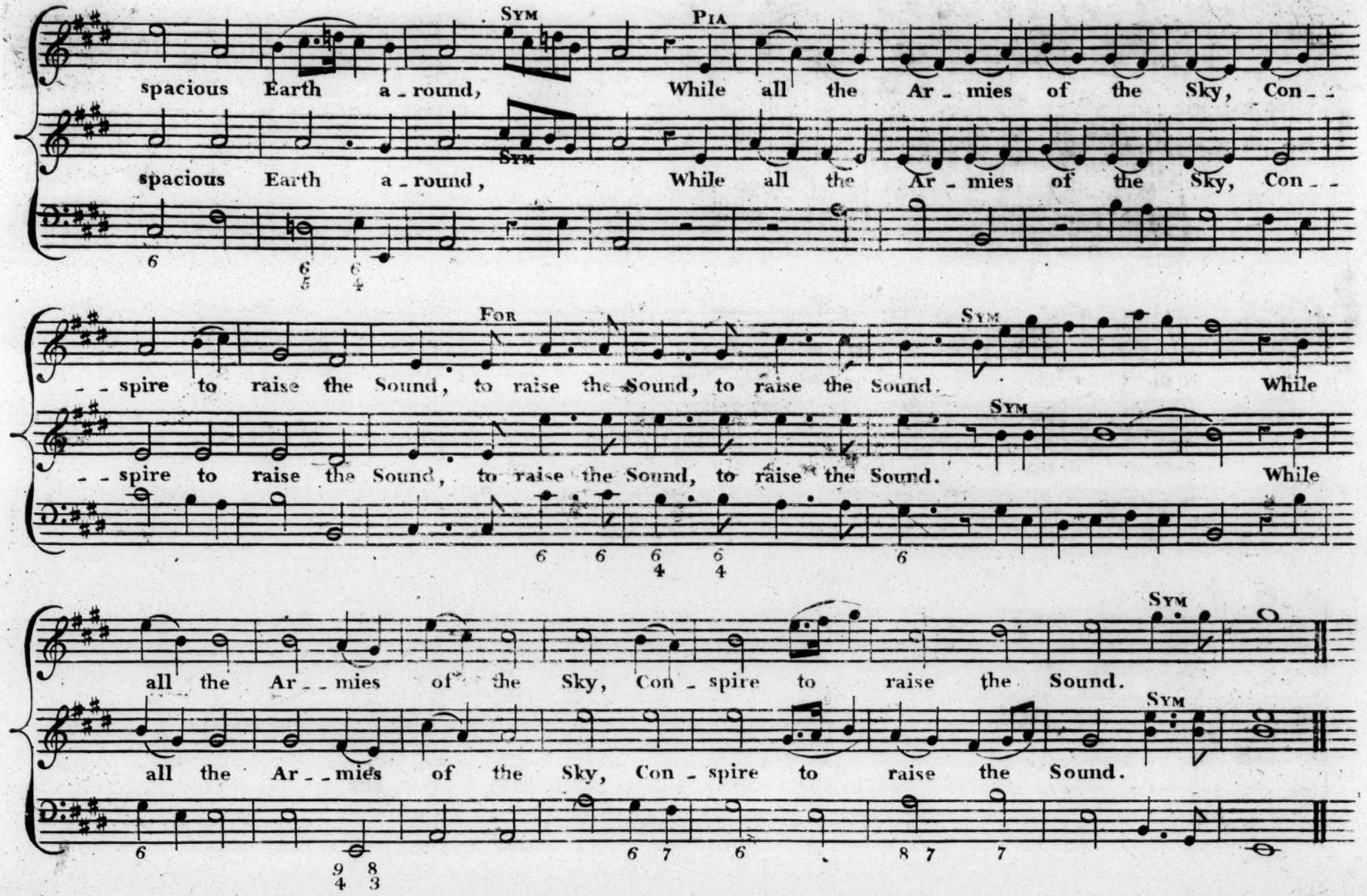
He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall all our Sins destroy;
And ev'ry Bosom swell
With pure Seraphic Joy:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6

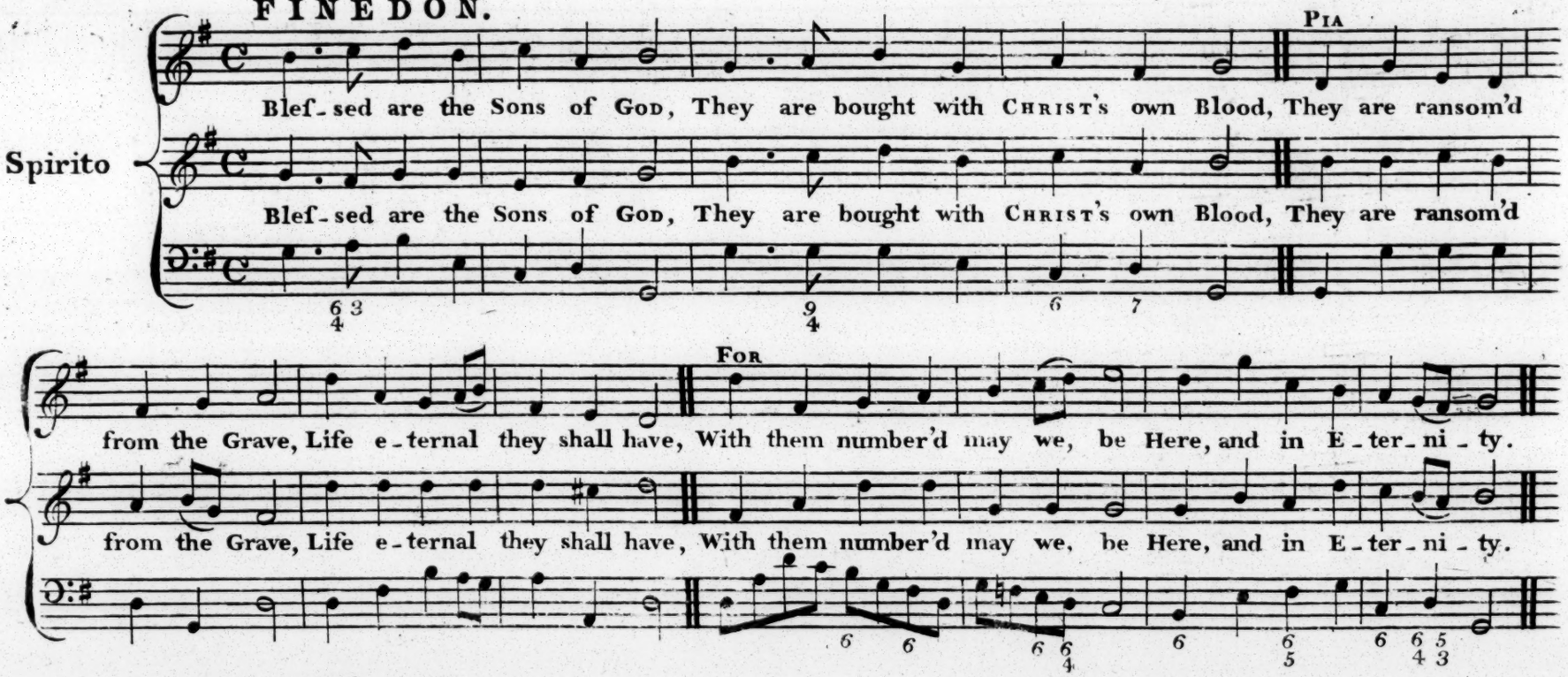
Rejoice in glorious Hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal home:
We soon shall hear th'Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of GOD shall sound, Rejoice!

TWINSTEAD.


Allegro ma non troppo
SAL - - VA - - TION! O the joy - - ful Sound, What Plea - - sure
SAL - - VA - - TION! O the joy - - ful Sound, What Plea - - sure
SYM
PIA
to our Ears, A Sov'- reign Balm for ev' - - ry Wound A Cor - - dial
SYM
to our Ears, A Sov'- reign Balm for ev' - - ry Wound A Cor - - dial
SYM
for our Fears;
FOR
SAL - - VA - - TION! let the E - - cho fly, The
for our Fears;
SAL - - VA - - TION! let the E - - cho fly, The


Sym
Pia
spacious Earth a - round, While all the Ar - mies of the Sky, Con - -
Sym
spacious Earth a - round, While all the Ar - mies of the Sky, Con - -
For
Sym
- - spire to raise the Sound, to raise the Sound, to raise the Sound. While
Sym
- - spire to raise the Sound, to raise the Sound, to raise the Sound. While
Sym
all the Ar - - mies of the Sky, Con - spire to raise the Sound.
Sym
all the Ar - - mies of the Sky, Con - spire to raise the Sound.

FINEDON.



2

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun;
They the Seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.
With them &c

3

They are Justified by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great Day.
With them &c

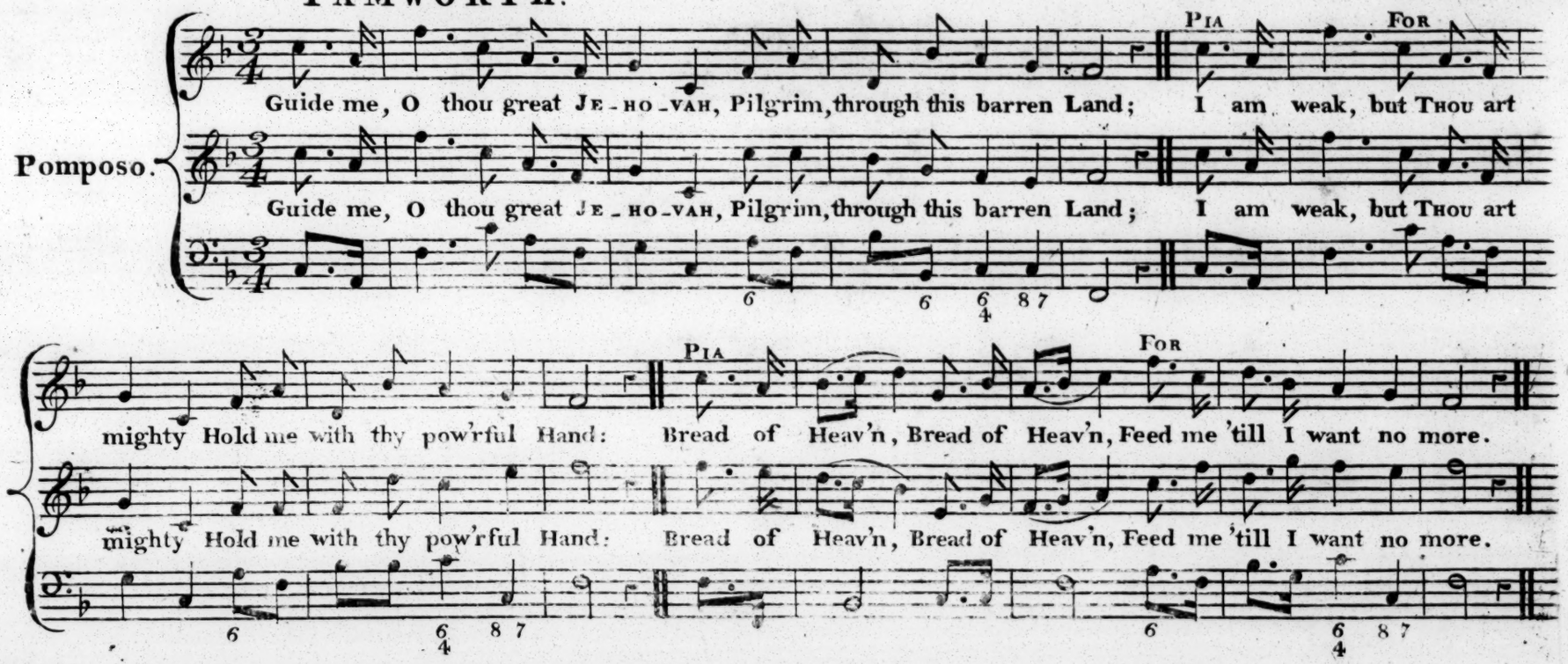
4

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the works of Righteousneſs!
They are harmleſs, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
With them &c

5

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of an Heav'nly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them &c

TAMWORTH.



2

Open Lord, the Crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing Streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar,
Lead me all my Journey through:
Strong Deliverer &c.
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fears subside:
Death of Deaths, and Hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side:
Songs of Praises &c
I will ever give to thee.

LIBRARY
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